THE COURTS DISAPPROVE AND THE PEOPLE APPROVE!

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT in Comments on State Papers Tells His Own Story of the Crisis in Democracy

MAR. 19, 1938

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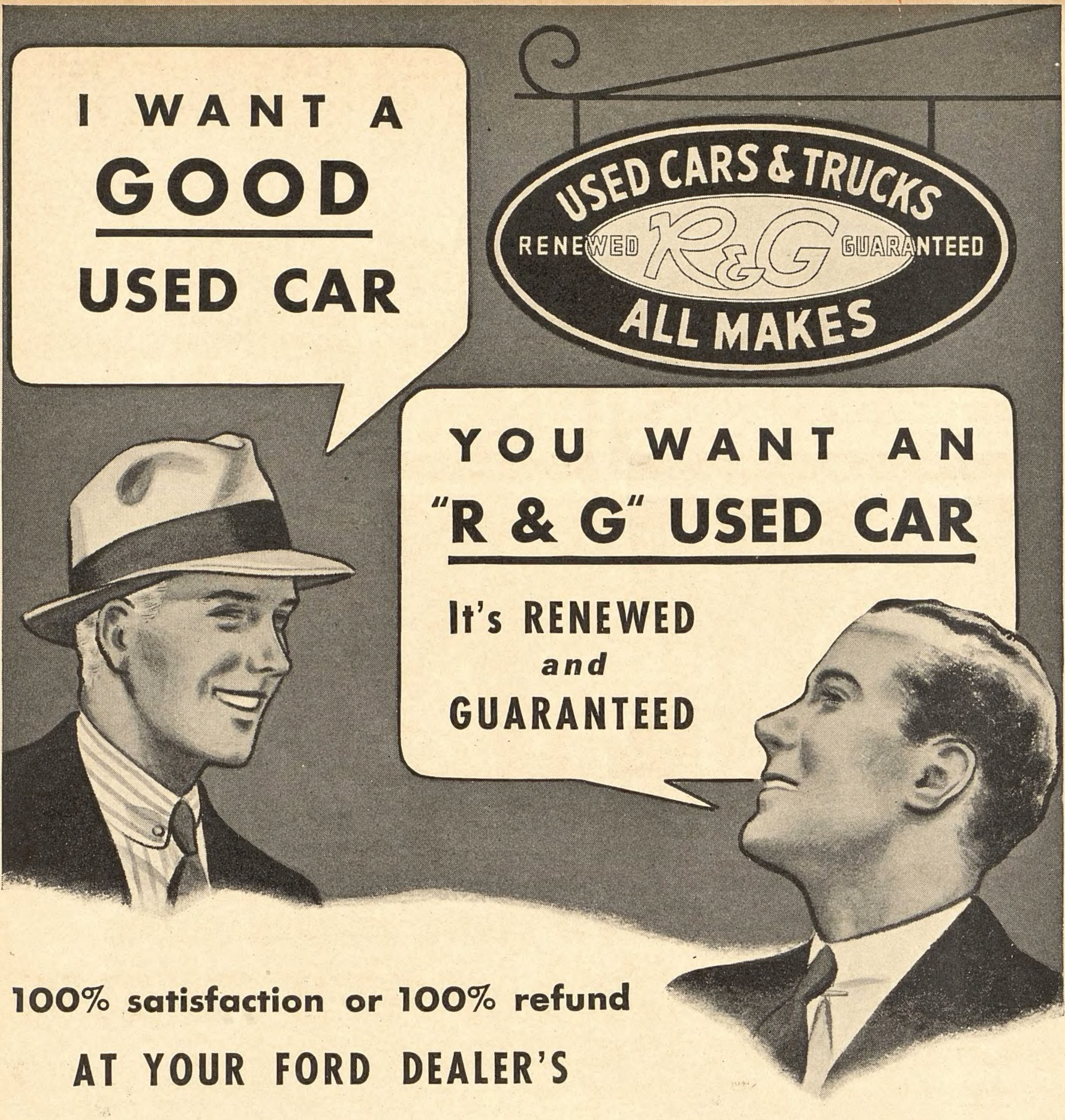
ROBERT G HARRIS


I WANT A GOOD USED CAR
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YOU WANT AN "R & G" USED CAR
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IS THE old buggy showing signs of cracking up after a hard winter? Trade it in for a really good used car, and enjoy driving again.

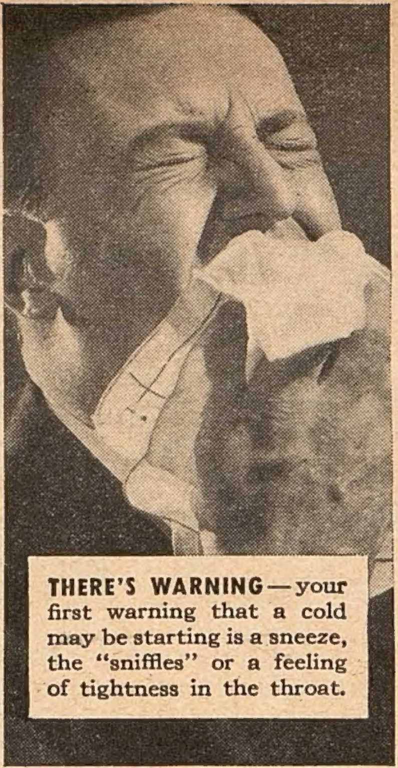
The easiest, safest way to get such a car is to see your Ford Dealer. He has a big assortment right now.

Look down his used car line-up and pick out the "R & G" tags. They mark the very best buys — cars that have been carefully checked to meet strict specifications, renewed when necessary and given a written money-back guarantee as outlined in the "R & G" certificate. Many makes and models of 1935, 1936 and 1937 cars are included.

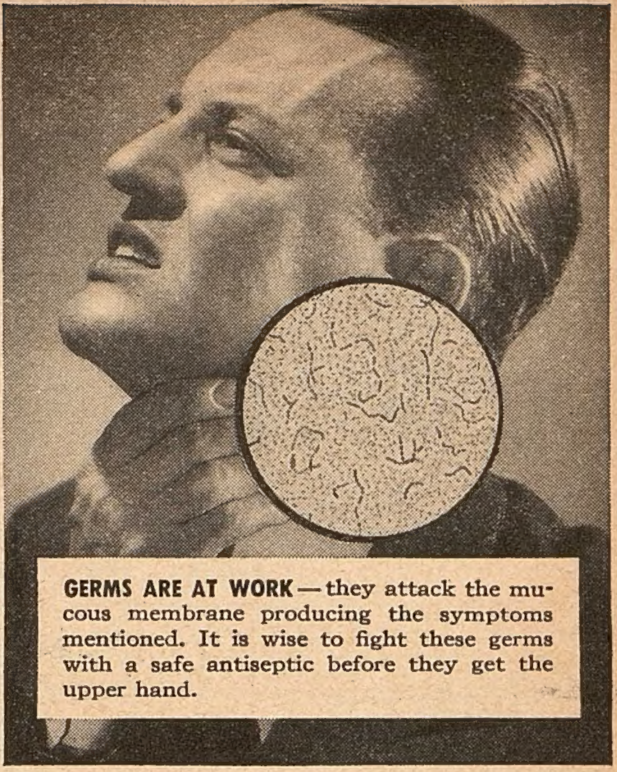
The "R & G" plan makes it possible for you to buy a used car with as much confidence as if it were a new car. But only Ford Dealers offer "R & G" used cars.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

WHEN FEET GET WET OR COLD body resistance is frequently weakened; germs already in the throat may multiply faster than natural processes can cope with them, and set up an irritation.

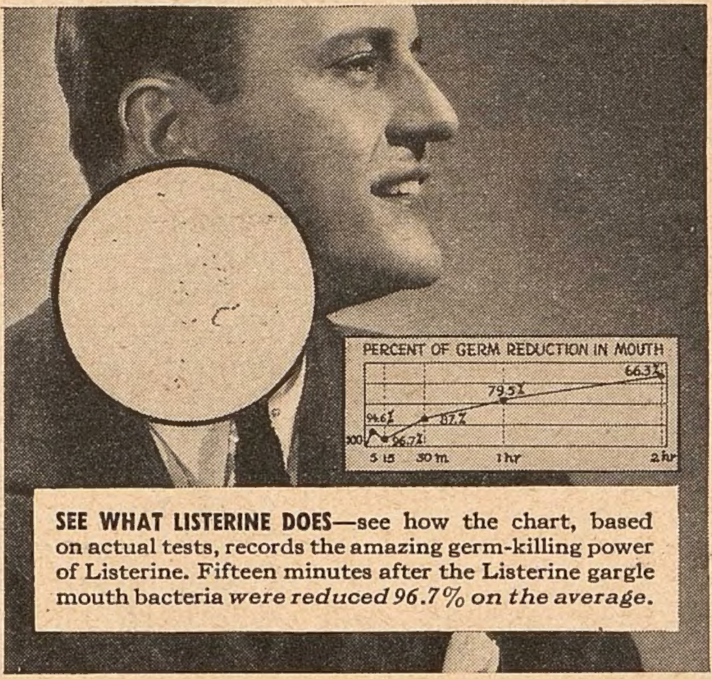


THERE'S WARNING—your first warning that a cold may be starting is a sneeze, the "sniffles" or a feeling of tightness in the throat.



GERMS ARE AT WORK—they attack the mucous membrane producing the symptoms mentioned. It is wise to fight these germs with a safe antiseptic before they get the upper hand.

GARGLE LISTERINE AT ONCE—Listerine Antiseptic reaches deep down into the throat and kills such germs in large numbers. Used promptly and frequently, it has often aborted a cold and sore throat—checked them before they became serious.



SEE WHAT LISTERINE DOES—see how the chart, based on actual tests, records the amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle mouth bacteria *were reduced 96.7% on the average.*

"NIPPED MY COLD IN THE BUD"—is what hundreds of Listerine users say. This personal experience corroborates clinical research.

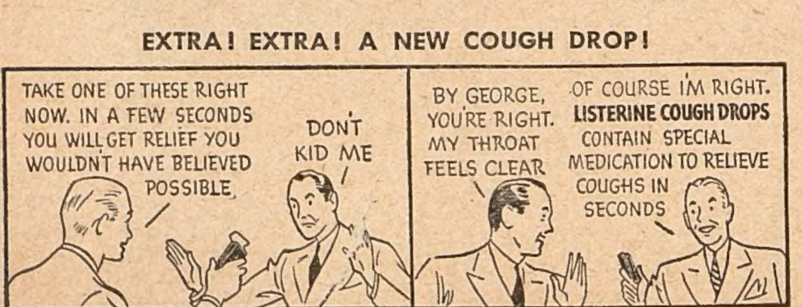
LISTERINE treatment shows amazing success
AGAINST COLDS AND SORE THROAT!

Seven Years of Research Reveals that Listerine users have fewer and milder colds. Millions choose it over Harsh Internal Remedies

I'VE USED LISTERINE FOR YEARS AND HAVE BEEN GETTING PROMPT RELIEF FROM COLDS AND SORE THROAT
SAYS H. N. MARRELL OF NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.

I'M SIMPLY AMAZED AT THE WAY LISTERINE CHECKS COLDS AND SORE THROAT
SAYS THELMA M. GOULD OF AUBURN, MAINE.

EXTRA! EXTRA! A NEW COUGH DROP!


TAKE ONE OF THESE RIGHT NOW. IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WILL GET RELIEF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE
DON'T KID ME
BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT. MY THROAT FEELS CLEAR
OF COURSE I'M RIGHT. LISTERINE COUGH DROPS CONTAIN SPECIAL MEDICATION TO RELIEVE COUGHS IN SECONDS

Millions now treat colds for what they really are: acute local infections, rather than deep-seated disorders. They treat them with Listerine Antiseptic which, in tests, has shown a reduction of dangerous mouth bacteria for a period of several hours.

This method, as clinical evidence shows you, is amazingly effective in preventing colds—and in checking them, once they have started. Already it supplants harsh internal remedies that may weaken the system, upset the stomach and tax the heart.

Tests made during 7 years of research *showed that those who gargled Listerine twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users of Listerine.*

This is a matter of record.

No other method and no other remedy that we know of can show clinical results as clear-cut as those achieved by Listerine.

The secret of this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills not only millions of mouth-bred "secondary invaders" which complicate a cold, but also reaches the invisible virus that many authorities say is its cause. Listerine acts quickly, and without injury to the very delicate membrane. Even one hour after the Listerine gargle, tests showed germs reduced nearly 80% on the average.

Do not think for a moment that Listerine will always prevent or check cold and sore throat. It will not. We do say, however, that the best clinical evidence indicates that if you gargle with Listerine, your chances of avoiding serious colds are excellent.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

MARCH 19, 1938

Liberty

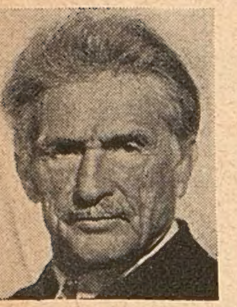
VOL. 15, NO. 12

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

HIGHER AND HIGHER WAGES— A FOOL'S PARADISE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We should face the truth about wages. Everybody wants high wages, and we endorse the recommendation. Some labor leaders refer to the disasters that will appear if wages are reduced. But we cannot eat our cake and have it too. We might desire, for instance, to control the rising and falling of the tide, but it would be impossible. Or if we could stop the sun at noonday, we could then have daylight all the time.

There is an unlimited amount of discussion as to the value of low prices, and at the same time an emphasis on the necessity of high wages. And if we possess a grain of intelligence, we know the cost of nearly everything is made up largely of wages.

High wages mean high prices. It could not be otherwise.

And high prices mean lessened demand, and when you lessen the demand for any product, that means unemployment—layoffs for employees.

Many of us would like to accomplish the impossible, but we should remember that artificially boosted high wages will ultimately bring disaster to the employees in any business with just as much certainty as the rising and setting of the sun.

From a business experience extending over forty years, I can recall several occasions when a decrease in the number of employees or lowered wages saved my business from bankruptcy.

But suppose we go back to the 1929 depression. As I have stated previously in this column, I was then the publisher of a newspaper on which there were approximately 500 employees. I had always been a sincere and hearty supporter of unions and my sympathy has always been with labor. But union demands put this business into bankruptcy when a reduction in wages would have saved the jobs of these 500 loyal workers.

There was hardly a business during the last depression that did not reduce wages, and if all labor had maintained their demand for the same wages, 90 per cent of our business organizations would have been placed in the hands of receivers.

Now take our own business during the 1929 depression . . . Macfadden Publications. We had to reduce wages on two occasions. One was a 10-per-cent reduction . . . another, 25 per cent. This wage reduction saved our business from wreckage. It would not have been possible to continue at the old wage rate without facing the bankruptcy courts, although it should be mentioned that all our wage rates are now equal to or higher than the 1929 level.

If the threatened depression becomes a reality, wages will have to be reduced, or millions of additional employees will find themselves without wages.

Witness the 100,000 "layoffs" from the automobile industry, recently marching in Detroit and demanding jobs—the results of decreased demands, due to higher-priced automobiles, made necessary by higher wages. And how about the three million made jobless recently—according to Mr. Roosevelt's own public statement—partly due undoubtedly to higher prices caused by higher wages.

Employers and employees are really partners, whether they like it or not, and if the employees demand wages the employers cannot pay, there can be only one result—the exhaustion of the employers' capital . . . bankruptcy.

Workers rarely give much consideration to the buying power of their wages. It is not how many dollars we earn; it is what they will buy. In some sections of this country twenty-five dollars a week will buy more than fifty dollars a week in other sections. Due to our present high prices, many workers at the present time are not being paid as much wages—in buying power—as they were in the worst period of the depression.

And some workers maintain that labor is not getting a fair share. Taking the automobile industry at 100 per cent in 1925, the present wage level is 124 per cent, while the price per pound of automobiles has been reduced to about 63 per cent.

Wage reduction should be a last resort, but when such a policy is necessary to save a business that furnishes the jobs from financial ruin, then there is no other sensible alternative.

Bernarr Macfadden

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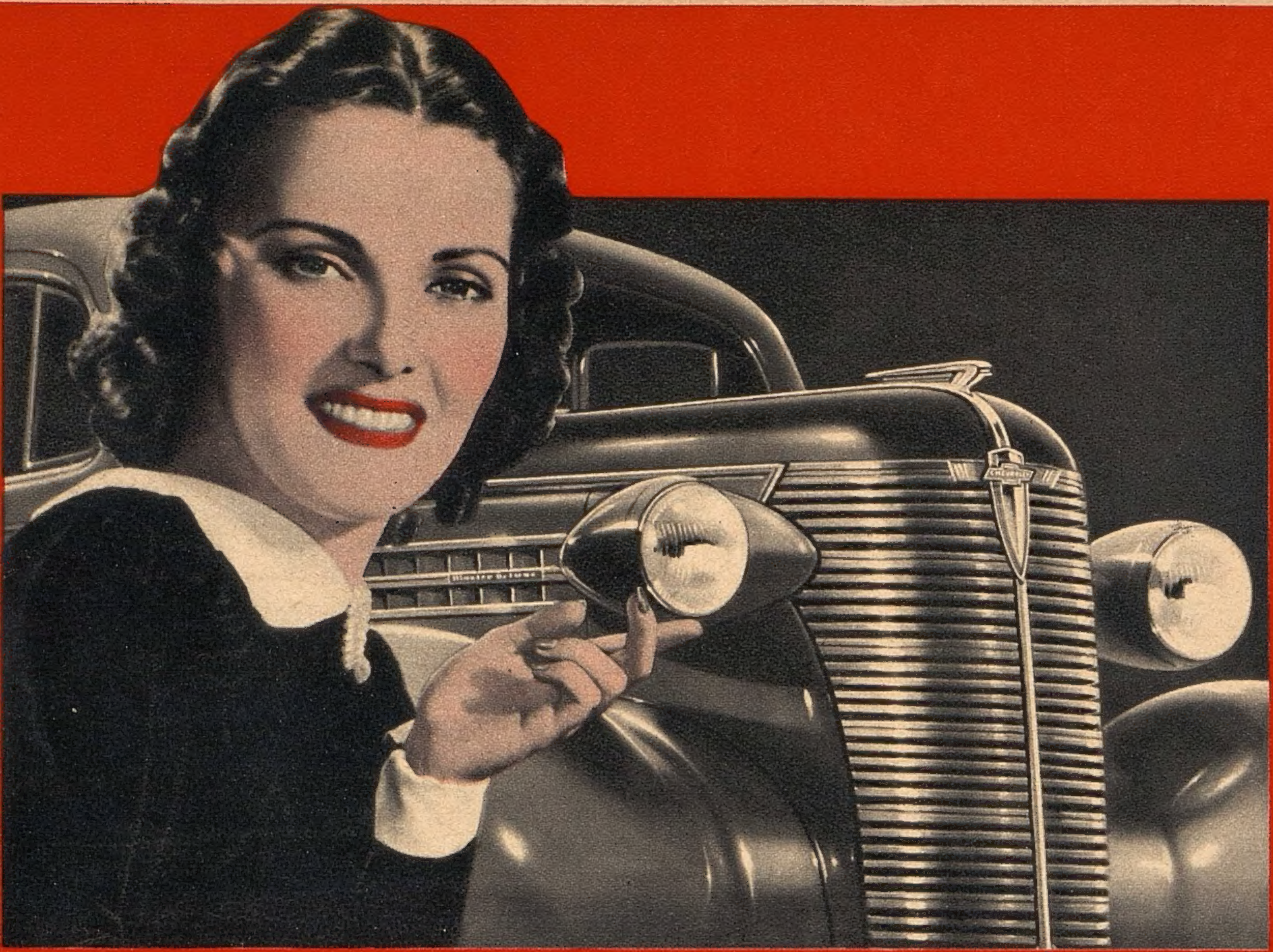
Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.



Drive it once - *and you'll drive it always!*

You'll get the Chevrolet habit when you experience Chevrolet's many advantages

We know you'll believe your own eyes . . . your own feelings . . . your own comparisons! . . .

That's why we're so eager to have you make a thorough inspection of the new 1938 Chevrolet *and then drive it!*

We know your eyes will tell you Chevrolet is more beautiful—your feelings will tell you it's safer, more spirited and more comfortable—your comparisons will tell you it's more economical—and all of them will tell you, "You'll be ahead with a Chevrolet!"

So please come and drive this car. *Drive it once and you'll want to drive it always!* Why not take the wheel—*today?* • • •

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"THE CAR THAT IS COMPLETE"

The Courts Disapprov

President Roosevelt, in Comment

Tells the Story of th

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

This series consists of material from President Roosevelt's forthcoming five-volume documentary history of his administration. The first installment, published last week, included his general introduction and his prefatory comment on the state papers of 1933.

THE ADVANCE OF RECOVERY AND REFORM

THE *Year of Crisis* had definitely passed by the time we entered the year 1934. The panic and fear which had descended upon the American people by March 4, 1933, had been completely dissipated as they realized that the Legislative and Executive branches of their Government were willing and ready to use all of the power and resources of the Nation to alleviate suffering, prevent further disaster, and rebuild the structure of economic life upon firmer foundations of social justice. In industry, in labor, in farming, things were steadily getting better. The improvement was evident not only by the general widespread feeling of increased well-being in practically all walks of life, but also by the statistics of business and agricultural output and values.

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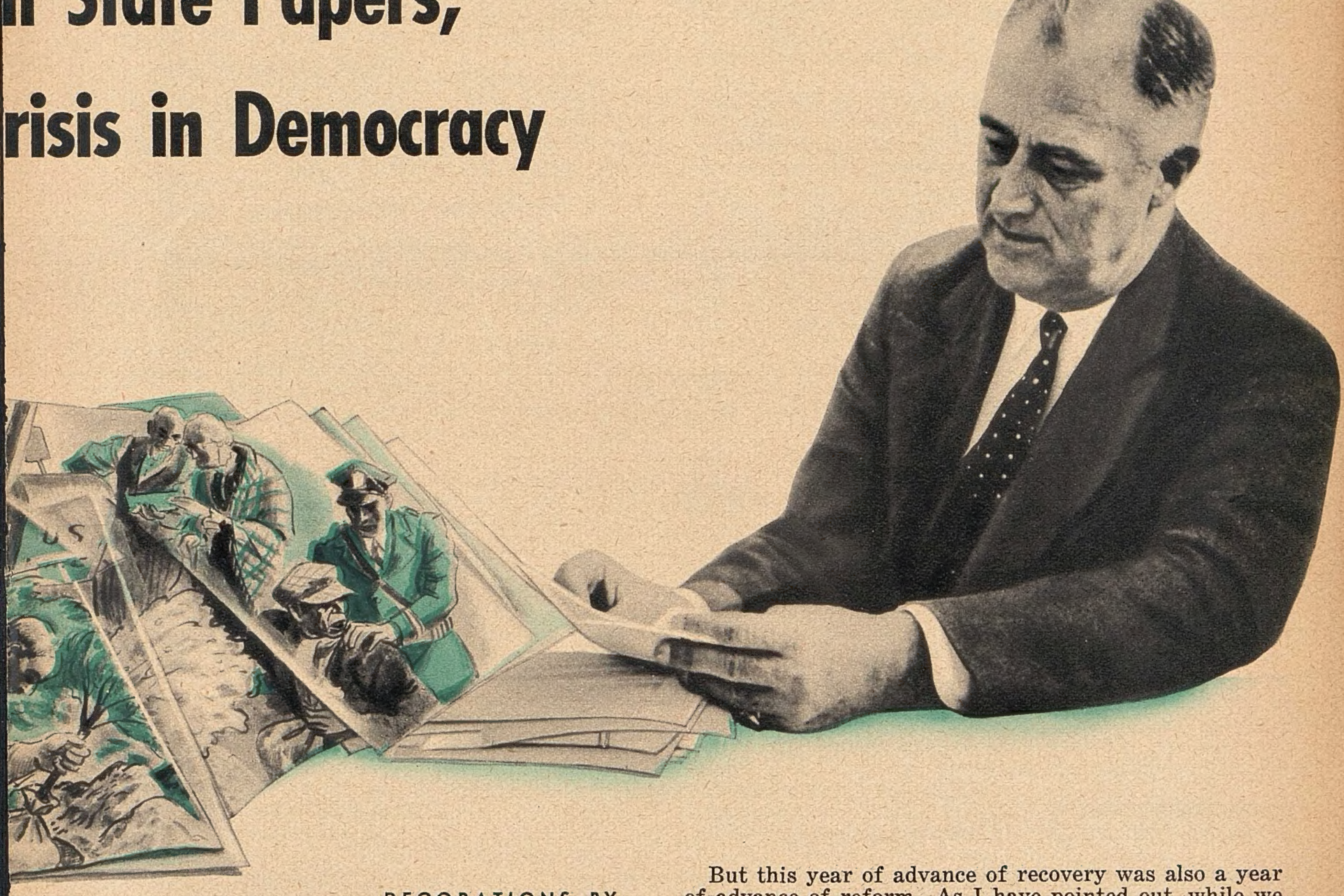


DECORATIONS BY
EARL WINSLOW

The steady course of improvement which began in March, 1933, reached its 1934 peak during the month of May, as shown by the leading economic indexes of the period. During that period employment in manufacturing industries increased 40 per cent; average weekly earnings in these industries increased 28 per cent; manufacturing pay rolls increased 80 per cent; industrial production increased 48 per cent; freight-car loadings increased 31 per cent; and wholesale prices increased 22 per cent. The 40-per-cent increase in manufacturing employment involved an addition of approximately 2,000,000 wage earners to the pay rolls of the factories of the Nation. This amount of re-employment, taken together with the 28-per-cent increase of average weekly earnings, meant that there was being added to the pay envelopes of workers in manufacturing industry the sum of $61,500,000 each week.

Employment increased similarly in non-manufacturing business. The estimated increase from March, 1933, to May, 1934, in both manufacturing and non-manufacturing businesses, was 4,711,000 workers. In the same period cash income from farm products increased 48 per cent. The value of new building construction permits issued increased 38 per cent. In comparison with these increases, the increase in the cost of living, as indicated in the economic indexes, was only 6 per cent.

But this year of advance of recovery was also a year of advance of reform. As I have pointed out, while we were determined in 1933 to bring about recovery for all economic groups and for all types of economic activity, we were equally determined to effect reform where abuses existed in order to make our recovery a more lasting one.

During that first year and during 1934, the important reforms of 1933 still continued to promote and insure the revival of trade and agriculture. The sounder banking system and the insistence upon telling the truth in selling securities to the public; the abolition of child labor; the discouragement of sweated labor; the outlawing of unfair trade practices; the rational control of farm surpluses; the attainment of a sounder and fairer currency; the promotion of our good-neighbor policy with the rest of the world; the protection of public-utility investors and consumers; the encouragement of more efficient industrial relationships through collective bargaining and through labor boards set up to prevent exploitation of labor—all of these were bringing about a nation-wide deeper sense of security and an increased confidence in the newer foundations of a more permanent economic structure, as the *Year of Crisis* faded away and as recovery proceeded.

What we had done in 1933 in the way of reform was supplemented and augmented by what we did in 1934: in adopting Federal supervision and regulation for securities and commodities exchanges; in our steps taken to stamp out crime, gangsters and racketeering; in the partial improvement of our Federal judicial procedure;

in the reform of our foreign trade structure through reciprocal trade agreements; in the beginnings of our comprehensive program of making proper use of land, water, and minerals throughout the United States through the establishment of the National Resources Board; in the reform of the use of the Great Plains of the United States by our regulatory grazing legislation; in the establishment of a sounder currency by our new gold and silver legislation; in the betterment of our treatment of the Indians of the Nation; and, above all, in the beginning of our whole program of social security through the appointment of a Committee to devise and recommend a Federal system of old-age assistance, unemployment insurance, and other forms of help to underprivileged groups.

With the passing of the dark days of early March, 1933, a small minority, which gradually grew in number, had begun to clamor that reform should cease. A great many of these people, in good faith, urged as the reason for this demand the fear that continued reform might jeopardize continued recovery. They still were unable to realize that permanent recovery was impossible without the eradication of the economic and social maladjustments which permitted wealth and prosperity to concentrate in the control of a few, while fully a third of our population continued unable to provide themselves and their families with decent food, clothing, and homes.

But the most vociferous opponents of reform in this small minority were actuated not by any conscientious apprehension about further recovery, but by a realization that their own economic control and power, which they had enjoyed during the so-called boom era, was being destroyed. . . . They saw in the various changes of the two years 1933 and 1934 the beginning of the crumbling of their own power.

This small minority became even more vocal as the recovery of 1934 increased. To promote their own advantage, they began a vast expensive campaign of propaganda (often with their stockholders' money) to appeal to the electorate of the Nation to stop the whole program of reform.

THE CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS OF 1934: THE PEOPLE APPROVE

In the fall of 1934 there were to come the general Congressional elections—the first to be held since the election of 1932 which had swept the Democratic Party into office. The Congressional political campaign of 1934 was definitely a lining up of those on the one hand who wished to stop the New Deal in its tracks, and those on the other hand who wished to see it go further along the lines it had laid down. Even back in that campaign of 1934 we began to hear the same propaganda which later, in the Presidential campaign of 1936, became more vociferous though equally futile: "usurpation of power by the Executive"; "unconstitutional legislation"; "stifling taxation and debts"; "imminent Federal bankruptcy." Even some of the members of my own party . . . began to urge a change in the policies of the Administration lest, as they urged, the Congressional elections of 1934 turn against us. The great majority of my party, however, continued to stand on the platform on which they had been voted into office.

The forebodings of the few members of my own party, and the triumphant predictions of the opposition, that the elections of 1934 would be a repudiation by the electorate of the objectives and the methods which were being pursued in Washington, did not materialize. I am frank to say that I myself hardly believed that we would be able to maintain the same overwhelming majority of Congressmen as had been returned by the elections of 1932. The Senate was composed of 60 Democratic members, 35 Republican members, and one Farmer-Labor member; and the House of Representatives was composed of 310 Democratic members, 117 Republican members, and 5 Farmer-Labor members. I felt very dubious that in an off year such as 1934 this percentage could be increased or even maintained, though I felt confident that the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States clearly understood what we were doing and approved. I was hopeful, however, that we would be able to maintain a substantial majority.

I am frank to confess my surprise at the results of the 1934 elections under the circumstances. They resulted in a Senate of 69 Democrats, 25 Republicans, one Progressive, and one Farmer-Laborite; and they returned to the House of Representatives 322 Democrats, 102 Republicans, 7 Progressives, and 3 Farmer-Laborites—a Democratic increase of 9 Senators and 12 members of the House. The popular vote throughout the United States for members of the House was 17,519,821 Democratic and 13,434,477 Republican; for United States Senators 12,465,340 Democratic and 10,968,146 Republican.

The elections of 1934 confirmed the belief of the leaders and members of the Congress, as well as my own, that the people were satisfied with our efforts to bring about a continuation of the *Advance of Recovery and Reform.*

Washington, November 15, 1937.

THE COURT DISAPPROVES, 1935

THE dark days which ushered in the *Year of Crisis* called for drastic exercise of power by the Federal Government. I stated in my Inaugural Address of March 4, 1933, that if necessary I would ask the Congress for powers similar to those necessary in time of war. Action by the various localities, action by the States, action by the Federal Government itself, had up to that point failed to halt the course of the depression. The times called for an extraordinary use of powers of that instrument of mutual self-help which we call Government. They called for drastic action by the State and Federal Governments alike.

There was of course uppermost in our minds from the very beginning the question of the extent to which these powers could be exercised. We had to consider not only constitutional provisions and principles, but judicial interpretations and precedents as well. For under long practice, the power to invalidate acts of the Congress and of the Legislatures of the several States had been exercised by the United States Supreme Court, and the lower Federal and State courts.

It is now academic to discuss whether it was originally intended that the courts should exercise this power. For more than a century its exercise has been acquiesced in. From the earliest exercise of this authority, however, it was asserted: "It is but a decent respect due to the wisdom, integrity, and the patriotism of the legislative body, by which any law is passed, to presume in favor of its validity, until its violation of the Constitution is proved beyond all reasonable doubt." Mr. Justice Washington in *Ogden v. Saunders,* (1827) 12 Wheat. 213, 270. This limitation which the Supreme Court itself placed upon its own power is probably one of the reasons why official and popular opposition to the exercise of this power did not persist.

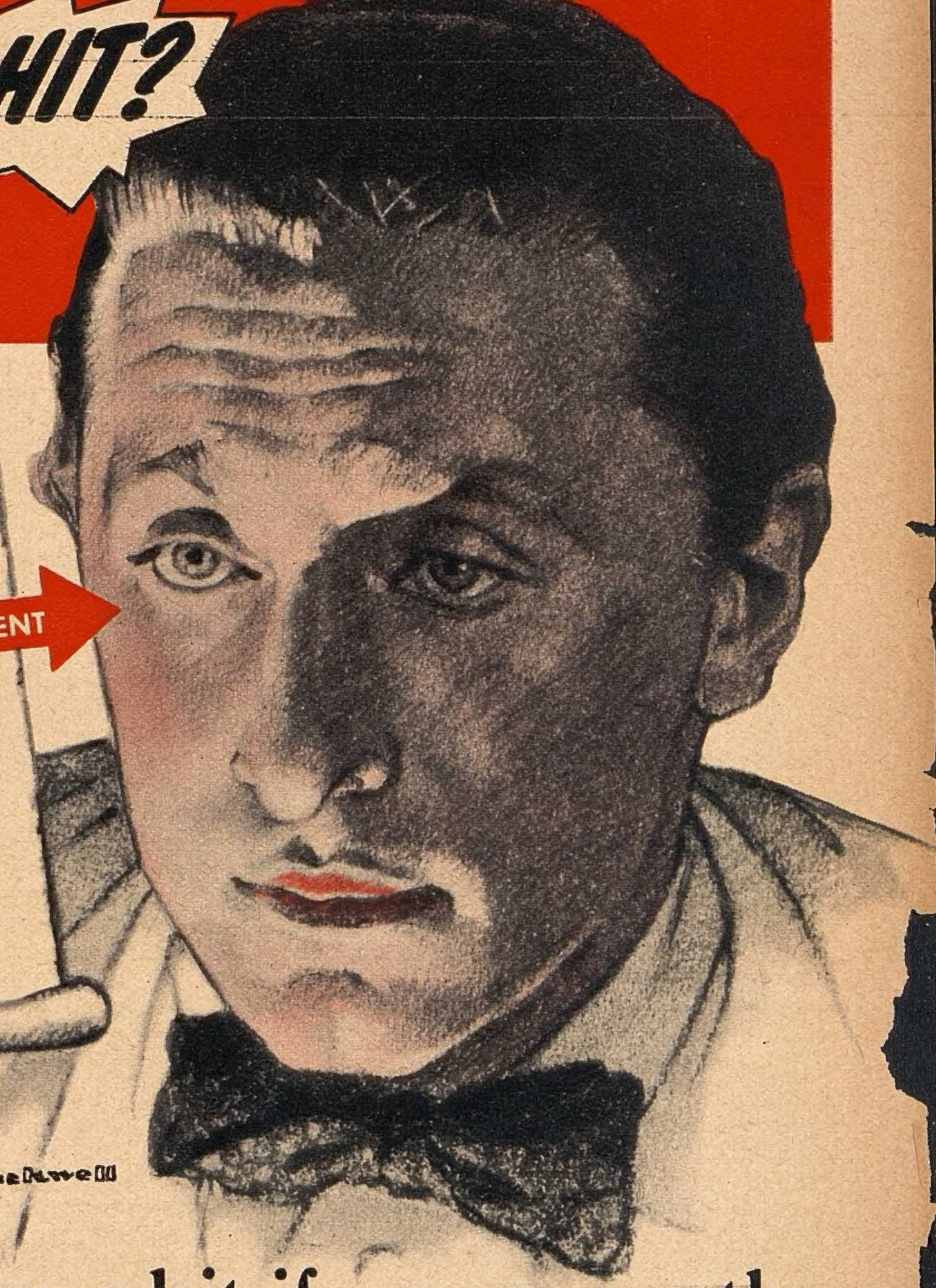
Since that time and on many occasions, the Court in its various opinions has in differing language expressed the same idea. . . .

However it may be expressed, this presumption of constitutionality . . . is not a technical lawyer's rule. It is part of the very fabric of our scheme of Government, obedience to which is indispensable for the maintenance of our democratic society. But the history of judicial decisions, affecting the enactments of Congress as well as those of the forty-eight States, during the past fifty years proves that all too often lip service has been paid to this basic doctrine of American constitutional law, while, in practice, it has been continuously violated. Summarizing a long series of decisions, Mr. Justice Holmes, on May 26, 1930, felt compelled to protest against the Court's disregard of its functions, in a case dealing with State legislation but no less pertinent to decisions affecting acts of Congress:

"I have not yet adequately expressed the more than anxiety that I feel at the ever-increasing scope given to the Fourteenth Amendment in cutting down what I believe to be the constitutional rights of the States. As the decisions now stand, I see

(Continued on page 10)

Have you the eyes of one who knows how to make A HIT?



THE FACE OF HAROLD ARLEN

Master Composer of America's song hits

Writer of "Stormy Weather", "Down with Love", "I Love a Parade". You've heard his music in "Earl Carroll's Vanities", "The Show is On", "Life Begins at 8:40" and the tuneful "Cotton Club Revues". You *should* hear his tunes in the new musical show "Hooray for What!"

EYES DENOTING EXCEPTIONAL TALENT

The iris and white are especially clear . . . the iris in profile appearing almost transparent. The gaze is intent, penetrating and piercing. The lashes and brows are thickly haired, but with fine, silky textured hairs. The general contour of the brows is a straight line. The upper and lower lids are full and fleshy, but smooth, without wrinkles. Note also the distinct rows of horizontal undulating furrows immediately above the brows. Have *you* this type of eye?

You will always score a hit if you serve the famous Kentucky Straight Bourbon that's scored an outstanding hit. It's *"double-rich"*!

SCHENLEY'S

Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

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SCHENLEY **IT'S "DOUBLE-RICH"**

A Mark of Merit straight Kentucky whiskey—90 proof. The record—over 100 million bottles sold!

Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF

(Continued from page 8)

hardly any limit but the sky to the invalidating of those rights if they happen to strike a majority of this Court as for any reason undesirable. I cannot believe that the Amendment was intended to give us *carte blanche* to embody our economic or moral beliefs in its prohibitions. . . ." *Baldwin v. Missouri,* 281 U. S. 586, 595.

And more recently, on June 1, 1936, one of the Justices indicated that decisions have come to be based on the "personal economic predilections" of members of the Court. (Mr. Justice Stone, dissenting in *Morehead v. New York ex rel. Tipaldo,* 298 U. S. 587, 633, Justices Brandeis and Cardozo joining in this opinion.)

SOME INDICATIVE SUPREME COURT DECISIONS BEFORE 1933

For nearly a half century the tendency of the Supreme Court arising from these economical and social predilections has unfortunately been to place a narrowing construction on the powers of Government. The rights of Government to protect individual citizens from aggregations of private economic power were being gradually whittled away. The rights of economically powerful individuals and corporations to pursue activities free from Government restraint, were being continuously extended and glorified. And gradually there was created an increasing area of "no man's land," where neither the Congress nor the State Legislatures could constitutionally legislate to promote the security of the average man and woman.

Fifteen years before my Administration took office, the Supreme Court had held unconstitutional a Federal statute which excluded from the channels of interstate commerce products made with child labor. While on its face this statute would appear clearly to be a regulation of interstate commerce, the majority opinion in that case held that since the purpose and motive of the legislation were to ban child labor in all States, the law was not a valid exercise of the power of the Congress to regulate interstate commerce. *Hammer v. Dagenhart,* (1918) 247 U. S. 251.

The rule of this case placed such a narrow construction on the power of the Congress with respect to all practices affecting the production of goods for interstate commerce as to lay a shadow across everything which we were seeking to accomplish by Federal action to exterminate many social and economic evils which transcend State lines.

In another case the Supreme Court had held that an Act of the Congress, which sought to fix minimum wages in the District of Columbia for women in industry, was unconstitutional under the due process clause of the Constitution. *Adkins v. Children's Hospital,* (1923) 261 U. S. 525. The rule in this case put in doubt the power of the States themselves to legislate to remove within their own boundaries some of the causes of widespread suffering and distress, diminished purchasing power and general economic depression. . . .

Fifteen years earlier the Supreme Court had held in *Adair v. United States,* (1908) 208 U. S. 161, that a statute making it a misdemeanor for a railroad to discharge or discriminate against an employee because of his membership in a labor union was repugnant to the due process clause of the Constitution, and was not justified by the commerce provisions of the Constitution as a regulation of commerce among the States. A somewhat similar statute of the State of Kansas, applying to corporations in intrastate business, was likewise held unconstitutional a few years later by the Supreme Court as a violation of the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. *Coppage v. Kansas,* (1915) 236 U. S. 1.

These cases seemed to stand in the way of any intelligent and farsighted program by either the Federal or State Governments to handle the constantly growing problem of the relations between industry and labor. It was under the shadow of these narrow, limiting decisions that we began our program of recovery and reform in the *Year of Crisis,* 1933.

Two Supreme Court decisions in 1934 held out a glimmer of hope that the Supreme Court would take a broad view of the Constitution, which would permit its adaptation to the various crises of human affairs. One was a decision sustaining a Minnesota statute, which had enacted a moratorium on mortgage foreclosures. *Home Bldg. & Loan Assn. v. Blaisdell,* 290 U. S. 398. The other was a decision involving a New York law, which established a system for regulating the price of milk. *Nebbia v. New York,* 291 U. S. 502.

However, commencing in 1935, and running down to the election of 1936, there came a line of decisions from the Supreme Court (and also from lower Federal Courts) which so limited the powers of the Federal Government and the powers of the State Governments to obtain the legitimate objectives for which the people voted at the polls in 1932 and 1934, that all real progress toward those objectives began to appear impossible. In most instances, these decisions were made by a divided court, frequently by a bare five-to-four vote.

The first major case which sought to break down our attempts to cure the abuses and inequalities and instability which had thrown our economic system out of joint involved the provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which conferred on the President the power to prohibit the transportation in interstate commerce of petroleum which had been produced in excess of the quantity permitted by the respective State laws. These provisions were inserted to enable the Federal Government to cope with the chaotic conditions in the oil industry which the States themselves had proved powerless to meet. Continued overproduction and price-cutting in the face of decreasing demand had made it necessary for the Federal Government to step in and place the industry on a sound basis by lending its power to prevent overproduction of oil in the various States where the State Governments themselves had been unable to prevent it.

The decision of the Court, which was handed down on January 7, 1935, was that the Act was unconstitutional as a delegation to the President of legislative power. The contention of the Government that the statute constituted a valid regulation of interstate commerce and that there was no unconstitutional delegation of legislative power to the Executive, was overruled, Mr. Justice Cardozo vigorously dissenting. *Panama Refining Co. v. Ryan,* 293 U. S. 388.

THE GOLD-CLAUSE COMPROMISE AND THE "BLUE EAGLE" DECISION

A month later, February 18, 1935, came the Gold-Clause Cases 294 U. S. 240. These cases involved the validity of the Congressional Joint Resolution of June 5, 1933, which abrogated the gold clauses in all Government and private contracts and provided that such obligations might be discharged by the payment of regular legal-tender currency. The Government contended that the Resolution was a valid exercise of the power of the Congress over the currency system. By a bare vote of five to four, the Court sustained the contention of the Government and upheld the Resolution so far as private obligations were concerned. The Court held, however, that the abrogation of the gold clause as to Government obligations was not valid, but that the holders of Government bonds were not damaged by the abrogation of the gold clause and that therefore they were not entitled to recover. Mr. Justice Stone vigorously protested that since no damage had been proved, there was no occasion for the Court to question the validity of the Joint Resolution in its application to Government obligations and that the Court's decision might needlessly interpose serious obstacles to the adoption of measures for the stabilization of the dollar.

A difference of one vote in the case involving private obligations would have meant that the entire currency program and the entire gold and silver policy of the Government, which were among the chief foundations of the whole recovery program, would have been invalidated, that the pre-existing chaos in foreign exchange and domestic currency and the whole unfair debt structure would have returned, and that a favored few would have been unfairly enriched at the expense of the general public.

The next major Supreme Court decision, handed down on May 6, 1935, involved the Railroad Retirement Act. That Act provided for the creation of a pooled fund to which contributions were to be made by all interstate railroads, for the purpose of paying pensions to retired railroad employees. The Government contended that the statute was a valid exercise of the power to regulate interstate commerce. The Court by a five-to-four decision held that the Act deprived the railroads of property without due process of law in contravention of the Fifth Amendment; and also held that the statute was not a legitimate exercise of the power to regulate interstate commerce, since the provision for retirement and pensioning of aged employees has no reasonable relation to the business of interstate transportation.

During the same month, May 27, 1935, the Supreme Court by a unanimous decision struck down all the code-making provisions of the National Industrial Recovery Act. These provisions authorized the President to approve codes of fair competition for various industries upon application by those industries.

The case involved a violation of the live poultry code by defendants whose business was to buy from concerns in New York State poultry which had been sent into New York State from other States, and who slaughtered the poultry for sale to retailers in New York. The charge against the defendants was that they violated the provisions of the code which fixed minimum wages and maximum hours and which set up certain trade practices to prevent unfair competition. The Government contended that this statute constituted a valid exercise of the power to regulate interstate commerce on the ground that the trade practices and the provisions for hours and wages have a direct effect on the price structure and the quality and volume of live poultry shipped in interstate commerce into New York; that they have particularly an effect on the interstate competition existing between the live poultry business and the dressed poultry business; that the intrastate transactions are so interwoven with interstate commerce that adequate control of the latter required control of the former; and that the Act did not improperly delegate legislative power to the Executive, in view of the fact that it contained a statement of policies and standards under which the President must act.

The Supreme Court, however, held the statute unconstitutional on the grounds, first, that the code-making power sought to be conferred on the President was an invalid application of legislative power; and second, that the particular transactions involved in the case before it did not constitute interstate commerce. *A. L. A. Schechter Poultry Corp. v. United States*, 295 U. S. 495.

THE COURT'S INTERPRETATION THAT KNOCKED OUT THE AAA

The next major adverse decision was a declaration of unconstitutionality of the Agricultural Adjustment Act on January 6, 1936. This Act was enacted to help the farmers protect themselves by co-operative action against the accumulation of farm surpluses which had brought about disastrous farm prices and had left agriculture practically prostrate throughout the country. The statute provided for raising taxes on the processing of farm commodities and for appropriating the proceeds of the taxes to pay benefits to farmers who co-operated in adjusting their crop surpluses.

The Government contended that the general welfare clause of the Constitution (which gives the Congress power "to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to . . . provide for the . . . general Welfare of the United States") should be construed broadly to include anything conducive to the national welfare, unaffected by the specifically enumerated powers which follow the clause; that pursuant to it, the Congress may raise taxes and appropriate the proceeds to promote the national welfare. It urged that the determination of what was a national purpose rests with the Congress and not with the courts and that the purposes of the Act were in fact for the general welfare of the United States.

The Supreme Court held that the Act was essentially one regulating agricultural production; that the processing tax was not really for raising revenue but was a mere incident of such regulation; that agricultural production is "a purely local activity"; that the general welfare clause of the Constitution conferred on the Congress the power to spend money in respect of any subject which pertained to the general welfare of the Nation without being limited by the specifically enumerated grants of Congressional power; but that it did not extend to the use of the spending power for the purpose of regulating agricultural production which was a matter that pertained only to the local welfare as an intrastate activity. *United States v. Butler*, 297, U. S. 1.

It was in this case that Mr. Justice Stone, in a dissenting opinion in which Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Cardozo joined, pointed out that such "a tortured construction of the Constitution is not to be justified" and that the "Courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern."

On May 18, 1936, came the next major adverse decision, in the opinion declaring the Bituminous Coal Conservation Act of 1935 (generally known as the first Guffey Coal Act) unconstitutional. This statute was enacted to bring order out of chaos in the bituminous coal industry. The Act provided for the fixing of minimum and maximum prices of coal, for a labor board to adjust labor disputes, for collective bargaining by employees through their own chosen representatives, for wages and hours to be mandatory upon the entire industry, if fixed by contracts between certain percentages of employers and employees.

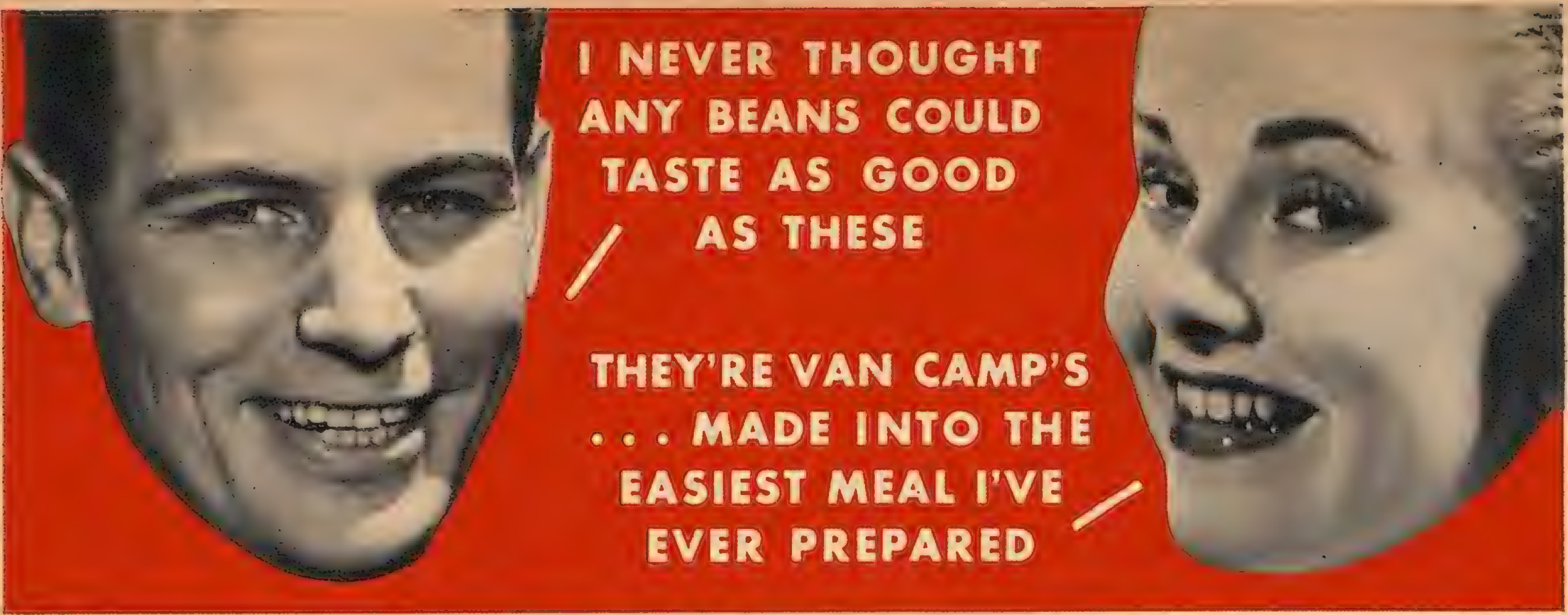
The Government contended that the power to regulate interstate commerce included the power to regulate "price at the mine" in interstate commerce transactions and that therefore such price-fixing clauses of the Act were valid. It further contended that the labor provisions of the Act controlling the conditions under which coal is to be mined before it becomes an article of commerce were valid because they were designed to prevent strikes and other evils of production which directly affect interstate commerce in coal; but that if they were held to be invalid they were, in any event, separable provisions and their invalidity did not affect the validity of the price-fixing provisions.

The Court by a six-to-three vote held the labor provisions bad not on one but on three counts—bad as an unwarranted delegation of legislative power, bad as a violation of due process, bad as a regulation of intrastate commerce not within the purview of the commerce power. Five of the Justices plainly stated that the mining of coal is purely a local activity and not interstate commerce; that the whole relation between employers and employees with respect to wages, hours, working conditions, and collective bargaining is purely a local one; and that mining, manufacturing, and farming are all local in character, no matter what is done with the products mined, manufactured, or farmed, even if they be shipped into, and sold in, forty-seven other States. The Court, without deciding the question as to whether the price-fixing provisions of the Act were constitutional or not, held (by a majority vote) that they were not separable from the labor provisions, and that therefore the entire scheme of regulation fell. *Carter v. Carter Coal Co.*, 298 U. S. 238.

FIVE TO FOUR AGAINST NEW YORK'S MINIMUM WAGE LAW

Perhaps the climax of this line of decisions by the Supreme Court came on June 1, 1936, in the decision declaring unconstitutional, by a vote of five to four, the New York State Minimum Wage Law. *Morehead v. New York ex rel. Tipaldo*, 298 U. S. 587. It involved a State statute fixing minimum fair wages for women in industry in New York. A majority of the Court held to the view that (page 611) "the State is without power by any form of legislation to prohibit, change or nullify contracts between employers and adult women workers as to the amount of wages to be paid."

While the decision did not concern the activities of the Federal Government, it indicated the attitude of the majority of the members *(Continued on page 13)*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(Continued from page 11) of the Court on economic and social legislation. It served further to emphasize the "no man's land" in which neither the Congress nor the Legislatures of the several States could use their power to promote the economic and social welfare of employees of mines, shops, and factories. This was the unfortunate conclusion reached, although a dissenting opinion joined in by three Justices in this case stated, "a wage is not always the resultant of free bargaining between employers and employees; . . . it may be one forced upon employees by their economic necessities and upon employers by the most ruthless of their competitors"; and that in arriving at their decision of unconstitutionality, the judges were merely following their own "personal economic predilections."

So, in the year and a half commencing with the "hot oil" case and ending with the New York Minimum Wage case, it became quite obvious that the *Advance of Recovery and Reform* begun by the Congress and the Executive in the *Year of Crisis*, which its opponents could not stop by the elections of 1934, was being nullified by a barrier which read: "*The Court Disapproves*."

THE EFFECT OF THE ELECTION OF 1936 UPON "NULLIFICATION"

American history records the famous Nullification Act by the State of South Carolina in 1832, whereby that State declared an Act of the National Congress to be of no effect. History in the days to come may well refer to those eighteen months of 1935 and 1936 as the time of the "Nullification Decrees" promulgated by the Supreme Court whereby the Court declared a whole series of Congressional enactments to be of no effect, even though the Congress had based them on powers given to the Federal Government and on the crying necessity of helping the people of the Nation in a great crisis.

The whole line of decisions cast a deep shadow of doubt upon the ability of the Congress ever at any time to protect the Nation against catastrophe by squarely meeting modern social and economic maladjustments. It was a complete abrogation of the old theory under which an Act of Congress would not be disturbed by the correlative judicial branch of Government, unless the Act was beyond all reasonable doubt unconstitutional. It was a complete breakdown of the system of government by three independent but theoretically co-operating branches.

We were stopped short and thrown back in our efforts to stabilize national agriculture, to improve conditions of labor, to safeguard business against unfair competition, to protect disorganized and chaotic interstate industries, to provide old-age pensions for railroad employees, and in other ways to serve obvious national needs. These decisions, and the very sweeping and all-inclusive language of denial used by the Supreme Court, and innumerable other decisions of like tenor applied to other Federal statutes by lower Federal courts—all made it impossible to determine just how the powers of a Government which the Founding Fathers sought to make strong enough to meet new national problems could be exercised.

I do not wish here to discuss the many considerations which led me in 1937 to adopt the quickest and most effective constitutional way to break this judicial wall erected across the road to national safety. They are discussed in my messages to the Congress and in my various speeches and papers on that subject, all of which will be included in the 1937 volume of these Public Papers. Nor shall I here discuss the various decisions of the Supreme Court in 1937, which came after the election of 1936 and after my message of February 5, 1937—decisions which in many vital respects have abrogated the decisions and rulings and principles of law which the Court expounded during 1935 and the first part of 1936. They, too, will be considered in the 1937 volume.

I think that observers of national affairs agree that this change in the tenor of the Court's decisions, fortunately for democracy, came about largely as a result of the outstanding political event of 1936—the election. I say "fortunately for democracy" advisedly, because democracy cannot endure if courts or any other agency of Government continue to assert the power of a super-legislature to veto general policies within the broad framework of the Constitution which *The People Approve.*

We have learned again that eternal vigilance is necessary to preserve the constitutional rights of a free people. As Abraham Lincoln said at Cincinnati in 1859, "the people of these United States are the rightful masters of both congresses and courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution." *December 20, 1937.*

As the Nation advanced into the year 1936, the coming Presidential campaign became of increasing importance in the development and exposition of national policies. Through the spring every effort was made by the opposition to attack individuals, to magnify minor errors of administration, to misrepresent actual facts, and at the same time to give lip service to the cause of social betterment and elimination of ancient abuses without offering any specific proposals alternative to the methods we were following. This attitude indeed may be said to epitomize the whole tenor of the later campaign of the opposition, both before the party conventions and during the succeeding months up to election day.

About eighty-five per cent of the press of the Nation supported the opposition. Many newspapers and magazines went to the length of coloring, distorting, or actually omitting important facts in the news columns as well as in the editorial pages. This is obviously not written in a spirit of bitterness, because of the simple fact that the attitude of these opposition leaders and newspaper owners or editors actually helped the Administration. In other words, the voting public quickly grasped the situation, resented it, and gave the obvious tactics no further consideration. From the point of view of votes, the New Deal gained. From the point of view of public confidence, the opposition leadership and the majority of the press lost. . . .

From the outset of the campaign, it was my object to make the issues as broad and as clear as possible. In so doing, there was no effort to concentrate on the elements of undisputed material recovery or to omit reference to the clear accomplishments in the correction of abuses and to objectives of further specific reform.

Again and again during the campaign, we brought out the importance and desirability of those great purposes of economic and social reform which the Supreme Court had struck down through its decisions. . . .

All of our broad objectives were, of course, definitely related to the position which at that time had been assumed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Its current decisions were not only delaying specific steps, but, in prevailing opinions, were serving notice on the country that no law framed to obtain our social and economic objectives would be sustained.

As to the choice of a specific remedy to meet the undeniable fact that the majority of the Supreme Court was in fact legislating on the desirability rather than the constitutionality of laws, none was made during the campaign. There were several possible alternatives of method. Emphasis in the campaign was therefore properly placed on the goal of a Government which, through the co-operation of all its branches, would make democracy work.

It was hoped that, in the election, a great popular majority would express itself in favor of the New Deal objectives. This hope was abundantly fulfilled. . . . The results permitted no doubt whatsoever to remain that, so far as the policies and goal of the New Deal were concerned, *The People Approve.*

The influence of election day and of this verdict of the people began to manifest itself on Court decisions in the spring of 1937. *January 1, 1938.*

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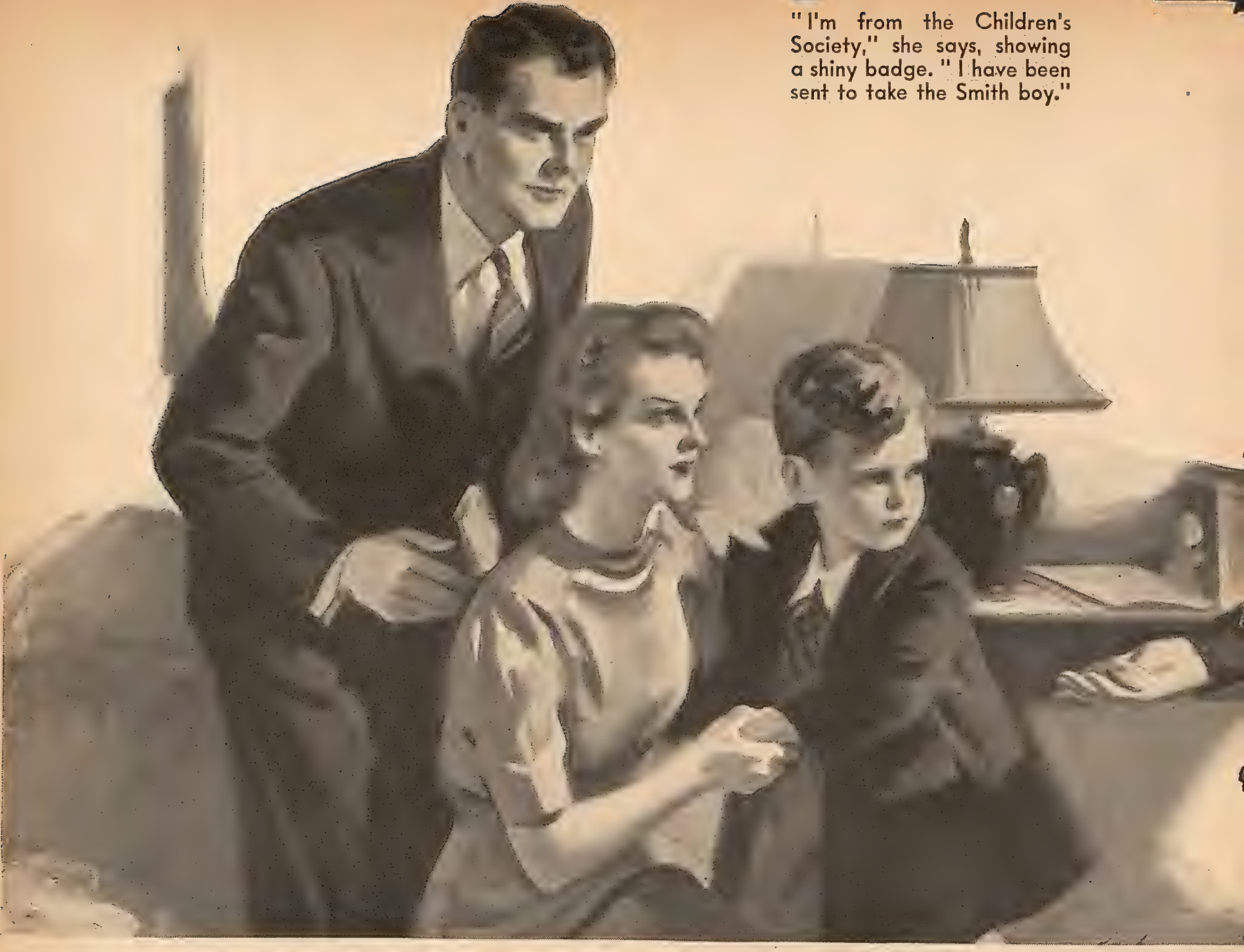
President Roosevelt's White House press conferences are enormously important, and much is said in them that is "not to be quoted directly" and more that is "off the record" altogether. Next week's installment of this series will be made up of revealing extracts from the President's stenographic records of these conferences.



"I'm from the Children's Society," she says, showing a shiny badge. "I have been sent to take the Smith boy."

SPLITBRITCHES

Smiles and a tear, one small boy—and romance in Manhattan! Here's a lively, human love story you won't soon forget

BY EDWARD TYNDALL

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 24 SECONDS

ME, I'm Dan Kieley, captain of waiters at the Club Casa Loma, the swankiest spot in New York City. My boss'—and I guess he won't mind if I say my partner too, account of he gave me a piece of the joint a couple of months ago—name's Horton, Bob Horton. He's an all-right guy, Bob is.

We're located on West Fifty-second Street, in case you're down this way, just east of Seventh Avenue. Our floor show's tops in town, and Margie Lucas, our little hoofer . . . Say! You've seen Eleanor Powell and Carole Lombard, haven't you? Well, if them two honeys was in our revue, Margie'd have 'em backed into the chorus. Margie and Bob are kapook about each other.

Well, anyway, as I told you, being captain of waiters and sort of a partner, I make it a point to be down at the drum early. We don't have no lunch crowd, only the bar being open till the cocktail hour; but I like to see that nobody's got careless and left things laying around. So it's a little before noon when I push open the doors to the main dining room. Some ape has stripped eight or ten tables and balled the cloths up right in the middle of the dance floor.

I let out a yell and make a jump for 'em. Right in the center of the pile, and stretched out like he's sleeping, is a towheaded brat. A boy about four or five years old. As I gap down at him his eyelids flicker.

He sits up and looks at me out of brown eyes as big as soup cups. He ain't a bit scared. "Is you my daddy?" he asks.

"Your what?" I bark.

"My daddy," he repeats. "Her said my daddy'd come. Her said if I's a good boy and lied still my daddy'd come."

"Well, I ain't your daddy. I ain't nobody's daddy.

SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KINGHAN

And who's her?” I demand. “Your old la—your mother?”

“My mommy,” he informs me.

“Well, where's she at? Where's your mommy at?”

“Her went away. Her said my daddy'd come f' me an' get me somep'n' to eat.”

“You hungry?” I question.

He nods quickly. “Well, hop up, then, and let's go get something,” I growl.

He hops up and grins. He holds out his right mitt.

Our kitchen force don't get down this early, so I lead him outside and around the corner to a lunchroom on Seventh Avenue. I boost him on to a stool and pick up the menu. Blue plate No. 4 looks pretty good for a hungry guy—half spring chick with f. f. pots. and c. and p's.

“Once up on this. This here No. 4,” say I to the red-headed babe behind the counter. “And two coffees.”

“Who's the other coffee for?” She bobs her head toward the kid. “Him?”

“Sure,” I answer. “Why not?”

She shrugs her shoulders under her green uniform. “How old is he?”

I half turn on my stool.

“Me?” the kid says. And holds up three fingers on one hand and three on the other.

“Ain't he yours?” she asks.

I shake my head positively. “He just dropped in on me.” And account she's a real cute dish I add, “I ain't even married.”

“If I was you,” she says, smiling back a little, “I'd give this kid milk.”

“I like milk,” the kid says. “On'y my mommy says milk's awful hard to get.”

The redhead tosses me a glance. “Like that, eh?”

I nod. “Like that.”

“Well, milk ain't hard to get in here,” she says, ruffing the kid's tow head.

When she comes back she's got more food on the plate than we serve over to the C. L. for two people. She's also lugging a big dish of ice cream.

“The dessert's my own idea,” says she, slapping it down.

“Say, you're all right,” I applaud while the kid's trying to decide what to tackle first. The ice cream wins easy. “Yes, ma'am, you're all right.”

“Yeah?” she returns. “Well, you're paying for it.”

“You're still all right.”

“And your check's still ninety-five cents.”

I grin at her. “Look, my name's Kieley, Dan Kieley. I'm over at the Club Casa Loma on Fifty-second. How'd you like to drop over tonight and see the show? The check'll be on me.”

She looks at me hard for a moment. Then she grins. “Maybe I will, at that,” she says. “And my name's Dotty Lennon.”

WHEN the kid's finished eating, I take him back to the club, and I'm lucky because Bob and Margie are both there. I can hear 'em chinning in the office before I shove open the door.

“Look what I brought you,” say I, leading the kid into the room.

“Who is he?” Bob asks.

I tell them the story.

Margie squats down by the kid and smiles at him. “What's your name? What does your mommy call you?”

“Splitbritches,” he answers. He points a stubby little finger at Bob. “Is him my daddy?”

Margie draws him closer to her. “Haven't you ever seen your daddy?”

Splitbritches shakes his tow head. “I never seed him, but my mommy said he'd come here f' me.”

Margie says: “Do you know your mommy's name?”

“Sure,” he replies. “Mommy. Her name's mommy.”

“Of course her name's mommy,” Margie says. “But don't the people where you live call her something else? Mrs.—”

Splitbritches nods quickly. “Mrs. Smith,” he says.

Margie sits down on the floor and pulls him over into her lap. “Do you know where you live?”

His head bobs up and down. “In a brick house,” he says. “Trains go by.”

Bob sits down beside Margie. “Maybe he's got a note on him. Usually they have notes.”

Margie says: “Have you anything in your pockets, Splitbritches?”

Out of his right pants pocket he fishes a piece of string, a bottle top, and a lead soldier with only one leg.

“Him's Tom,” he says. “Santa Claus brunged him.”

“He's gorgeous!” Margie exclaims. “He's absolutely gorgeous!”

“I wish he'd 'a' brung me two, so's I could have a war,” he says kind of wistfully. “I asked him to, but my mommy said he couldn't 'cause my daddy didn't come.”

Out of his left-hand pocket he hauls out one of them gold lockets that the babes wear around their necks.

“There's only half of it here,” Margie says, turning it over slowly in her hands. “But there's a snapshot . . . Is this your mommy?”

He nods. Margie gives it to Bob. “The other half's been twisted off,” he says.

“My mommy done it,” Splitbritches offers. “Her done it out there." A finger points toward the dining room. "Her said f' me to keep it always. Her was crying."

"Yeah," Bob says. "Yeah." Margie looks away.

"Well, that's that," I speak up. "So what happens now? Maybe we ought to send for the gendarms."

Margie's arms tighten about the kid. "No," she says.

"See?" Bob grins. "No gendarms. Why can't we keep him here with us? That is," he elaborates, sort of embarrassed-like, "here in the daytime, home with me at night. How about it, there, Splitbritches?"

Splitbritches glances up at him and grins. Then puts his skinny arms around Margie's neck. "Her too?"

Bob squats down, takes one of the kid's hands and shakes it solemnly. "You've got something there, young fellow. I've been trying to get her to do just that for six months."

"I've been trying to make up my mind about him," Margie says, talking into Splitbritches' ear. "Maybe you're just the little guy to help me do it."

That's the way we let it ride. Bob sends one of the waiters out to buy some lead soldiers, and Splitbritches starts a war there in the office while we all go to work. We pop in on him every once in a while.

That evening Dotty Lennon drops around. A honey!

In the morning, when I get down to the Casa Loma, Margie hands me a clipping tore from a newspaper. It's a short item about an unidentified gal who the coppers have fished out of the East River. It says she had half of a gold locket in her coat pocket.

"Bob has gone down," Margie says. "If it's the other half of Splitbritches' locket, we're going to keep him."

"You and Bob, eh?"

She smiles. "And you. You can be his Uncle Dan."

"You and Bob going to pop off to That Man?"

Margie nods. Her face gets kind of pink. "Perhaps next month. Oh, Dan, I'm so happy!" She throws her arms around me and kisses me right smack on the mouth.

WELL, it turns out to be the other half of the locket all right, and in it is a picture that the coppers identify as a guy named Charles T. Smith, who gets himself drowned in that Morro Castle fire a few years back. Which makes the kid a full-time orphan.

Now Bob and Margie won't have to worry about some guy showing up and claiming him. He calls Bob daddy, and me Uncle Dan. But he won't call Margie nothing but Margie. Everybody's happy.

Including me. I get to dropping around at the Bonton Lunch for breakfast every day, and Dotty Lennon gets to dropping around at the Casa Loma for dinner every evening. After about three weeks of this and maybe a few other things, I muster up enough courage to ask her to become Mrs. Daniel H. Kieley. She fools me and says yes.

I don't say anything to Bob and Margie about it, though, for the reason that I figure to surprise 'em. When the day comes and they say to me, "Come on, Dan; we are going down to City Hall and see That Man," I will come back, kind of casual-like, "Well, you'll have to wait a couple of minutes till I get Dotty Lennon. Then we'll go down to City Hall and see That Man with you."

However, the weeks go by and they don't open their yaps about going nowhere. So one day, when I get Margie off by herself, I say to her: "Margie," I say, "when are you and Bob going down to see That Man?"

She looks at me funny and shrugs her pretty shoulders.

"What's the matter?" I follow up.

"Don't you know?" she says. Her voice also sounds funny.

I shake my head and go after her with more questions. But all she'll say is: "You'll find out."

A couple of hours later I'm playing with Splitbritches in Bob's office when him and a babe walks in. I've seen this babe before, lots of times. She's one of the regulars who makes the Casa almost every afternoon for cocktails and three-four times a week for the show. Name of Miss Sandra St. John. One of our customers, a guy who knows all them Park Avenue babes, told me that she's known in the top-drawer crowd as a stinker-oo. And her old man's got dough.

Splitbritches jumps up as soon as he sees Bob. "Hi, daddy!" he yips, and runs to meet him.

Bob leans down and musses up his hair. "Hi, pal!" he greets. "Hi, there, Splitbritches Smith!"

I'm watching the Park Avenue sourball. Her eyes have a hateful sly look, but when Bob straightens up she smiles at the kid. "Hullo," she says. "You remember me, don't you?"

Splitbritches says, "Yeah."

"Well, aren't you going to say good afternoon?"

Splitbritches gives her the eye and don't say nothing. I guess he's got her all figured out. He's a smart kid.

She tries once more: "The pussycat got your tongue?"

"Nuts!" says Splitbritches, and walks back toward me.

"Splitbritches!" Bob snaps. I never heard him "call" the kid before. "Tell Miss St. John you're sorry."

The kid hesitates. Then he says: "I'm sorry, babe."

I bust right out laughing. The sourball tosses me a look and her eyes are still hateful, but she laughs too. Not what you'd call hilariously. "What a delicious sense of humor! Really, Robbin, you must introduce me."

Bob looks kind of embarrassed. "May I present my partner, Mr. Daniel Kieley. Dan, Miss Sandra St. John."

The way he rolls her name off makes me glance over at him to see if he's grinning. He ain't. He walks over to his desk and sits down. Miss Sandra St. John grabs a squat alongside him. Bob says:

"Dan, Sandra has decided to become a night-club entertainer." I still think he's kidding. "For us," he adds.

"What do you do, Miss St. John?" I ask her. "Hoof?"

"I sing a little," she replies, and smiles at Bob. "Robbin flatters me, of course."

"Sandra has a beautiful voice," Bob says.

"Well, how's her legs?" I say.

Miss St. John laughs again. That nasty laugh of hers. "How perfectly naïve!"

Bob frowns at me, but before he can open his kisser I say: "I wouldn't know about that, lady. But in the night-club racket you either have very nice gams or you ain't in the night-club racket. Now, how's yours?"

Her laugh is the same. "You're priceless!" she exclaims. "Robbin, why haven't I met this man before?"

She don't like me. Not even a little.

"You'll have to excuse Dan," says Bob, patting her hand. "Miss St. John"—he faces me—"is a lyric soprano. She will sing operatic selections."

I STARE at him.

"I am convinced that our patrons will appreciate this innovation. It will be something different. It—"

"Yeah, it will," I bust in. "It sure will." And I'm beginning to catch on to what Margie meant. Something's happened to the guy. "What're you figuring on doing?" I inquire. "Closing the joint?"

Miss St. John's laughter fills the room. "Oh, Robbin! How could you ever get along without this man?"

Bob swings around in his chair and hunches his shoulders over the desk. "That will be all, Dan!" he bites off, and jerks his head toward the door.

I stare at him once more. For a full minute. Then I stride across the room. Splitbritches comes trotting after me. "O. K.," say I, with my hand on the doorknob. "O. K.—Robbin." We both go out.

Margie is slumped over by the bandstand in the half-lighted dining room.

"She calls him Robbin!" I snort.

"I know," Margie says.

"Her asked me has the pussy got my tongue," Splitbritches puts in. "Her's a screwy babe."

Margie reaches out and hugs him to her. "What kind of talk is that?" she admonishes gently.

"Uncle Dan says it, an' so do daddy."

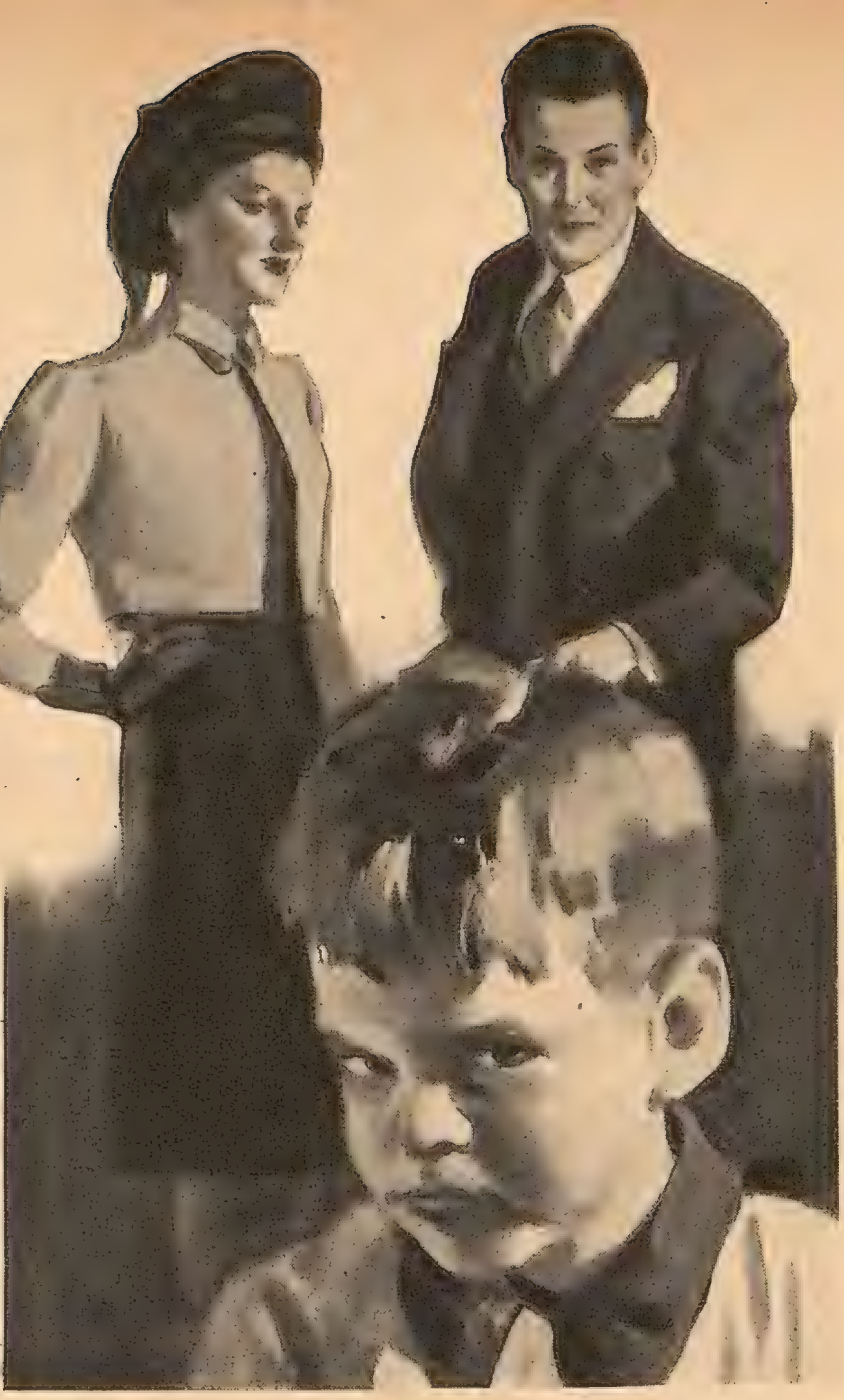
Margie rubs her nose against his cheek. "Go and play, honey; I want to talk to Uncle Dan."

She turns to me. "Did Bob tell you that he was putting her on here?"

"Yeah," I says. "What's got into the guy?"

"Park Avenue," Margie says.

"Well, he'd better take something for it. A kick in



The kid hesitates. Then he says: "I'm sorry, babe."

the pants might be good. How long's it been going on?"

"Weeks."

"Yeah? I ain't noticed. I been kind of busy."

Margie smiles. "I noticed that you have. Dotty's a fine girl, Dan."

"She's O. K. Say, is it because of this doll that you and Bob don't go down to see That Man?"

Margie looks away. "Bob's in love with her, Dan. He's mad about her. You know what she's done? She's persuaded Bob not to let me dance during the dinner hour when she sings. She said she wouldn't care to have her friends see her appearing on the same program with a strip-teaser."

"Why, the dirty louse!" I holler. "You don't take off nothing!"

"Her name is going up in lights on the marquee. Mine is coming down."

"What's the idea of that! What's—"

"She hates me, Dan," Margie goes on. "That is her way of showing it. I'm—I'm almost afraid of her."

"She's just jealous, babe," I say soothingly. "Don't you see that? She's jealous of Splitbritches too. And she's—" I check myself, account of her and Bob are leaving his office and walking our way. Bob stops off at the bandstand, where Splitbritches is playing, but Park Avenue keeps on coming.

"Talk to me, Dan," Margie whispers. "Talk to me."

So I begin, taking my cue, and I'm going strong when the stinker-oo is alongside the table.

"Oh, Miss Lucas," she opens up in that amused voice of hers, "I have been thinking about little Charles Smith—"

"Charles?" I bust in.

She ignores me. "I am sure you will agree with me that this is hardly the proper environment for him. Especially now that Robbin's time is so completely absorbed. You follow me, of course."

"And so?" Margie prompts her. Her voice is shaky.

"And so, my dear, I trust that you will concur with me and help me to convince Robbin that it would be best to have him sent—"

I bust in again: "He ain't going to be sent no place."

She lets her eyes flick over me. If she was a man I would've ducked. "Really, you slay me, Mr. Kieley."

Margie gets slowly to her feet. Her hands are clinched into tight fists. "It won't be necessary to have Splitbritches sent anywhere," she states. "If he is in—in your way here, I—I shall take him home with me."

"You miss my point, Miss Lucas," the St. John louse says. "I hardly think that that will be a satisfactory solution. However, perhaps I shall think of something." She smiles. "I am sure that I shall."

She smiles again and pivots on her heel. "I am ready now, Robbin, if you are," she trills. "Please take me home."

Well, Bob don't show for the cocktail hour, nor until just before we close up the drum. Margie's already done her last turn and gone home, taking Splitbritches with her. Because, she tells me, Bob ain't here and she doesn't want the kid to be up too late.

I spill the works to Dotty. Naturally, she's sort of upset that our double-wedding plans are up the spout, but when I propose that we go and see That Man by ourselves, she says no. We will wait, she says. It'd seem mean for us to be happy when Margie feels so lousy. Which proves she's an all-right babe, don't you think?

THE next morning, early, I stop around at Margie's boardinghouse, just to see how things are.

"What say we take the kid to the zoo?" I suggest. "We can show him what one of them female skunks looks like with fur on it."

Splitbritches goes for that, and he's trying to wrestle into his coat when somebody raps on the door.

It's a big wide babe, so wide she has trouble making the door the first try. She takes a quick gander around the room, her eyes stopping on Splitbritches.

"I'm Mrs. Collins from the Children's Society," she says, showing a shiny metal badge. "I have been sent here to take the little Smith boy back with me."

"Who told you he was here?" I demand.

"We never disclose the source of our information," Mrs. Collins says.

"I'll tell you, then," say I. "A sweet-smelling dish by name of Miss Sandra St. John. And I'll tell you something else, too, babe: You ain't taking nobody."

Margie cries: "No, you can't! Dan, don't let her!"

Mrs. Collins sits down on the sofa. She says: "I know how you both feel. I have kids of my own. But there are laws in this state concerning foundlings."

Splitbritches is all eyes.

Margie puts her arms around him. She looks over at Mrs. Collins. "You mean I'll have to legally adopt him? Oh, I'll be glad to! I'll go right down there with you."

"It isn't quite so simple," Mrs. Collins says. "It takes a little time. You must be investigated."

"That's all right," Margie says eagerly. "I guess I'll stand up under it. I can keep Splitbritches here with me, can't I?"

Mrs. Collins says: "Who? Oh . . ." She smiles, but shakes her head. "I'm afraid he'll have to stay at the home until the investigation is completed. But it doesn't take long, honey," she says kindly. "Not over two weeks. After you and your husband sign the papers."

"Husband!" Margie exclaims.

"Isn't this man your husband?" Mrs. Collins asks.

"Him's my Uncle Dan," Splitbritches offers. "My daddy's over there." He points out the window in the general direction of the Casa Loma.

Mrs. Collins pats his head. She tells Margie: "Bring his daddy down to the home with you."

"That won't be possible," Margie almost whispers. "He—he—I'm not married."

"Oh," Mrs. Collins says. "Well, that's too bad." She gets up. "The society frowns on letting the children out to unmarried—"

Margie cuts in: "Won't they let me have him unless—unless I'm married?"

"I won't say that," Mrs. Collins replies. "Perhaps you will be able to fix it." She looks down on Splitbritches and holds out her hand. "Come on, sonny; we'd better be getting along."

Margie hugs him to her. "No!" she cries fiercely.

"Take it easy, babe," I say. "We'll work it out. You'll scare the kid."

"I ain't scared," says Splitbritches, stroking Margie on the cheek. "I ain't scared a bit."

Margie sort of pulls herself together. She stands up. "Of course you're not afraid. And Dan and I will come and get you in just a little while."

"An' my daddy," Splitbritches states.

Margie makes funny noises in her throat. I grab her by the arm. "Babe," I say, "take it easy. Sure he'll come," I say to the kid. "We'll all come. Why," I go on, giving Mrs. Collins the office to beat it, and trying to keep on talking till she can get him out the door—"why, we'll even bring the lady, here, back with us. Maybe we can put her in the revue."

"Her's kind of fat," says Splitbritches, looking her over. "How's her legs?" That was one on me!

Mrs. Collins laughs. "Sonny," she says, "they're terrible."

As they walk out Margie wilts against me. "Oh, Dan," she moans. "Oh, Dan!"

"Just take it easy, babe," say I, patting her shoulder. "It'll work out all right. Just pull yourself together. That St. John tomato can't make a dirty lousy trick like this stick."

"She took Bob," Margie sobs. "Why couldn't she leave me Splitbritches? Why couldn't she, Dan?"

She's pretty close to them hysterics. I give her a hard shake. "Babe," I say, "stop it. She's a stinker-oo, that's why. But she can't make it stick. I'll get him back. I know plenty guys with a drag. You just leave it to me."

A little more of the same syrup and I duck out. To tell you the truth, I do know a lot of guys, but they're mostly guys like newspaper reporters who can only spring you out of the pokey. However, I figure that maybe one of them might know somebody, at that. Then I get another idea. If you've got to be married to adopt kids out of that home, why, what's the matter with me and Dotty? We can get hooked; take Splitbritches out of that joint; and give him back to Margie. I'm almost grinning as I walk into the Casa Loma.

That waiter Giuseppe runs up to me.

"Meest' Dan!" he hollers. "Mees Margie she's-a telephona yo'. She's-a hava da fit. Splitbritch' ees-a hurt. One thees-a crazy taxis hit heem. Coom queek the Polly-clinic. Mees Margie she's-a say yo' coom queek the Pollyclinic."

It takes less than five minutes to reach the hospital, and there I find Margie sitting outside of Splitbritches' room, all sagged over in a chair. Mrs. Collins is bending over her.

"What kind of a fool are you?" I yell, barging up to them and jabbing Mrs. Collins in the back. "Letting the kid get hit!"

Margie holds out her hand to me. "Oh, Dan," she whimpers.

Mrs. Collins turns. Her eyes are red. "It wasn't my fault," she says. "We—we were crossing Fiftieth Street on—on our way to the subway. Almost at—at the curb he pulled away from me. He—"

"He'd—he'd dropped his locket," Margie says, between sobs. "He'd d-dropped his little l-l-locket."

"Yeah," I say. "Yeah. Well, how bad hurt is he?"

"We don't know," Mrs. Collins speaks up. "The doctor hasn't come out yet. And he wouldn't let us go in."

A hand drops on my shoulder. I turn my head. It's Bob.

"What happened, Dan?" he asks. "What happened to Splitbritches? Giuseppe told me he was here, and hurt." His voice is steady, but I feel his hand trembling.

EDWARD TYNDALL

born in New York City and educated at Andover, the University of Pennsylvania, and Brown University, was on a submarine chaser during the war. He believes he holds a record in the U. S. Navy as the only man to go in at a higher rank than he came out. He was once a stockbroker.

I tell him. And I don't leave out none of it. Specially the part that that stinker-oo dame of his had in it. When I finish, Bob says: "She did that!"

He steps past me to Margie.

"Margie," he says, "there are several things that I want to explain to you later, if you'll let me. But right now I only want you to know that I had nothing to do with the Children's Society coming for Splitbritches. I didn't know about it until just now. I wouldn't have done a thing like that—not even if I didn't think that Splitbritches was the greatest little guy in the world—I wouldn't be that stinking. Not for anything, Margie. You believe me, don't you?"

Before she can answer him, if she was going to, the door to the kid's room swings open. The croaker steps out. He's grinning.

"Merely bruised and shaken up a bit," he says. "He'll be as good as new in a couple of weeks."

Margie looks up. She's crying but smiling.

"Are you the little fellow's people?" the croaker asks. "His Margie? His daddy? His Uncle Dan?"

"Yes," Bob says. "We're his people. All of us."

"You'd better get in there, then," the croaker grins. "He's been asking for you."

Margie is on her feet and into the room before he finishes talking. Bob and me and Mrs. Collins are tied for second. Margie is on her knees by Splitbritches' bed, trying to hug him. He's so wrapped around with bandages that she can hardly find a hold.

"Hi, daddy!" he greets, grinning up at us. "Hi, Uncle Dan!" He strokes Margie's hair. "What you cryin' fer, huh? I ain't hurted. I got a ride in a wagon with a big bell on it."

Bob and me try out a couple of cracks. They ain't so good. Mrs. Collins beams and whispers to Margie. I catch ". . . He'll be here two weeks . . . give you time to fix everything. I'll help you," she adds, and walks out.

Bob asks: "Help us do what?"

"Spring Splitbritches out of the home," I tell him. "He's got to go to the home for two weeks."

"He will not!" Bob says, mad.

There's a knock on the door. I reach out and jerk it open. Then I try to slam it shut, but I'm too slow. That St. John biscuit swishes by me.

"Oh, Robbin, I just heard about poor little Charles!" she cries, but she doesn't even glance at the bed. "I came as soon as—"

The look Bob gives her stops her short. "Get out!" he says.

"Why—why—Robbin," she gasps. "Why—"

"Beat it!" Bob says. "Get out of here! Get out before I forget that I'm supposed to be a gentleman and throw you out."

"I ain't no gentleman," I offer.

The biscuit's eyes blaze. She tosses us that laugh of hers. "But definitely," she trills. "And I fear, Robbin, that I've made a mistake about you."

Bob says: "Dan, show this babe the way out."

I grab her arm and show her. I also show her the way to the elevators. I even give her a little shove in the right direction. Then I call up Dotty. I tell her to put her hat on, as the chances look good that she'll be meeting all of us in That Man's office down at City Hall.

When I return to the room, Margie and Bob are sitting alongside of each other by the bed. The way they're gazing into each other's eyes makes me sure that I didn't give Dotty no bum steer.

". . . An' her said I'd have to have a daddy," Splitbritches is saying, "else I couldn't live with you no more. I's got a daddy, ain't I?"

"You bet you've got a daddy," Bob says. "That is," he goes on slowly—"that is, if Margie wants it that way."

"What's her got to say about it, huh?" asks Splitbritches Smith.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 52 SECONDS

ONE evening, when Dale Carnegie was very young, his mother asked him what he had learned at school that day. "Learned to spell dog," he said. "D-a-g, dog." His mother suggested that dog might be spelled d-o-g. "No," said Dale. "I learned dog, d-a-g, so it must be d-a-g." His mother didn't argue. She merely said, "All right, son. Spell it d-a-g as long as you like. Just let me know when you change your mind."

It was the same Dale Carnegie who grew up and wrote that whelmingly popular book, How to Win Friends and Influence People. Talking with him recently, I asked him to tell us how girls can win boy friends, and how wives can influence husbands. "Follow my general rules," he said, "and *don't argue.* My mother was wise. Let your son, or boy friend, or husband spell dog d-a-g until he learns better. Arguing with men never gets women anywhere. Or the men, either."

Mr. Carnegie thinks women could be employed more extensively for selling merchandise to men. Neckties in particular. Says he can't resist buying ties in any store where a salesgirl selects them for him. . . . Says the two greatest friend winners and people influencers he ever has known are the steel king, Charles M. Schwab, and the news voice, Lowell Thomas. . . . Mr. Carnegie believes in humoring quiet desires. Spent his last vacation on top of the Jungfrau in Switzerland. Didn't climb up there for the exercise or the view. . . . Only to sit there and read. . . . He's an extraordinary man. . . . Gives out oddly illuminating ideas. . . . "Beware of surface appearances," he says. "If Victor Emmanuel of Italy applied for a job as a king—who would hire him? Yet he has weathered his storm with aptitude."

Dale Carnegie

☆ A famous author of detective stories took a winter cruise with his wife. Sailing home, they were lounging on deck chairs the first day out. The wife said, "Have you looked the girls over? Which girl do you think is going to make the most trouble among the men?"

"Easy as pie," said the detective-story author. "That one over there." He indicated a little brunette whose curves were extremely pushful. . . . And he was right. Terribly right! The young woman he picked was a *very* recent widow. In fact, her husband had jumped overboard on the southward voyage, committing suicide because she fooled around with so many men. She was bringing him home in a box—yet she went on making her play for the males. I suppose she couldn't help it. There are women like that, you know. Anyway, three married couples were on the verge of divorce because of her, before the ship docked. I am afraid my friend, the detective-story author, more or less relished the situation. Wouldn't be surprised if he worked a plot out of it.

☆ Double chins bring the worst beauty threat, the direst facial menace to average women of thirty years or more. I have solicited a symposium of expert advice about how to dodge double chins. . . . Dorothy Gray says we must not be too lazy to tonic our chin muscles by rubbing them every morning with ice. . . . Harriet Hubbard Ayer tells you to exercise your head up and down, then from side to side, morning and night. . . . "Hold your head up straight," says Helena Rubinstein. "Pat the back of your hand under your chin. Pat a lot, and keep on patting."

All three experts agree that daily attention is the first principle of preventing a double chin. Use a good softening cream, and don't be lazy when you do your exercises. In our effort toward avoiding double chins, too many of us fail to realize the importance of self-discipline. Chins multiply according to our weaknesses. We get as many chins as we deserve.

☆ Female strawberry flowers, sprayed with indoleacetic acid, are able now to produce big juicy berries without being even *approached* by the pollen of the male. Like mules, however, the berries contain no seeds and cannot propagate.

☆ When does a jilt begin? How long should we wait for a man to come back, before accepting the sad intelligence that he has thrown us over?

A young lady from West Virginia asks me this, and I think it depends entirely upon circumstances. If the man is fickle by nature, you ought to know within a few weeks whether or not you have lost him for good—for *your* good, usually—as soon as you get over feeling bruised about it. On the other hand, there are wandering boys of a different kind—boys who may come back to a girl after months or even years of unexplained absence, during which time they haven't stopped loving her at all. They just don't write to anybody, ever. . . .

So you cannot be sure of the jilt, you see, unless you can reckon the man.

☆ Dramatically truthful in the modern way, yet wholesome and inspiring withal, is the new novel of small-town life, Grass on the Mountain, by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant. I recommend it especially to women readers. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

☆ Here's a new way to do scalloped ham. This recipe comes from Paris, and it makes a really elegant dish for party luncheons or suppers. . . . Mix 3 thinly sliced mushrooms with 2 minced leeks and 1 small onion chopped fine. Simmer 10 minutes in butter, but do not brown. Add yolks 2 eggs, ¼ cup stock or water, ½ cup cream. Stirring carefully over low flame, put in 3 tablespoons minced ham, 2 tablespoons white bread crumbs from day-before-yesterday loaf, pepper to taste, and 1 teaspoon sherry wine. Pour into 4 buttered scallop shells; sprinkle generously with grated cheese; set in shallow pan containing a little water; brown in moderate oven. Serve in the shells, with boiled new potatoes on the side.

SHE Woke Up SMILING

Now comes a sudden, sinister thrill in the exciting romance of a lovely girl strangely caught by the power of gold

BY ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

THOUGH she is a successful social secretary and party hostess to Jasper Hawes, an unattached old New York millionaire, the beautiful Gail Perrin wants to be a great dancer, and is studying with Dilighine. On an unforgettable morning her teacher tells her she is ready for her debut. But this triumph is dampened when Ed Brewster, financial adviser to their employer, Hawes, proposes marriage, and, when she refuses, nastily insinuates that she is trying to snare the old millionaire.

As if this were not enough to spoil her day, Jimmy Yates, a former sweetheart, returns from Hollywood a disillusioned writer, and renews his suit, which Gail feels she must reject. Into their scene at her apartment walks the high-living, masterful Jasper Hawes. His doctor, Frank Skidmore, has just informed him he can't live much longer. Giving no sign of such fatal news, Hawes orders a big party for that night at his famous penthouse. Immediately Gail swings into action on the invitations, and asks Jimmy to come. Acidly he accepts and leaves them.

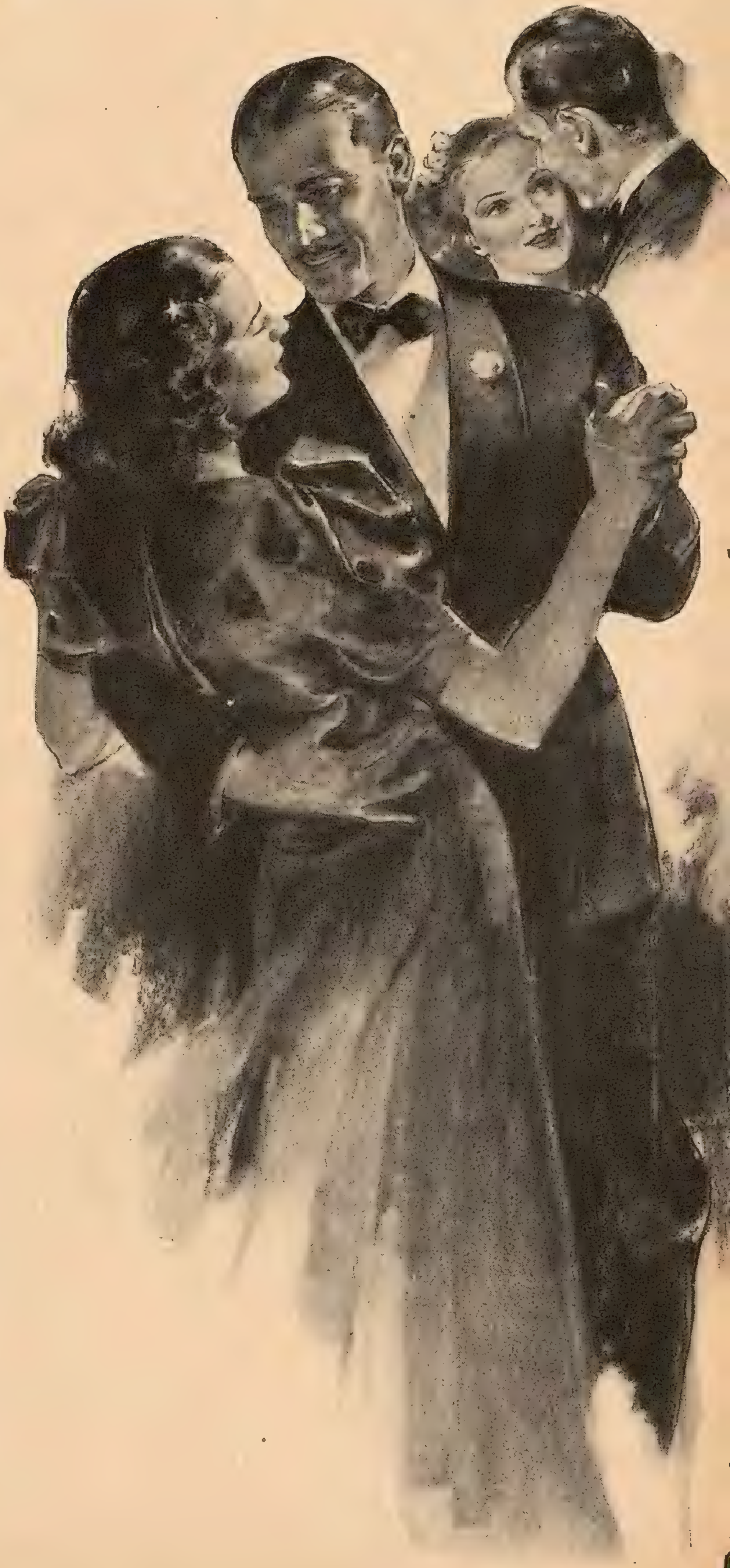
Left alone with her, Hawes proposes marriage! The bewildered girl turns him down. It appears he had been married before, but his wife and child had been killed in an accident. Now, accepting Gail's refusal, the gallant old fellow requests her to dance at the party, which she promises to do.

Hastening to Charles Cramer, his lawyer, the millionaire makes out a will in Gail's favor. Then he sends her a cigarette case containing a wad of thousand-dollar bills. He also engages Madame Zora, a fortune teller, for his party.

Driving Gail to the penthouse that night, Marcum, the chauffeur, and she become involved in a gangster getaway.

PART THREE—"YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!"

IT wasn't more than five minutes before they were allowed to go—push their slow way through the crowd that had gathered; but it seemed five hours to Gail. Marcum, cool and quiet, explained to the patrolman who had shot at the escaping car, to the police sergeant who came up; while she stood stiffly erect in pale silence, her nails digging into the palms of her hands, desperately



keeping her eyes away from those two bodies at her feet. She wanted to shriek, she wanted to laugh; but she mustn't let herself go—

Luckily the patrolman had seen it all; and the sergeant knew better than to stand on technicalities with a beautiful girl on her way to a multimillionaire's party in her host's car. Also he recognized the prisoner and the men Marcum had shot.

"Three of Sliver Blotz' old mob," he told Marcum. "The fellow they'd been after rubbin' out in the bar there was to be a witness in one of the racket cases. You'll be a hero in tomorrow's papers. Meanwhile you can go along. You'll both have to be in court in the morning, when we bring this bird up; but you can be on your way now. So long as you've got a permit for that gun— But where did you learn to use it like that, fellow?"

"On my travels," said Marcum. "Thanks, sergeant. Good night."

The car moved on; but a block beyond the crowd Gail leaned forward, picked up the speaking tube.

"Marcum! Turn around—take me home! I—I can't go to a party now!"

Marcum drew in to the curb, pulled down the window between them.

"You've got to go," he said. "You're the hostess."

"I know. That's my job. But I can't!" she insisted desperately. "I'm all in pieces! I—I never saw a man killed before!"

"A couple of drinks will set you up when you get to the party."

"But I'd have to say hello to everybody first, and then explain—"

"Why explain?" said Marcum. "Let 'em read about it in the morning papers. I'll tell Mr. Hawes afterward. But you can't disappoint him."

She almost laughed. If he knew how she had disappointed Hawes this afternoon! But that was outside the contract; this was her job. She felt better; queer how those pale eyes could steady you when you needed it.

"If I had a drink now—" she said uncertainly. "If there was any place near here besides—besides the one where that trouble started—"

"Plenty of them. But they won't be much to look at," he warned her.

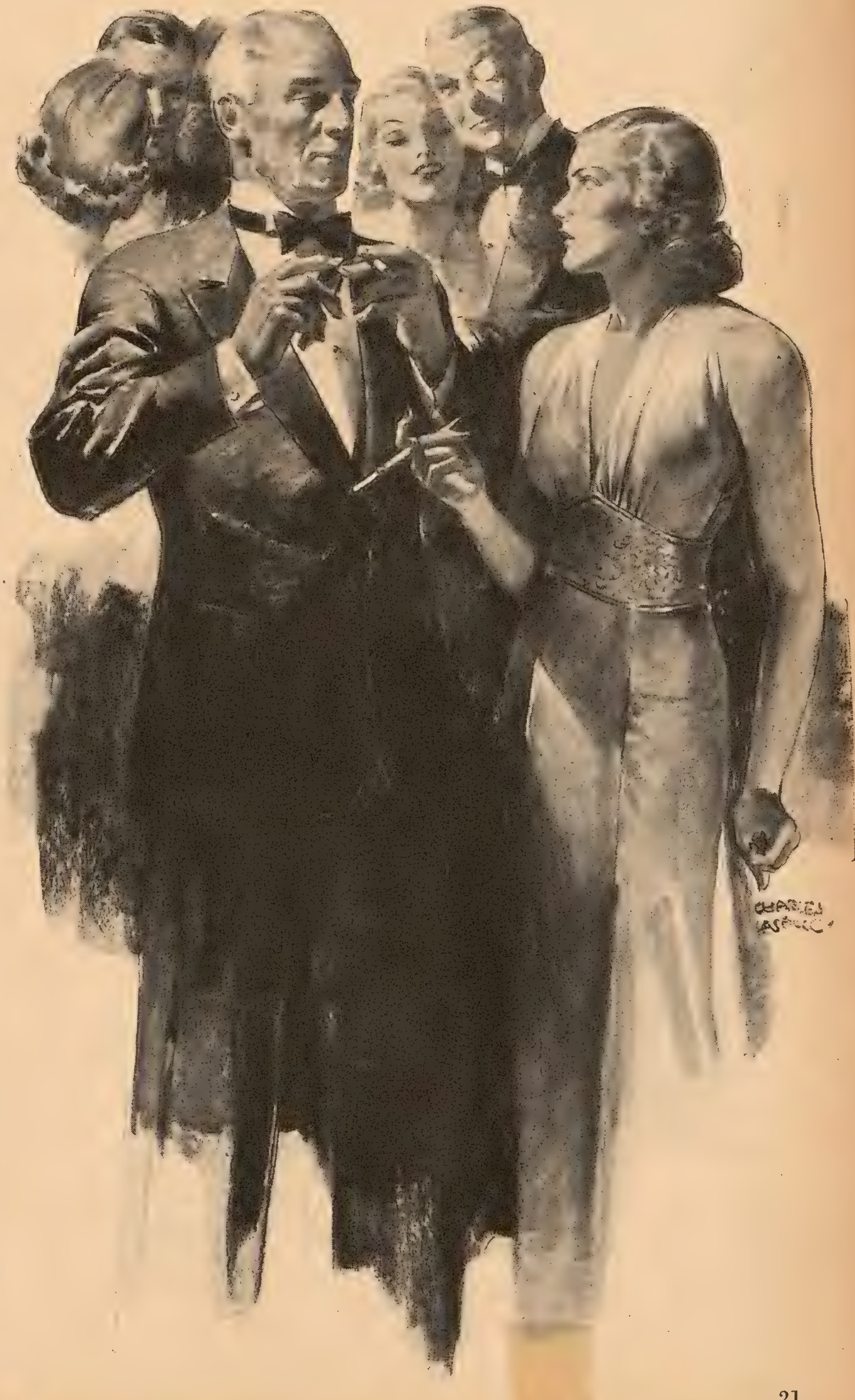
"Do you think I was born in the Rainbow Room? Take me anywhere!"

The place to which he took her wasn't much to look at—an old-time saloon adorned, since repeal, with three or four booths where hard-looking men and harder-looking women sat at dirty tables. A woman dressed as she was, accompanied by a chauffeur, must be a stunning novelty here; but their amazement was veiled, slant-eyed, furtive.

Marcum found a booth for them, and ordered two ryes, straight.

"So you need one too!" she said, glad he wasn't as calm as he looked.

"You need 'em both. I never drink on the job. It



"Thanks for the cigarette case," she said. "But what you put in it! How dare you try to give me money!"

doesn't go with driving," he explained. (Nor, she supposed, with shooting.)

He began to roll a cigarette; evidently he felt that a chauffeur wasn't expected to talk. But his cool silence calmed her; she gulped down a drink, and felt better.

TEN years ago the Hawes Building towered above downtown Manhattan; now it is hardly more than a hillock among soaring peaks. Only from one or two angles, far away, can you still see it in something like completeness—a rising pile of rhythmically balanced masses, powerful, stupendous, serene. But tonight, as Marcum rolled the car up in front of the entrance, you could see above the dim-lit cavern of the lobby only a towering bulk, dark against the stars—and far overhead, the glow of light around the penthouse. The penthouse where, as often as she was there, she was hostess, giving orders to the servants, entertaining Jasper's friends who were her friends too by now. With that dirty West Side saloon fresh in her memory, she almost felt that she was coming home. And it could be home, if she said the word. . . . She glanced at her wrist watch. Five of twelve. She was late.

. . . Jasper Hawes, prowling restlessly about in the foyer-lounge of the penthouse, had known she was late for the last twenty minutes, and found it hard to think of anything else. Traffic accidents could happen to anybody— But he did his best to hide his preoccupation as he greeted the guests who drifted in, two by two or one by one. Almost all of them had arrived by now; a dozen couples were dancing in the ballroom, cigarettes glowed in pairs in the darker corners of the broad terrace around it, a noisy crowd was banked deep around the bar in the lounge. And between the bar and the doorway Jasper Hawes drifted restlessly, his tanned bald head as shiny as his glossy shirt front, his pale-blue eyes shadowed by a worry he couldn't quite conceal.

Charles Cramer, slender and dapper, noticed that expression as he came in. But he shook hands with Hawes with his usual easy geniality.

"Hello, Jasper. I've brought your will, and a couple of clerks from my office are outside waiting to witness it. You're paying them for double time, if you will insist on signing a will at midnight. Where shall we go—upstairs, to your living room?"

"Wait," said Hawes. "I can't get away just yet. Gail hasn't come."

"Oh, very well. But I'd like to get it done as soon as you can, so my boys can go home. Just let me know whenever you're ready."

Cramer drifted on into the crowd; but he had read the uneasiness in Hawes' eyes. Why, the man was in love with her! Why had he insisted on a will like this—But that wasn't his lawyer's business.

Ed Brewster, the next arrival, looked more pallid and rabbitlike than ever in dinner clothes.

"Good evening, chief," he said deferentially. "All the beauty and chivalry, as usual." And then, glancing about, "Where's Gail?"

For the twentieth time Hawes shrugged that query away.

"Don't know. Maybe held up by the traffic; maybe just primping a little more than usual." Now Brewster, too, knew why the chief looked worried. "You see I was right about the market," Hawes added dryly.

"You certainly were, chief. Still dropping at the close."

"Dropping nothing! I was pushing it. And I'm going to go on pushing it down for a couple of days more. There may be a rebound coming; but this market will take another couple of days of pounding. The utilities particularly. I left selling orders with everybody for tomorrow. I may not get to the office till around noon, so don't you go and do anything Napoleonic on your own responsibility before I get there."

"I wouldn't dream of it, Mr. Hawes," said Brewster meekly, and escaped, as Hawes turned to greet the next arrival, to the bar. Over a champagne cocktail he wondered what was delaying Gail. She was a conscientious hostess, always scrupulously prompt; she ought to be here by this time, if she were coming at all. . . . If she were coming at all. In Brewster's eyes there grew a stealthy glow. Had she started thinking? . . .

There was a surge in the crowd along the bar; somebody bumped Brewster's elbow, said, "Pardon me." Brewster looked up at the broker who handled most of his personal business, and who came to these parties in the hope—disappointed so far—of getting some of Hawes' business too.

"Oh, hello, Charlie. Bring that drink over in the corner for a minute; I want to talk to you." The broker followed him, expectant.

"A little gravy from the Hawes organization coming my way at last, Ed?"

"Not yet, Charlie. The chief sticks to his pets. But my humble account"—the broker grinned; Brewster was his biggest client—"my humble account is going to become a little more active tomorrow. I want you to buy utilities, all along the line. I'll send you a batch of collateral as soon as the banks are open. Buy and keep on buying, till I stop you."

Meantime Hawes, near the door, was shaking hands with Dr. Skidmore.

"Hello, Frank. Began to think you weren't coming."

"I had an unexpected consultation. . . . Where's Gail?"

"I don't know. Some delay or other. . . . Well, I took your advice."

"In reverse?" said Skidmore, glancing toward the crowd at the bar, the dancers in the ballroom. "I tell you to settle down and take care of yourself, and you turn your home into a night club."

Hawes chuckled. "That's what I got it for. Had it designed like a night club—ballroom, bar, and dining room, with living quarters overhead. But I mean your advice about a will. Cramer drew me one this afternoon. Not that I need it, durn you."

Skidmore shook his head. "I tell you, Jasper, a really severe shock—"

Hawes laughed aloud. "I can still take 'em, Frank. I can still take 'em. . . . I only wish there was something else to take once in a while."

SKIDMORE smiled, went on. But Hawes saw his eyes turn toward a woman smoking in a low armchair by the farther wall—a gray-haired woman in black velvet, with what looked like black pearl earrings. They stared at each other a moment; then Skidmore faded into the crowd—and Hawes, simmering with suspicion, walked across the room, scowled down at Madame Zora.

"So you know Skidmore? No wonder you could diagnose me!"

"I never spoke to him in my life. I knew him by sight in my nursing days, as he may have known me; but I haven't seen him for years. If he, too, told you you're going to die— Well, he's the best diagnostician in New York; I'm flattered that he agrees with me. Don't worry about my readings. They're all my own—except for the notes you've given me." She looked over the crowd. "From what you want me to say," she observed, "I take it you don't like your friends very well. And I can't blame you."

His restless eyes had turned back to the entrance; no sign of Gail.

"Oh, they're harmless," he said absently. "Some of 'em need a little deflation, that's all."

"And I'm the pin you stick into them?"

"Well," he said, "you get a thousand dollars for it, don't you?" The unwinking velvet-black eyes disturbed him; it occurred to him that the woman doubtless had her professional pride. "About the people I didn't give you any notes on," he added, "say whatever comes into your head—I mean whatever you read in their hands. That'll probably be the best part of the show; for by now I really do know that you're a smart woman."

"Not very," she said wearily, "or I wouldn't be working for a living at my age." But he was paying no attention to her; his eyes had turned to the door again—and lighted up with relief. In the entrance stood a girl—white shoulders above a powder-blue gown, a fluff of bright golden hair.

"Who's that?" asked Madame Zora. "One of the people you told me about?"

Hawes, starting toward Gail, turned back to her.

"No. Not that girl. Just read her palm, when you come to her. I'm curious to know what kind of fortune you'll find there."

Madame Zora's narrowed eyes went past him as he turned away, and focused on Gail. . . . So, she mused, that's the girl he wants and can't get. People think he's got her, but he hasn't.

BY the time Hawes reached Gail his anxiety had changed to annoyance.

"You're late!" he said sharply. "I didn't know what—I was afraid—"

"Marcum had to change a tire." That, she knew, would account for about five minutes out of thirty, but he could believe it or not. She understood his annoyance, and supposed she ought to be sorry for him; but he had no right to worry about her like a husband. Better remind him that she was only a paid employee. "Sorry," she said. "I suppose there's lots for me to do. I'll get to work right away."

"I've done everything—even arranged the seating at table. I've put Cramer next to you; he don't get here very often, so we'll let him have the place of honor. You ordered supper for twelve thirty, didn't you? But that was before I asked you to dance. I reckon you'll want to dance first and eat afterward. So we better put off supper—"

"Better not; these people look hungry. "I—I don't feel like dancing just yet, anyway," she said. "Supper as ordered. I'll have just a bite, and a glass of champagne; I'll pick up something later if I need it." And now something buried under more recent preoccupations came to the surface. "Thanks for the cigarette case," she said. "It's very pretty. But what you put in it! How dare you try to give me money!"

Before her blazing wrath he was shamefaced, and a little surprised.

"Well, you were talkin' this afternoon about your debut, and I remembered afterward that those things cost money. More than you've got."

"I'd thought of asking you for a loan, if I had to," she admitted. "But only a loan—and nothing like ten thousand! I suppose it was ten; I was too mad to count it. And how did I know it was meant for my debut?"

"Why, didn't you see the note I put inside the roll?"

"I did not! You thought I'd put away the money, eh, and then find the explanation? I never got that far. . . . If I have to borrow money for my debut I'll get it somewhere else. I left your ten thousand in my cloak, but as soon as I have a chance I'll get it and give it back to you."

"Listen," he began in flustered apology. "I never dreamed you'd take it this way, Gail—" He broke off, staring past her in almost comical relief; she turned, saw Cramer's drooping gray mustache at her shoulder.

"Hello, Gail," he said genially. "Can you excuse Jasper for a minute or two? He and I have a little business to get done before supper."

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IN FLORIDA AT THE SUWANNEE RIVER...
IT'S ABOUT TIME WE HAD A LOOK AT THE RIVER WE'VE BEEN SINGING ABOUT SO MANY YEARS
WELL, THIS IS IT, CHUBBINS—THE S'WANNEE RIVER IMMORTALIZED IN STEPHEN FOSTER'S FAMOUS SONG, 'THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME'
AFTER OUR PICNIC TODAY I MUST SEND A POSTCARD OF THE S'WANNEE RIVER TO MY MUSIC TEACHER BACK HOME
WELL, THERE'S OUR PICNIC CROWD, CHUBBINS. OUR FRIENDS SEEM TO BE APPRECIATING THIS HISTORIC RIVER, TOO
WA-A-Y DOWN UP-ON THE S'WAN-NEE RIVER ------ FA-AR, FAR --- AWAY---
WELL, JUDGE, OVER THE YEARS THAT SONG PROBABLY HAS BEEN SUNG AS OFTEN AS ANY OTHER ONE WE KNOW
YES, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES OF 'THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME,' WRITTEN IN 1851, WERE SOLD IN THE FIRST EDITION. IT'S STILL POPULAR TODAY
PRINCE ALBERT
SO ARE MANY OF STEPHEN FOSTER'S OTHER SONGS-- SUCH AS 'MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND,' 'MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME,' AND 'OLD BLACK JOE'---
I'VE ENJOYED SOME VERY MELLOW EVENINGS SINGING THOSE OLD SONGS AND SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT
THAT'S A PERFECT COMBINATION FOR ANY PIPE-SMOKER
PRINCE ALBERT
YES, AND THERE ARE MILLIONS MORE OF US WHO FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT THAT!----GOOD FELLOWSHIP CERTAINLY REACHES THE HEIGHTS WHEN WE PRINCE ALBERT SMOKERS ARE ENJOYING OUR FAVORITE TOBACCO!

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A PIPE AND A TIN OF P.A. MEAN REAL SMOKING JOY TO ME. PRINCE ALBERT IS NEVER RAW OR HARSH!
MECHANIC
I CAN SEE WHY PRINCE ALBERT DRAWS SO WELL AND SMOKES SO SMOOTH AND MELLOW. IT'S THE CRIMP CUT
PROFESSOR
GENTLEMEN, MY EXPERIENCE IS THAT P.A. IS EXTRA-MILD, AND NEVER BITES THE TONGUE
EXECUTIVE
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

ALWAYS IN SESSION—EVERYWHERE

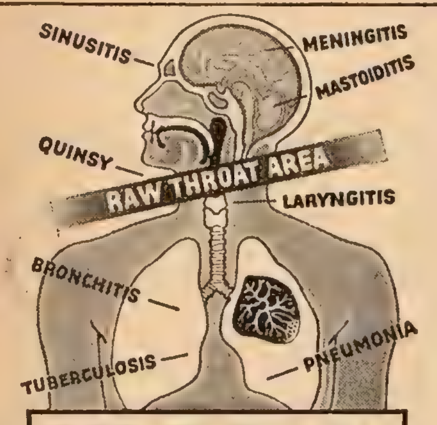
THE PIPE-JOY CLUB

—IF NOT DELIGHTED, BRING IT BACK!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Feverish? Grippy?
SEE DOCTOR AT ONCE



WARNING! DON'T NEGLECT A COLD!
Cold germs may go UP into the sinuses or DOWN into the bronchials and lungs and lead to a serious illness. If feverish or grippy, see doctor at once!

FOR "RAW" THROAT
USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness. So treat the symptoms of a coming cold without delay! *If you feel feverish or grippy, see your doctor at once!*

For the most effective "first aid," gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: 1) Cleanses mucous membranes. 2) Increases normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. 3) Kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in actual contact with them!

ZONITE WINS TEST BY 9.3 to 1

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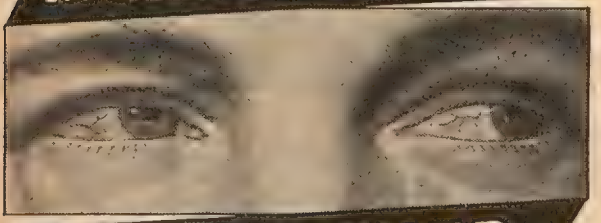
Gargle with Zonite

"MORNING AFTER"



EYE-OPENER

Eye Doctors' Discovery for Clearing Red, Bleary Eyes!

● No one need know you woke up with red, bloodshot, dull eyes . . . from late hours, over-indulgence, exposure . . . if you depend on this formula perfected by eye specialists. Eye-Gene! Clears and whitens eyes in seconds. Rests and soothes like extra sleep. Safe, stainless. Thousands keep Eye-Gene in medicine chests, vest pockets, traveling kits!

EYE-GENE Good Housekeeping Bureau

HAWES and Cramer went upstairs. In the living room above, two young men were waiting who rose respectfully at the entrance of their elders.

"Mr. Brunner and Mr. Stanton of my office," said Cramer. "This, boys, is Mr. Jasper Hawes; so if you're asked, as you may well be, if you know him to be the person who executed this will, the answer is yes. . . . Got all the copies ready?" They laid three blue-bound documents on the table before him. "All right," said Cramer, after a glance at the papers. "Now, Jasper, do you declare this to be your last will and testament, revoking all others previously made, if any? . . . You do? Then sign here."

"Just a minute," said Hawes. "I been thinking, Charles, about that memorandum. I reckon you're right: it might make trouble if I say anything about that. It was just a whim of mine, and I guess it was a fool one. Can't we just cross out that line? Won't that be legal?"

"If it's done in proper form," said Cramer. It was done. Hawes sat down at the table, signed all three copies; the witnesses, in turn, signed after him. "Very good," said Cramer. "I'll leave one of these with you, Jasper; you boys put the others in the safe in my office before you go home. And tomorrow, Jasper, you've got to sign another set of copies, with all that stuff about the memorandum omitted."

"Why have I got to do that," Hawes demanded, "if this is legal?"

"Because when you die this will becomes a matter of public record. If anybody sees that you've mentioned a memorandum, and then struck it out, there's going to be all sorts of unpleasant speculation. I've had you sign these now as a precaution, but tomorrow you're going to do it all over again. Don't let that girl in for any more grief than you have to."

"All right," said Hawes wearily. "It was just a whim. Let's go downstairs and have a drink. I hate wills, anyway."

But if only he had somebody of his own—

GAIL, when the two men had left her, stood hesitant and uneasy. Her nerves were beginning to get the better of her again. She could excuse Jasper now for sending her that money, but what had she ever done to make him suppose she would take it? And he seemed perfectly competent to manage his own parties when she was late, so what was he paying her for? . . . Oh, I've got to get out of this, I've got to get out of this! . . .

The music had softened; unconsciously her body began to move in time with it—and then arms were around her; she was dancing, grateful for the nervous release that rhythmic movement gave her, before she had time to look at the man who had whirled her away. . . . Jimmy Yates, smooth and smiling; his black mood of the afternoon was gone.

"Well, Jimmy!" she said lightly. "How do you like the party?"

"The party's swell. But I don't think so much of the people."

"What's the matter with the people?" she said indignantly. "They're my friends." Some of them, anyway. "What have you got against them?"

"They're not real. They're only—something attached to Jasper Hawes." (So Brewster had said today—of himself, of her.) "Men who work for Hawes," said Jimmy, "and their wives; men who'd like to work for him, or get some money out of him; women who look as if they'd like to get some money out of anybody and give as little as they could in return."

"That's not fair, Jimmy! Some of them are like that," she admitted. "But the others—there are some really big men here—Charles Cramer, Dr. Skidmore—"

"But not Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Skidmore. Only the wives of men who work for Hawes. I hate to see you hostess at a party where the host's friends don't bring their wives!" (She didn't like it much herself.)

"And so," she said bitterly, "you still think—"

"No, I don't," he conceded. But somehow that didn't give her the lift it would have given her this afternoon. "I believe you," he said, "but I wouldn't believe that story from anybody else. You're just single-minded enough to make an arrangement like that to get what you want—but it's rather dumb of you to get sore when people draw the natural inference. You want to eat your cake and have it too. . . . Look here, Gail, you won't be real either, if you keep playing around with this crowd! When I remember what you were a year ago—only a secretary, but standing on your own feet—"

"I still stand on my own feet! As for a year ago—people change," she said. "You've changed and so have I. We can't pick up where we left off, Jimmy; we've got to start from here—" And the rush of reminiscent emotion she had felt this afternoon was gone; she wondered if he could sense that. He started to say something, but somebody tapped his shoulder. Automatically he relinquished her; she was in the other man's arms, dancing away, before he saw that the other man was Brewster. Jimmy looked as if he might have refused to give her up, but it was too late now. She didn't look up into Brewster's eyes until he murmured:

"You were late, Gail. I'd begun to hope you weren't coming."

"What? Why did you hope I wasn't coming?"

"I thought perhaps you'd taken my advice—begun to do some thinking."

"I told you, Ed—all the thinking I had to do that concerns you was done last year."

"Last year was last year. People change, Gail." (The echo of what she had just told Jimmy startled her.) "I've changed," he said. "Last year, if I made a pass at a beautiful girl who didn't mind going out on parties with her boss— Well, there was no law against trying; you said no, and that was that. For the moment. But seeing you all the time, I—I can't get over you!" He almost sobbed that. "And I—I'm not just making a pass at you now." (What did he think he was doing, then?)

"I know you're not," she said dryly. "You wouldn't dare to, in the same room with Jasper Hawes."

"Jasper Hawes!" Dancing close against him, she could feel the pounding of his heart. "Who's Jasper Hawes?" he said. "A fiction—a false front—a man of straw!"

"Oh, is he? Hunt him up, Ed, and tell him you're trying—"

"Oh, I'm still afraid of him, physically," he admitted with candor. "But what is he besides a terrific personality and a reputation?"

"He's an organization that you work for," she said. "He's money—"

"Yes, and what's money? Big money is power; the Hawes organization is power. And who controls it, most of the time? For the last year or so he's neglected the office; all he's cared about is parties—and you. If you come right down to it, most of the time I'm Jasper Hawes!" (Not today, not tomorrow; but as soon as Hawes' flicker of energy burned out.)

"You?" She laughed; then: "I'm glad you've started thinking, Ed—glad for your sake. You've got too much stuff to be a rabbit. But you'll never be Jasper Hawes."

"Now don't tell me you're falling for him!"

"Certainly not. But I like him—and I've got some sense of dimension. And as for thinking about myself and where I'm going—I know that now."

"What? Has he asked you to marry him after all?" he demanded. But it wouldn't be decent, she felt, to give Jasper away.

"No, he hasn't—but I'm giving up my job as soon as I can. Dilighine says I'm ready for my debut."

"Your debut?" he said, puzzled. "Oh! As a dancer. But I never—"

"Never supposed I was serious about it? Thought it was only my alibi for taking the chief's money? I know," she said bitterly. "Quite a number of people thought that, I'm afraid. But"—she glanced at the clock on the wall: twelve thirty—"but they're going to find out tonight," she said, "that they were wrong. It's time for supper. Afterward I'm going to dance—and you'll see that I'm not just a gadget attached to Jasper Hawes!"

THE supper table was a bank of flowers bordered in alternating black and white—dinner coat, bare shoulders, dinner coat, bare shoulders—from Jasper Hawes, towering at the head, to Gail at the foot, with Charles Cramer beside her. He had always been courteous to her, as he was courteous to all women. But she'd always had an uneasy feeling that it was the same sort of courtesy he would show to a hat-check girl; not precisely the manner he would have used to—say—Mrs. Jasper Hawes.

"I'm dated up fella—

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THE girls you'd like to date up or the wife you're trying to keep happy will take to your manly face in a bigger way if you keep a schoolboy complexion.

So, if you still like to think yourself quite a hand with the ladies, give the air to old-fashioned shaving methods that tighten and tend to wrinkle the skin.

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Barbasol is a cooling, soothing shaving cream. Its bland oils also help to make your face smoother to feel, more handsome and youthful to look at.

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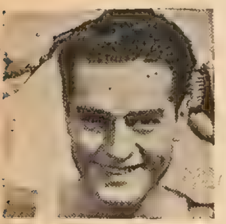

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PERTUSSIN
The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

And tonight she obscurely sensed a difference in his manner. Did he know that Jasper had asked her to marry him?

"A very lovely party, Gail," he said presently, "as all your parties are." (Why did he call her Gail? She wished she dared call him Charles, and see how he liked it; but she couldn't—a man of his age.)

"All the chief's parties, you mean," she corrected. "I'm only a—a junior executive." Then, looking him straight in the eye, "I'm sorry Mrs. Cramer couldn't be here," she said.

HIS gray eyes were unmoved, his face expressionless; but she had a feeling that behind that mask was a faintly amused admiration.

"The tip of the island," he said, "is rather off Mrs. Cramer's beat. Few of her friends live even as far down as Murray Hill any more. . . . Curious—isn't it?—a party like this on top of the Hawes Building. Most people have such different associations for the Hawes Building."

"Especially," she agreed suavely, "those of us who used to pound typewriters on the fiftieth floor. But what I'll remember longest about the Hawes Building isn't that—or this, either. All one winter the Hawes Building kept me hoping." She knew he was puzzled now. "I'd been in the chorus of a show that closed," she said. "I was broke; the show business was bad; I had to take—or, rather, I was lucky to get—a job as a file clerk in Wall Street, at fifteen a week. And I was dreadfully blue; it seemed as if there'd never be anything but a grind for just enough to live on. But every morning as I got out of the subway, there'd be a distant view of the Hawes Building against the sky, so massive and satisfying—I always felt a lift when I looked at it."

"Yes," he said gravely. "I get the same lift myself occasionally, coming downtown in my car, from a certain corner on Lafayette Street. Even at my age, and my eminence"—he smiled faintly—"there are mornings when one needs a lift. I knew poor Nick Ferry, the architect who designed this building. He shot himself in '31, when the architecture business began to go very sour. This is the best thing he ever did—and I suppose in another ten years it will be sold for the land value and torn down. Unless it happens to pass into the hands of some one who has a personal affection for it." She didn't dream that he was watching her closely. Hawes had said she knew nothing about what was in his will, but Cramer doubted that.

"I suppose it will," she agreed. "But that's New York: last year's masterpiece is as dead as last year's hero." Her eyes wandered down the table; already champagne was making some of the women a little noisy. "And this is New York too," she added acidly. "We put up buildings like this, and then use them as settings for this sort of thing."

"Don't you care for parties?" Cramer asked her.

"They're my job." She shrugged. "I try to do them well, as I tried to do good shorthand and typewriting, when that was my job. But they're only a means to an end for me."

"Ah, yes, of course. You're a dancer. I'd forgotten."

At the head of the table Jasper Hawes had risen; he stood looming above them all, like a grim red-stone idol.

"We're going to have a little entertainment," he drawled, "of various sorts. First thing, Madame Zora has consented to read our fortunes in our palms. I understand an expert can tell quite a lot from looking at the hands. She can take me first; then anybody else—that ain't afraid to find out what's likely to happen to them."

They rose, started to troop out into the lounge. Cramer looked at Gail thoughtfully.

"The next time you ask me, Gail, I'll try to persuade Mrs. Cramer to come." He smiled, almost imperceptibly. "It's quite possible that she'll have another engagement, but I'll try."

"Thank you. Jasper would like that, I know." She flushed; the name had popped out unconsciously. "But I don't think I'll be here the next time. I'm going to be a dancer."

She said that in proud confidence. As they went out, Cramer dropped behind her a little, but she felt that he was still eying her, wondering. And she tingled with a sense of peculiarly personal triumph. Charles Cramer was a big man, an old man, and a man notoriously uninterested in women as women. But she had made him aware of her as a person, an individual—not just a gadget attached to Jasper Hawes.

GIVE me your hands, please," said Madame Zora. "Both of them." Jasper Hawes' heavy hands lay in her bony fingers. She studied them, her gaunt face set, her black eyes opaque; she was a priestess performing an ancient rite. There had been a good deal of alcoholic laughter as they all crowded in around the table where she sat, but nobody was laughing now.

"These hands tell me a great deal," she said. "The left is what you are, the right is what you've made of yourself. Very different. . . . But"—she looked up at Jasper Hawes, a mask of Fate—"there isn't much point in going into that now," she said. "You're going to die!"

An instant of shocked silence, broken by a gasp or two; then—

"So's everybody," he said calmly. Some woman let out a cackle of hysterical laughter. "Couldn't tell me when, could you, Madame Zora?"

"Soon! Next month, next week, perhaps tomorrow. Perhaps tonight!"

Every face turned toward him—huge, towering, vital; yet they all felt he had been sentenced. Even Dr. Skidmore, Gail suspected; she met his eyes over somebody's shoulder; they were alert, curious—but not skeptical. And the rest were shocked, silent, convinced; when a cigarette lighter clicked on the edge of the circle, half a dozen heads turned angrily, as if a disturbance had been made in church.

Gail found herself shuddering; her nerves had never quite recovered from the shock of that shooting; she couldn't stand any more of this. Silently she slipped out of the crowd, tiptoed out through the glass doors, down the steps that led to the terrace. In the fresh air she felt better; she walked across to the parapet; the vista of the bay, the lights of moving ferryboats, the distant gold-spangled towers of Forty-second Street drew her thoughts away from the deadly hypnosis of that old woman's personality.

She lit a cigarette, looked back. They were still there, all of them, packed around the table. Nobody seemed to miss her; even Jimmy, though he had seen her slip out, had preferred to stay and listen to the fortune teller. Only ragged nerves would make her resent that; still—

A footfall sounded on the tiles; in the half-light a glowing cigarette drew nearer. There was a man in a gray lounge suit—Marcum.

Why has the mysterious Marcum sought her out? Has he, too, become fascinated by this girl who seems to capture one man after another? The gay evening is full of sinister portents, and the next issue of Liberty will disclose a double drama of tremendous significance.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

1—Who (refer to early photo) conceived the All-America football team and early advocated the Daily Dozen?

2—If a captain in the U. S. Army receives $2,000 to $3,000 a year, how much is a U. S. Navy captain paid?

3—Who defeated Sidney Lenz and Oswald Jacoby by 8,980 points in 1931-32?

4—Which Constitutional amendment caused this month's headaches in the U. S.?

5—The son of Philip II of Macedon founded which Egyptian city?

6—How may "time" be changed to "burn" in seven letter changes?

7—Women do not vote in which large European republic?

8—How many months did Patricia Maguire "sleep"?

9—The White House was first known as what?

10—On which island is Honolulu?

11—If an ambassador is greeted as Your Excellency, how is a minister plenipotentiary properly addressed?

12—Was Charles Dickens about fifteen, twenty-five, forty-five, or fifty-five when he wrote Pickwick Papers?

13—The living expenses of the Dionne quintuplets amount to how much a year?

14—Is Shanghai about the size (population) of Chicago, Montreal, or Boston?

15—Why is dynamite more easily handled than nitroglycerin?

16—Which river has an entrance about 200 miles wide?

17—How many police forces has London, England?

18—Which U. S. President lived to be ninety?

19—Why are penknives so called?

20—Who left his kinfolks back in Van Buren, Arkansas?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

Nº 950
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MAY 1938

THE HOUSE ROCKED LIKE A SHIP AT SEA!

Writes Mrs. Mildred R. Fredregill of 1239 Ninth Ave., Helena, Montana.

"A terrific roar woke me. Above the screaming of my baby I heard crash of falling plaster. I flipped the light switch but no lights came on...but under my pillow was my flashlight.

"I rescued my four-year-old from her crib, carried her to the protection of a doorway, huddled there for hours while the house rocked like a ship at sea.

"Finally my flashlight attracted help; we were taken to the safety of an open field.

"Then we spent a long night of horror as quake followed quake until dawn. But everywhere, like bright beacons of courage and hope were flashlights with fresh, DATED 'Eveready' batteries, like the one that helped me save my baby, then signalled our rescuers."

(Signed) Mildred R Fredregill

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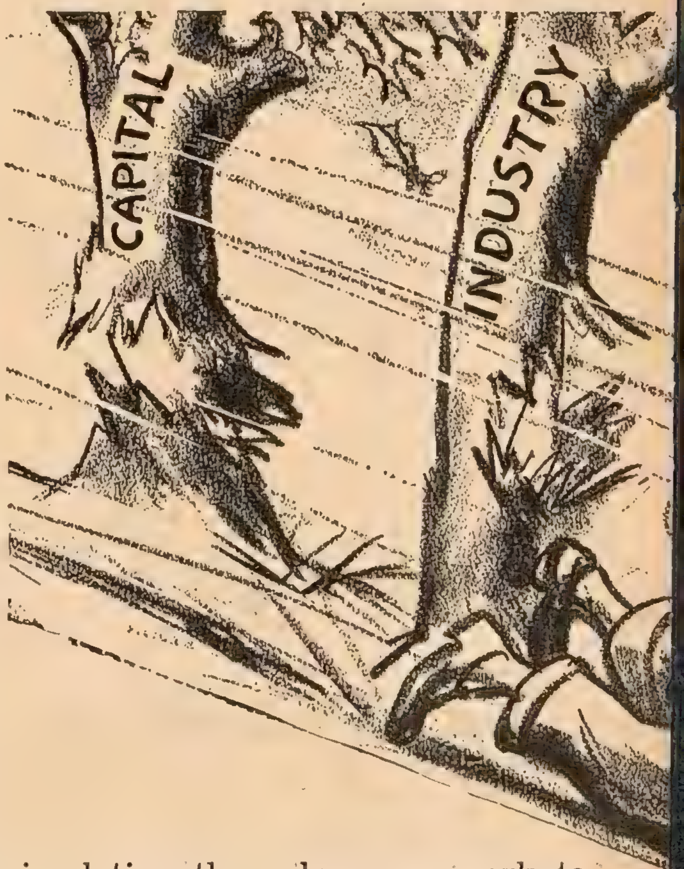
TAX COLLECTORS

Labor's Most Viciou

By Rober



READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A GROUP of independent oil producers walked into the office of a California capitalist.

"Jake, we understand you've got $750,000," they announced.

"Yep. Just exactly."

"Give it here," the oilmen said, "and we'll make you a whole lot richer."

"I'm listening," the capitalist said wistfully.

The oilmen wanted to buy $750,000 worth of labor and the products of labor, and build a pipe line to take their oil to the sea. They explained their proposition.

"Nope," said the capitalist.

"Why not?" asked the oilmen. "Isn't it a good set-up?"

"Gentlemen, it is undoubtedly the greatest opportunity of my life," the capitalist cordially said. "The income tax is the reason why not.

"You have proved to me that this pipe line would make money hand over fist," he continued. "But with the income tax, it would take me at least ten years to get my money back. And I don't expect to be alive ten years from now, or even five.

"Suppose I gave you the money, and the pipe line earned $100,000 profit the first year. All income taxes would leave me with about $60,000—plus the pipe line, of course. But then, suppose I popped off. The government would step in with the inheritance tax. Noting the $100,000 earning power, Uncle Sam might put a valuation of two million on my pipe line, and might hand my wife and daughters a tax bill for one million, payable in cash. To get the cash, they would be forced to sell out for anything they could get, and turn most of it over to the tax collector. This greatest opportunity of my life could in this way wipe out my fortune and ruin my family. Gentlemen, I have, of necessity, retired."

"What about your money?" the oilmen inquired.

"It's retired, too—in government bonds," Jake said. "No tax, no worry, no trouble about cashing part of them when I die, no nothing."

Thus out the window went at least $750,000 worth of immediate jobs plus all the other jobs which would have been required in the pipe line's operation.

In substance the foregoing is a true story. This capitalist blamed his decision on the income tax and the income tax's brother, the inheritance tax. And labor was the goat.

Income tax didn't take a dime away from that capitalist. In tax-free government bonds his money is safe, although he hates to keep it there. Income tax took three quarters of a million dollars straight out of the pay checks of the guys who would have made the pipe and necessary machinery, the guys who would have put that pipe line together; it prevented the foundrymen's wives and the laborers' children from getting $750,000 worth of food and clothing and rent money.

And when you consider that the government didn't profit a penny from the case of the pipe line and the capitalist—on the contrary, must itself pay interest on Jake's bonds—the income-tax law looks a trifle silly.

And the further you examine the actual workings and results of this law, the sillier the law proves itself, till a point of downright economic stupidity has been reached—with labor *always* the goat.

Originally the income tax was designed, not to "soak the rich," as so many persons believe, but to bring in revenue. It now provides about two fifths of the federal revenue, or more than two billion dollars a year.

But because it *seemed* to soak the rich it immediately became popular with labor—or at least aroused from labor no active opposition. Actually it soaks the poor. It feeds on jobs and thus on the bread and clothing of everybody who works or who would work if he could.

Capitalists abhor the income tax, and continuously attack it. Naturally. But the people who really have cause for objection are the workmen of the nation.

Prove it? Here we go.

A group of business men decided a certain area near Los Angeles would be a lovely place for a subdivision. They planned a community of small homes. They put up more than $400,000 of their own money, got the land they wanted, and started hiring labor right and left—street graders, plumbers, architects, carpenters. Indirectly but just as definitely, by releasing so much money into general circulation they also gave work to thousands of other persons, from the mechanics on the assembly line of a distant tractor factory to the farmers and bakers who produced the bread their ditchdiggers ate.

The subdivision went over with a bang. They sold $700,000 worth right off the bat. *But*—

They sold it on contracts—so much down, so much a month—because that's the way you must sell subdivisions, particularly when yours is intended for ordinary folks, as this one was, and not for millionaires.

In cash they took in only about $75,000, part of which they put immediately back into the development.

The contracts called for payments spread over ten years. Therefore the group fondly imagined they could report their income and profits, and pay tax, as and when received. But—

"No," said the government. "These contracts of yours are worth face value. Your profit may be a paper profit but it is a profit, and you made it all in one year. Here is an income-tax bill for $120,000."

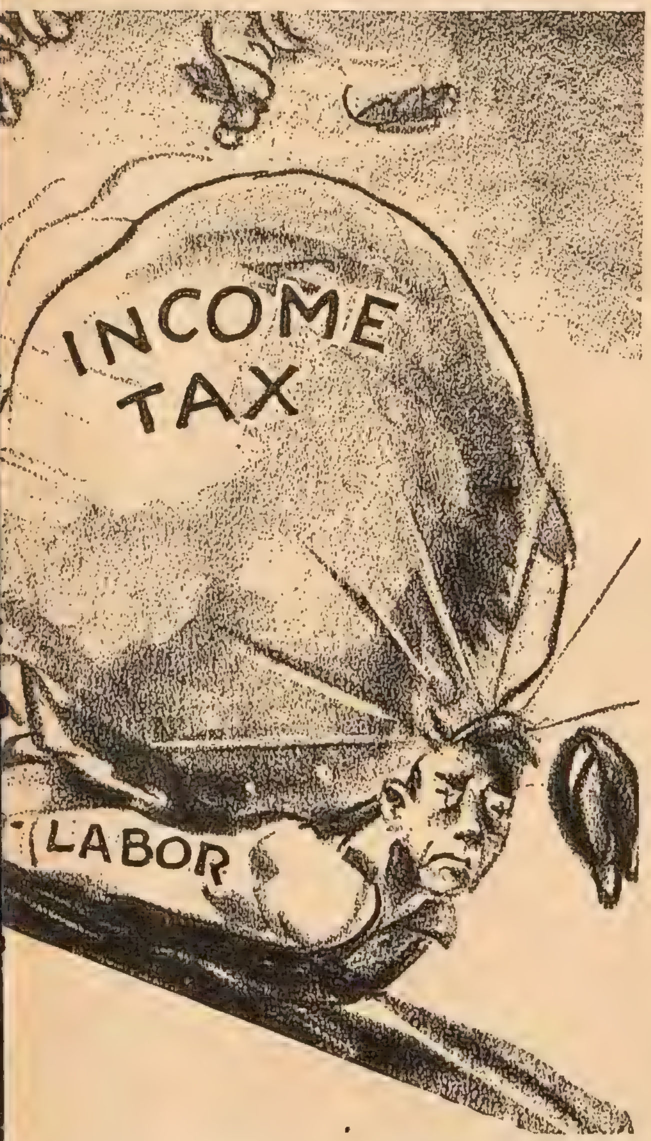
Well, they didn't have any $120,000. The subdivision came to practically a complete stop so far as its promoters were concerned. And bang went the jobs.

In the bank the group had less than $50,000. And the government followed a procedure which I understand has become somewhat of a policy. It settled for everything they had in the

nemy- THE INCOME TAX

eal Leath

For liberals with common sense!—An arresting, challenging look at a law, how it works, and what it does to us



bank—minus, of course, an $18,000 fee for the attorneys. If you figure that this collection cost the government as much for legal piloting as it cost the promoters, the government's cash "take" shrinks to about $10,000. Thus for $10,000 the income tax halted an industry that in one year had turned over to labor nearly half a million dollars, and seemed likely to turn over at least $100,000 a year more for several years.

Silly? You ain't heard nothin' yet!

The subdivision still was there, regardless of everything. The group still owned it. Like all promoters, they had known in advance that some of the contracts would bounce back, particularly if another general business "recession" came along. Which a recession had been doing during the argument. So a great many contracts bounced. And, actually, before the group could return home from Washington, the government had filed suit in California for an additional $25,000!—claiming the group had gained additional profit from the reversion of real estate represented by the forfeited contracts!

The government did not worry its head explaining where the group could raise any cash to pay. In the subdivision business you cannot hand the government part of a lot, or in the dairy business a few Holstein calves. You must pay in *cash,* even if you must go bankrupt and sacrifice your assets on the auction block at a dime on the dollar to do it.

The result? Our promoters were forced into receivership. But the lads who really got it in the neck were, as usual, the workmen—who lost their jobs.*

Another California group got together. They were interested in oil exploration—discovery of *new* oil pools. Wildcatting. They persuaded themselves to combine with the following reasoning:

Among California wildcat wells, chosen with the best geological advice and drilled with unlimited capital—wells that do not have to be abandoned before definite showings for lack of funds—about one in thirty strikes oil. One individual drilling one wildcat might, with great luck, find a fortune—but income tax would confiscate a great part of that fortune. And other individuals, with twenty-nine more wells, might find nothing, and pay for their individual failures out of their own pockets—since the government, with the income tax, participates always in a man's profits but never in his losses.

Combined, however, and drilling all thirty wells at once, all the individual operators together could let their successes pay for the dry holes *before* they figured profits and income tax.

The group's reasoning was sound. They started drilling. But for the first few years they were unlucky. Each year they went in the red, lost money. But they retained their faith; kept on meeting the pay roll regularly. Then, last year—wham! A killing! Money all over the place!

So the government stepped in. Income tax, you remember, ignores the years you lose. You cannot start with a million, lose half of it, then in one year earn $600,000, put back what you lost, and *then* figure tax on $100,000. You must figure on the whole $600,000. When the smoke cleared away, the group discovered that, despite their killing, they had less capital than when they began.

(Technically, the tax bill of this group was for both income and "undistributed profits" taxes. If, as a corporation, you fail promptly to pay your income tax and divide what's left among your stockholders so that this money can be taxed over again—if you want to use your profits instead for employing more labor and expanding your business—*then* the government slaps an undistributed profits tax on your bank account. The total can run up to 40 per cent.)

What would *you* do? That's what our oilmen did. Silently and sadly they paid off a small regiment of employees to whom they had been paying about a half million a year, and went home. That night more than one workman's wife stared unbelievingly before she burst out bawling, wondering what the family was going to use for money *now.*

Any law should be, at least faintly, reasonable. Customs laws bring in revenue, but also protect home industries. Cigarette and liquor taxes put premiums on luxuries. Automobiles and gasoline taxes hit only the operators of automobiles. But the income tax blasts its victims down without restraint or any sense of social responsibility. And from labor's point of view, the only way it could be made economically sound is this: by putting the government in the loss-sharing business as *well* as in the profit-sharing business.

But just try to suggest that loss-sharing idea to any politician. He'd say you were nuts. Politicians are notoriously practical and they must have money to run the government and pay their own salaries, and income tax supplies two fifths of that money.

Nevertheless, the income tax continues to operate in a manner that is economically unsound. It should be repealed. It is labor's most vicious enemy. Politicians will never, voluntarily, repeal it. Therefore labor should get to work and demand its repeal—

So that labor can get to work!

Prevention and killing of jobs constitute only the first barrel of the machine gun with which income tax blasts at the livelihoods of the nation's workmen. The second barrel will be described next week.

---

* A clever form of *lease* contract for real-estate sales has now been worked out by accountants, at least in California, with which sellers *can* spread out their income taxes over the years. But not all real-estate men are acquainted with it as yet; it's a legal trick developed in desperation—and, anyway, it didn't help the promoters mentioned above, nor their employees.

THE SEA MUST HAVE A Goddess

A breath-taking tale of love and roaring waters—The vivid story of a gallant girl and a cargo of dreams

BY ROBERT E. PINKERTON

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SOMETIMES the sea goes inland to reveal its power, and in Narrows Pass, with great mountains looking down from both sides, it creates a tidal current so hazardous, a master of the seven oceans would rather risk his ship in a typhoon.

A girl was at the wheel when the Admiral made the passage, and apparently she gave no heed to the mighty forces that swung the big tug and twisted its hull until water threatened to flow in over the rails.

Sue Peters stared absently past the bow. Behind her two men seemed equally unaware of the growing force of the tidal flood, or of the fact that the Admiral was at last spewed out into the quiet of a wide reach. The girl turned to face them.

"We're licked," she said dully. "All our dreams piled high on the beach."

"Dinghy would carry all the freight we get now," Captain Dan Peters agreed.

"Back to the old grind of towing logs, dad."

The girl had started with a gay note, but her voice broke. The kindly face of her father became desolate.

"I was so sure for you, Sue," he said wretchedly. "Getting a home ashore after all these years—"

"But Bruce and I have all life ahead of us!" she protested. "You're the one who's worked so long."

Sue grasped an arm of the young man at the port window, and, as always when she looked at Bruce Lawrie, the light in her eyes changed. He was tall and toughly built and his mate's cap was shoved back by brown curls. But eyes that could laugh easily were hard now. And they did not soften when the girl drew the two men together, her arms linked in theirs.

"We're not licked!" Bruce Lawrie growled.

"You were asleep when we stopped at Adams' camp," Sue said. "Sackett's got their business—our last."

"We'll charter a gas boat to finish the mail contract," the captain added.

"But we can't quit like this!" Bruce insisted hotly. "If for no other reason, there's always the chance Brunton will pile up with the Georgia, the way he runs Narrows Pass at any stage of tide and pokes around these brick piles in pea-soup fog."

Sue squeezed Bruce's arm. "My bulldog doesn't know when he's licked."

She kissed both men and went back to the wheel. Their dreams had been wrecked. Three separate dreams they were, yet woven into one.

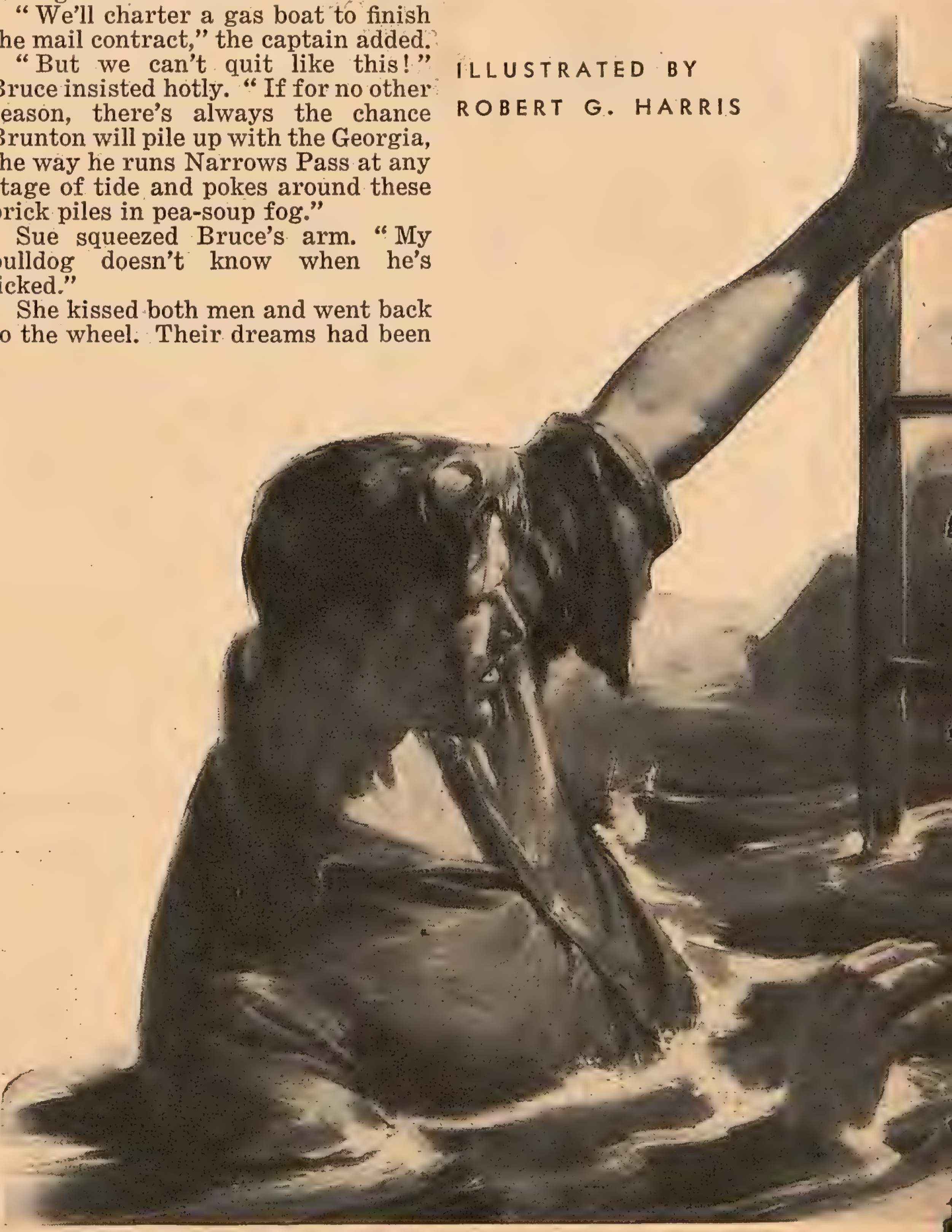
Captain Dan's vision was the oldest —a small tug, then the big Admiral, finally a covered scow and freight service in waters that had none, the mail contract, mounting success, a ship within his grasp.

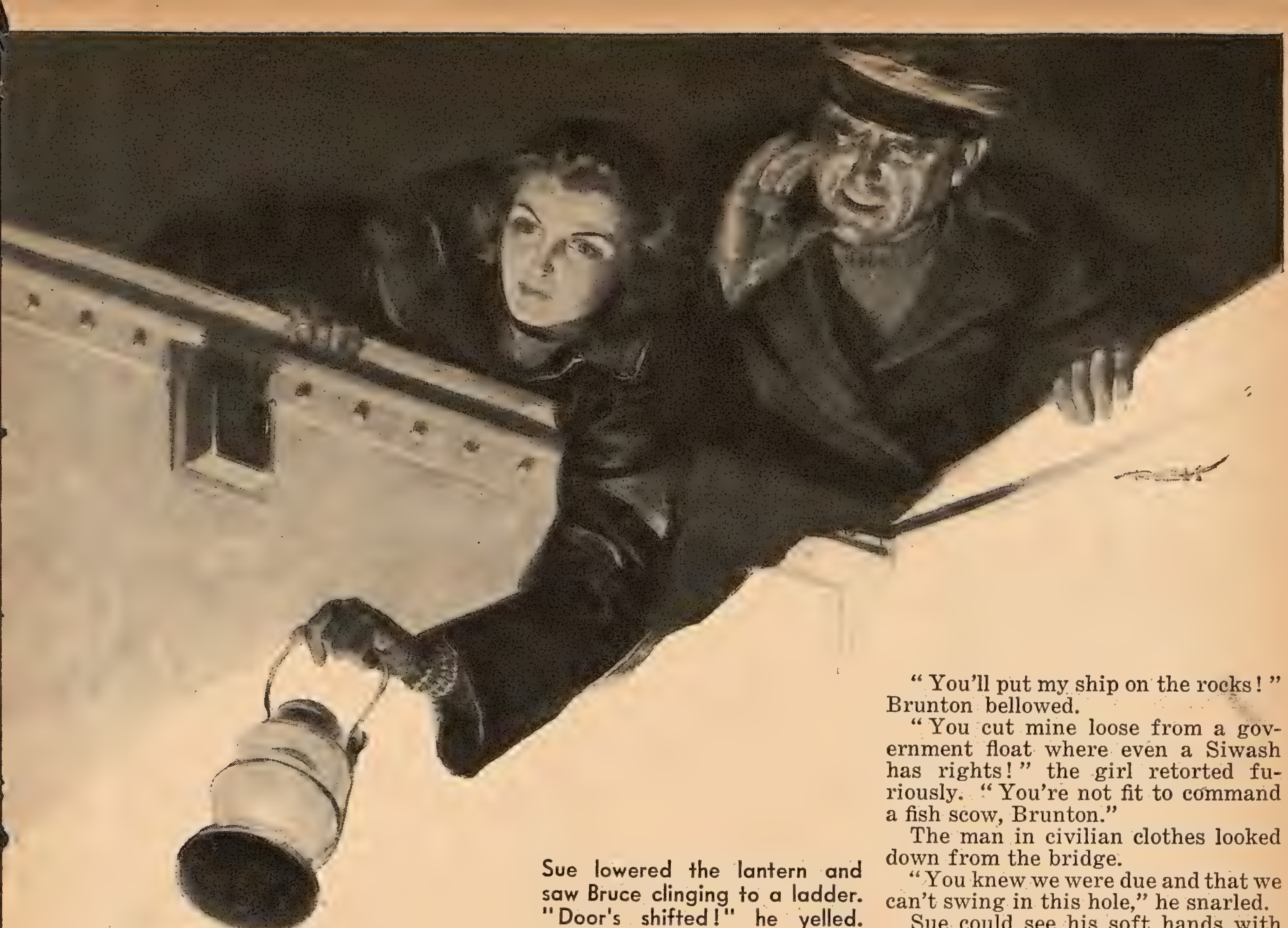
Sue Peters had been without definite dreams until Bruce Lawrie came aboard the Admiral as first mate, a young chap who "always knew I'd meet a girl I couldn't tear myself away from every voyage." Sue was completely that girl, and Captain Peters' vision offered the opportunity. They merged, these three, battling the sea, toiling endlessly, planning and saving for the day when the father would walk the bridge of his own ship, Sue would "have a garden all my own," and Bruce would run the business ashore.

Then Rowland Sackett had appeared from nowhere with his swift ship, the Georgia, and quickly and with suspicious ease he had captured the traffic.

All this, the dreams and the defeat, crowded through Sue Peters' mind as she took the Admiral into Waiting

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS





Sue lowered the lantern and saw Bruce clinging to a ladder. "Door's shifted!" he yelled.

Cove. Cliffs rose straight from the sea, tide swirled across hidden ledges and swinging room was restricted, but the girl drove in with a rush and laid the tug beside the landing float.

As deck hands jumped off with bow and stern lines, a shrill scream came from the cliffs above the few raftborne buildings. A woman stood there, waving wildly.

"Bring your crew! Hand logger caught under a tree!"

Sue leaped for the first-aid kit and Captain Peters bellowed for all hands. Men sprang from bunks, engine room, galley.

"Stay aboard, chief," the captain said to a stooped, rangy man in overalls. "Steam up. Hospital."

Sue was already running ashore on a boom stick. The crew followed, scrambling up the trail and disappearing in the forest.

Dugald Marr, chief engineer, returned to his boilers reluctantly. Getting a huge cedar log off a man without crushing him offered a fine problem in mechanics, and the chief's model engine room offered too few tests of his eager ingenuity.

A half hour later a ship's whistle echoed angrily in the little cove. Dugald glanced at his gauges and went on deck to find the Georgia close astern.

"Get that blasted tug out of the way!" her master roared. "Trying to beach me? You know I can't swing in here."

"And hurry it up!" shouted a man in civilian clothes who stood beside the captain.

"Honey is fairly dripping off yer tongue, which is right when you ask a favor," Dugald Marr drawled.

The captain started toward the telegraph, but the other pulled him back. The Georgia was creeping in of her own momentum. The Admiral, hurriedly moored without a spring, was held away from the float by the current. The ship's bow poked into that open space.

"You asked for it!" the Georgia's captain called.

The tug's stern line snapped. As Dugald started forward he heard the patter of feet on the float and saw Sue Peters make a reckless leap aboard.

The Georgia came grinding past, cutting the tug's forward line and shoving her away.

"Get my bells!" Sue cried as she darted up the steps to the wheelhouse.

The tug was drifting rapidly toward a jagged reef. Sue merged her skill with the great power of the Admiral's engine to get out of danger. Finally, with the bow against the Georgia's side, she called for "half ahead."

"You'll put my ship on the rocks!" Brunton bellowed.

"You cut mine loose from a government float where even a Siwash has rights!" the girl retorted furiously. "You're not fit to command a fish scow, Brunton."

The man in civilian clothes looked down from the bridge.

"You knew we were due and that we can't swing in this hole," he snarled.

Sue could see his soft hands with repulsive padded palms hanging from the rail.

"It's a disgrace to a fine ship like the Georgia to be owned by you, Sackett," she said. "Some day I'll be looking down at you from a bridge, and laughing because you've gone aground on your own crookedness."

"You left your tug here without a crew, just to get me in trouble!" Brunton shouted.

"The crew's ashore because a man was caught under a tree and may die," Sue answered. "And since you're bound down and we're going up the inlet, you can save a life by taking him to the mission hospital."

"We wouldn't think of taking the job away from you," Sackett smirked. "We stick to schedule. Can't run all the errands on the coast. Perhaps you'd have been in business longer if you had adopted that policy. Let's get out, captain."

Sue backed off and the Georgia pulled away from the float. Ten minutes after the tug was again moored, her crew brought the injured hand logger aboard and he was rushed to the hospital, sixty miles south.

Sue did not tell of her encounter until they were again headed north, twelve hours behind schedule.

"Just what I've expected!" Bruce cried excitedly. "Sackett is desperate. I've been getting dope on him in Vancouver. He's losing money fast. He tried to end it for certain by smashing us on the rocks. We won't

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quit," he rushed on. "We'll haul freight free. Only secret rebates can explain why our friends quit us. We'll feed Sackett his own medicine."

"Cost us a thousand a month," Captain Peters protested.

"And it will cost Sackett five thousand to keep the Georgia going. He can't stand that. Borrowed to the limit. His two ships only partly paid for."

"Make him pay for every pound he carries!" Sue cried.

"I've saved money," Bruce said. "I'll stand the cost."

Captain Peters felt it was hopeless, but he could not deny the courageous determination of youth.

"We'll try it," he agreed, "but on my money."

The Admiral poked into hidden bays and went up along inlets, leaving a sack of mail at each tiny settlement. They met a tug with a new logging outfit, others towing logs to Vancouver. A cannery was being built. Fishing boats were everywhere. Hand loggers' floating cabins were moored along the narrow waterways of the intricate British Columbia coast.

All meant freight, a growing volume of business three people had fought for and on which their dreams were based.

But when the Admiral left Vancouver on her next voyage with only mail sacks aboard, the scow that had once been so heavily laden remaining in port, Bruce Lawrie encountered a mysterious silence in his campaign to win back business from storekeepers and logging camps.

"They won't talk," he said. "Sackett's tied them up with some sort of secret contract."

THE reason remained as hidden as the Georgia when she overtook them in the channel below Narrows Pass. Sue and Bruce heard her bow wave and the wash set them to rolling.

"It's a crime to drive a fine ship in fog!" Sue flared.

"One way Sackett gets them," Bruce said. "He's given orders to make schedule, regardless."

"That can't be done with fog and Narrows Pass."

The Admiral's people expected to find the Georgia lying in Waiting Cove until slack water made Narrows Pass safer in the fog. But when they felt their way in she had gone.

"If Brunton wants to be a fool, that's his business," Captain Peters said. "We'll lie over."

Every one turned in for three hours. Little rest had been permitted on the way up the coast, with double watches in the dense fog, but Bruce Lawrie did not drop off at once. For Sue's sake he had hidden a growing fear of the hopelessness of their battle.

He fell asleep at last, only to be wakened by excited voices. He looked out to see the float swarming with men.

"She was sinking like lead," said one close to the tug. "That current running, we was lucky to get off."

"See her go down?" a hand logger asked.

"In that pea soup? I was last to leave, before the skipper, and I felt her slip off the ledge. Bottom ripped out forward. We was carried away so quick we was out of sight of her before we shipped an oar. Brunton's going to have the Admiral take us to Vancouver."

Bruce sprang up the steps to Captain Peters' room.

"See what it means?" he cried hoarsely. "They didn't see her go down. Current carried 'em away."

Captain Peters jerked up in his berth.

"Not a man left aboard!" Bruce cried. "She may be on that ledge yet. Abandoned! Salvage! Fifty—a hundred thousand dollars! I'm going to find her!"

Captain Peters fired to the idea. "Take the chief. Hurry! Here's Brunton."

Bruce wakened Dugald Marr. They slipped ashore while the Admiral's owner was agreeing with apparent reluctance to take the Georgia's crew and a dozen passengers to Rocky Point, where Sackett's other ship, the Gulf Queen, would stop that evening on her way from Prince Rupert. Soon the tug pulled out.

BRUCE and Dugald emerged from the warehouse, hired a gas boat, and chugged away in the fog.

For a mile Bruce stood at the wheel, staring ahead. He could feel his heart thump. For him the dream of all who live in ships was on the verge of realization.

"Abandoned by all hands, chief!" he burst forth. "Full salvage! It's a fortune!"

"If she didn't sink," Dugald agreed cautiously.

"She couldn't sink!" a third voice cried, and Sue Peters crawled out from the little forward cabin.

"How did you—" Bruce began incredulously.

"Dad and I have a common ventilator and I heard you tell him. Didn't want to waste time arguing."

"But I don't like— This is dangerous!"

Sue laughed exultantly. "All the more reason to come!"

She stood facing them, wind whipping hair beaded with fog, beautiful as they had never seen her before.

"The sea must have a goddess!" Dugald whispered.

The first eddies below Narrows Pass swung the little craft and at once the Georgia drove out all other thoughts.

But they could not find the ship. They had no facts to support their hope that she was still afloat. Sue, knowing the rapids since childhood, was at the wheel, and she opened the throttle wide, skirted whirlpools, pressed on recklessly.

The air whistle brought echoes from the mountain as they swirled in toward the hidden shore. Then a toot came back instantly. A black shape loomed and they scraped along a steel wall.

"She just had to be afloat!" Sue cried hysterically. An eddy drew them forward and they found the bow nearly out of water. Crumpled bottom plates were exposed.

"Full speed against the current and a big eddy threw her on to this ledge," Bruce said. "Bound to happen, the way Sackett and Brunton drove her."

"If she opened that second compartment there's no chance to—" Dugald began.

"No!" Sue insisted fiercely. "We'll keep her afloat!"

Bruce climbed boat falls left by the fleeing crew and let down the Jacob's ladder. For a moment they stood at the rail, held by the wonder that they were actually on the deck of one of the rare prizes the sea so grudgingly presents. Then their sailor apprehensions sent them running forward.

The men tore the tarpaulin from the hatch, tossed the planks aside. All three looked down at black water.

"Bottom ripped out," Bruce said bitterly.

"When the flood tears her loose she'll go down by the head, pressure'll smash the next bulkhead, and that's the end of a fine ship," Dugald added.

"I won't believe it!" Sue cried.

"Take a look in the engine room, chief," Bruce said. "Find a lantern, Sue."

But when Sue and Dugald returned to the well deck, Bruce was climbing from the hold. Clothes, hair, and face were covered with oil.

"We've got a chance!" the apparition shouted madly. "Watertight door wasn't closed. Won't lock."

Bruce began cutting a square from the heavy canvas.

"If this water came through the door," he exclaimed, "got to bulkhead it on the forward side! A saw, chief."

Bruce went down into the bow compartment from the fo'c's'le and found water rushing in. The tide had turned and was gathering force rapidly. Sue sawed heavy hatch planks. Dugald lowered the lantern and passed them.

WATER was boiling into the ship now. Often Bruce was beneath the surface, laying planks across the door. He had counted on pressure holding them, but the current tore some loose and he tried desperately to brace the timbering with legs and body.

Dugald brought hammer and spikes. Bruce had to swim now, and dive, but he got the planks battened and partially braced. The task was not finished to his liking when a grinding, crunching shudder of steel on stone told that the bow was slipping from the ledge. Before Bruce could climb out, the Georgia had been torn from her resting place by the increasing force of the tide.

Dense fog hid everything. The Georgia was being carried through Narrows Pass. They were helpless to aid the stricken ship as the gathering strength of the current bore it on. Bruce glanced overside.

"Tide'll be tearing at those planks," he muttered.

He went down again into the bow compartment, a black, terrifying caldron with water churning and welling up from the hole in the bottom. Sue lowered the lantern and saw Bruce clinging to an iron ladder.

"Door's shifted!" he yelled.

For five minutes he worked desperately. A huge whirlpool heeled the ship far over. Water surged up into Sue's face and extinguished the lantern.

"Bruce!" she cried. "Come out!"

The sea roared through the rent bow. Sue could not see. Repeated calls brought no answer. As she ran for another lantern, the ship righted. Noise of the current boiling along the sides had ceased. The lantern showed Bruce's body wedged in the top of the door.

Suddenly it was released. Dugald climbed down, caught it. Together they pulled it up through the hatch.

"He's drowned!" Sue whispered.

She stared in terror. Bruce lay as if dead. Then he coughed. Painfully he rolled over, got to his knees.

"I plugged the dike," he grinned weakly. "Plank tore loose and suction pulled me into the hole. We through the rapids?"

"In quiet water now," Dugald said.

"Then I can finish this job."

"You can't go down there again!" Sue protested.

Bruce looked at her steadily.

..all night Job?

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“You've got to be a sailor,” he said. “Salvage sounds like a fortune but—work and risk—you pay. If we can make this ship tight we can take her into port. That's what we've got to do if we collect full salvage.”

“Can't go anywhere with just those planks across the door,” Dugald objected.

Bruce looked around. The fog was thinning.

“We've got to go somewhere quick!” he insisted in sudden desperation. “Don't you see? Brunton lost his head when he abandoned this ship. He and his crew will be back, on the chance she stayed afloat.”

“But we've earned her!” Sue protested.

“What would Sackett care about that? He forfeited insurance, running the rapids more than an hour from slack. He's ruined unless he gets the Georgia back.”

Sue did not speak. They had saved the ship when the tide tore her from the ledge. She was theirs, but only so long as they could hold her.

“One look at us by any one and Sackett'll know,” Dugald said. “If there was some place—”

ROBERT E. PINKERTON

was born and educated in Wisconsin and has been, at various times, a North Woods trapper, a newspaper reporter, and a feature writer. During the past eleven years he and Mrs. Pinkerton have written and sold well over two million words in serials, articles, short stories, novelettes, and verse.

“Beaver Harbor!” Sue exclaimed. “No one ever goes in! No one can see in. Shelving beach—everything!”

“You ain't lived in the Admiral all your life for nothing,” Dugald grinned. “But can you get a ship in there?”

“I've snaked a tow of logs out,” she retorted.

The chief hurried below and Bruce returned to the bow compartment. In the quiet water he was able to brace the temporary plank door. Sue passed him pieces of timber. They worked swiftly, for the fog was thinning. Dugald reported that he had found fifty pounds of steam when he came aboard and that he could move the Georgia at any time.

Within half an hour they were under way. Sue, alone on the bridge, abandoned herself to the thrill of it. She was feeling a big ship respond to her will. She was helping to save that ship, helping to make dreams come true.

Fog thinned rapidly. She needed a landmark to find the narrow twisting entrance to Beaver Harbor, yet a glimpse of the ship by fisherman or hand logger would quickly spread word that she was still afloat.

“We've got to have some luck!” Bruce moaned as a patch of blue sky showed above them.

Mountaintops gave Sue her bearings. She found the entrance as the reach behind them was clearing. Slowly they crept into a basin surrounded by high peaks. Sue signaled “stop,” and the crumpled bow slid gently on to a gravel beach. Dugald Marr raced up from below.

“Any one see us?” he demanded.

“Don't think so,” Sue answered. “But they couldn't have! We've earned this ship!”

The men foresaw all that was to be done, yet in that moment they, too, thought only of what they had achieved. Had they not found the Georgia she would have been swept from the ledge by the flood and soon would have gone to the bottom. Now she was safe. Two men and a girl had cheated the sea, and they abandoned themselves to the thrill of that moment.

Later, when Bruce had scrubbed off the oil and found fresh clothes and Dugald had started the pumps on the forward hold, they joined Sue in the galley and discussed their problem as they ate.

They would know in an hour if the forward hold had been ripped open. If it were not, the watertight door must be fixed before they could risk leaving. Always they faced the possibility that Sackett's men would find them and seize the ship. And, if repairs were made, they must take the Georgia out unaided, run Narrows Pass, and go down the coast to Vancouver.

“If the bottom's ripped under the forward hold we've still got claims for salvage,” Dugald said.

“But that's not enough!” Sue protested. “That hold must be tight. We must get this ship into port.”

“We can't slip up now,” Bruce said. “Let's go look at that hold.”

He found only a trickle coming through the plank door.

“She's tight!” he shouted.

Sue grasped the chief and danced about the deck with him.

“We can take this ship in!” she cried. “The three of us!”

Bruce climbed out and joined the mad celebration.

They shoved the bow higher, for the tide was rising fast, and then Bruce and Dugald went into the forward hold.

The watertight door had not closed, they discovered, because a heavy piece of freight had gone adrift and smashed fastenings and a hinge.

“Just carelessness!” the chief exclaimed in disgust. “That outfit don't deserve a sweet ship like this.”

“But can you fix it?” Sue called through the hatch.

“If there was no door and no bulkhead!” Dugald shouted.

High tide did not come until eight o'clock that night, and it would be after midnight before the men could work on the door. They set watches and tasks, found time for a bit of sleep.

Dusk came. Out in the channel they could hear a gas boat. Later a steam whistle sounded.

“The Admiral!” Sue exclaimed. “Dad'll think—”

“No!” Bruce commanded as she grasped the whistle cord. “Brunton may be with him. Captain Peters will have to think he has lost a daughter—for a day or two.”

Before midnight Bruce and Dugald went into the hold. They expected only to close the door, rig a bar across it, and be ready to pull off the beach at the next high tide.

But the door would not close.

“What's the trouble?” Sue asked anxiously from the hatch.

“Door's sprung,” Dugald said.

Bruce suggested braces, but the chief shook his head.

“We've got to force it shut,” he declared. “Bars across it, bolts through the bulkhead.”

Bruce bored holes in the steel partition while Dugald threaded and headed heavy rods. But before they could complete the job the rising tide drove them to the deck.

“That was only a short run-out,” Sue encouraged. “You'll have more time in the afternoon.”

The men did not comment. They were not certain they could draw the warped door into place. Even when they returned to the task the threads of two rods stripped. But Dugald prepared larger ones, Bruce reamed out the holes, and when the next tide started to rise the door was tightly closed.

“We could drive into a head sea with that!” Bruce reported exultantly.

“Then we can pull off with high tide at ten o'clock!” Sue cried. “Through Narrows Pass with the first of the ebb.”

“And keep going,” Bruce warned. “I heard a Diesel tug today. Sackett's hunting for the Georgia. Can you oil, fire, and stand by all the way in, chief?”

“If it takes a week,” Dugald grinned.

They could not hope to pull off the beach for six hours, nor could they sleep in preparation for the long voyage when sleep would be impossible. All were keyed up by the knowledge that they had saved a ship. For them the dream of every seaman had come true. They were about to take into port a vessel given up as lost, and to few, on land or sea, comes that exaltation.

Sue and Bruce were alone on the bridge when the big moment came. The Georgia, with her forward hold empty and a big tide, slid softly from the gravel's clutch.

“We can't fail now!” Sue whispered.

He knew what she was thinking. It was not alone the large sum of money they would earn. These two had stood many a watch together in the Admiral's wheelhouse and there had planned a life together, not the lonely lives of a shipmaster and a shipmaster's wife but one of companionship ashore that the sea could not thwart.

“No,” he said. “We can't fail.”

Skillfully Sue threaded the entrance. A little later they slipped through dread Narrows Pass in gentle swirls as the ebb began, and at dawn they entered the gulf.

Almost at once the Admiral, back on the mail run, came out from a group of islands and quickly came alongside.

Captain Peters frankly wiped tears from his eyes while the amazed crew of the tug stood on deck and cheered.

"Need any help?" the captain asked.

"Try to give it to us!" Sue laughed.

Bruce told what had happened.

"Sackett won't take this lying down," he concluded. "Get to Vancouver fast as you can and hire the best admiralty barrister in town."

The Admiral surged away, and the Georgia, with water boiling through the forward compartment, proceeded slowly.

An hour later a steamship appeared astern. Sue recognized Sackett's second vessel, the Gulf Queen, and phoned Bruce in the engine room.

Both men rushed up, armed with heavy wrenches. The Gulf Queen was slowing down and the astonishment of her officers was evident as they stared at a vessel they believed lost.

"Heave to so I can put a crew aboard!" the captain shouted when he saw Sue alone on the bridge.

"Go read up on your maritime law," she called.

"That ship belongs to our line."

"And Brunton abandoned her with all hands."

"You can't take her in alone."

"Watch me!" Sue laughed, and she swung the Georgia away.

AFTER a few minutes the Gulf Queen gathered speed. As Bruce and Dugald climbed to the bridge they saw a man run aft to the wireless room.

"Sackett'll know in five minutes that the Georgia's afloat," Bruce muttered.

"But what can he do now?" Sue scoffed.

"His only chance to get this ship is to use force."

"And just two of us," Dugald added uneasily.

"But we're under way!" Sue cried. "How can they—"

"After dark, couple o' tugs coming up both sides at once—the lad and me to keep boarders off?"

"Sackett would set us on the beach and laugh at us," Bruce added.

Worry and toil and lack of sleep had sapped their strength. Now despondency added its burden. The three stood watching the Queen disappear in the mist.

"Something's wrong," Sue said bitterly. "We've earned this ship. Shouldn't have to fight pirates as well as the sea."

Her shoulders lifted and she spun the wheel.

"Sackett's got to find us first," she announced hotly. "Six hours for a tug to get here—this mist—"

They took the Georgia across the gulf. All day and all night they steamed. If they saw smoke or lights

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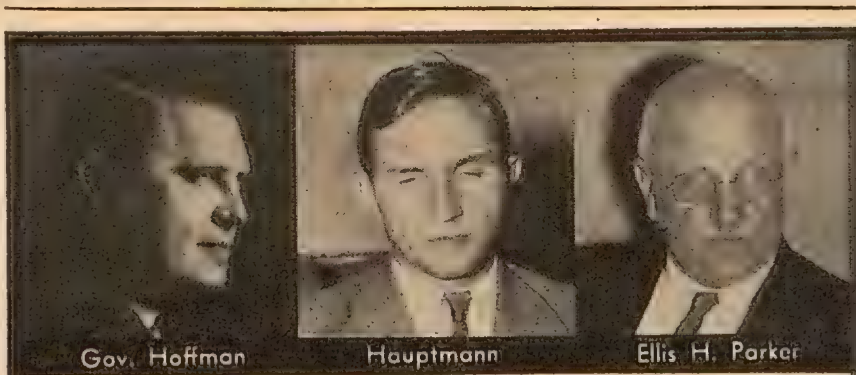

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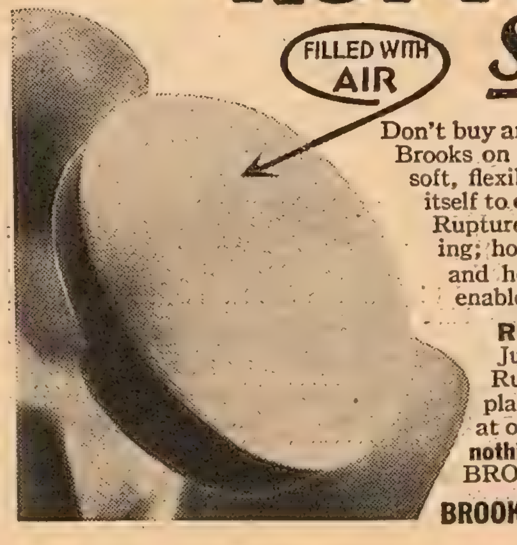

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Leopold Aul

By LEOPOLD AUL

IMAGINE what a thrilling thing it is when a man who has been sinking deeper and deeper into the quicksands of ill health—finds himself suddenly restored to happiness, vitality and vigor as if by an act of providence!

Imagine how a man feels when he realizes that at last he can say "goodbye" to headaches, biliousness and mental sluggishness that have been sapping his energy for years!

Even now it seems too wonderful to be true. And yet, the whole thing came about through a lucky accident—this marvelous experience that changed me from a failing, half alive victim of self-poisoning into one of the healthiest-looking humans you ever saw!

It happened this way: One day when I was feeling especially bad—with a wretched headache and nervous as a cat—I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I was aging.

"Why don't you take internal baths?" he suggested. "They did wonders for me. You're probably suffering from intestinal poisoning and don't realize it."

What is an Internal Bath?

"What is an internal bath?" I asked. "Some sort of an enema?" "Not at all," he replied. "It is entirely different from anything else.

"Your colon (large intestine) is just like any other waste pipe. While it apparently keeps functioning all right, the inner walls frequently become caked with deposit, just like a rusty water pipe. Germs and slow poisons breed in this hardened waste matter and filter right into the blood stream, causing all kinds of symptoms that you might never dream of tracing to your colon.

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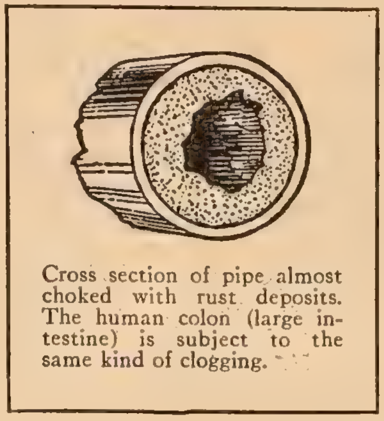

Cross section of pipe almost choked with rust deposits. The human colon (large intestine) is subject to the same kind of clogging.

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Naturally I lost no time in securing my J. B. L. Cascade. It was a turning point in my life. Simple as the whole thing was, it actually made a new man out of me. At night I sleep like a child. I rise in the morning bubbling over with pep and energy. My only regret is that I did not learn of Internal Baths long ago!

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they changed course. Twisting and dodging like a hare before dogs, they made their way down the coast.

The elation of having rescued a fine prize from the sea no longer carried them through the endless watches. Dread strained their weary eyes, brought aches to their tired bodies, drove all joy from their hearts. Not until noon the next day did they dare approach Vancouver from the west.

Bruce stood with Sue on the bridge, his glasses searching each craft in sight.

"We'll make it!" he exclaimed at last. "Sackett won't try anything so close to port."

But as they neared the Lions' Gate a tug surged out to meet them, swirled up alongside.

"Pass us a line!" a shout came from the foredeck. "You'll need help in that tide."

Sue ran to the end of the bridge.

"It's Sackett," she whispered.

"This is my ship!" Sackett shouted. "You've stolen it!"

Sue hung over the rail. Sight of the short pudgy figure aroused only anger.

"I told you I'd look down at you from a bridge and laugh because you'd gone aground on your own crookedness," she said harshly. "I'm laughing now."

"But you're pirates!" Sackett fumed.

"You'd like to be one, but you're too late. Get out!"

For a time the tug followed closely, but when they reached the lookout station it scuttled away.

"We've won!" Sue cried when she rejoined Bruce at the wheel. "Nothing can happen now!"

THEIR weariness vanished. Victory greater than they had dreamed was theirs as the city unfolded before them and the Georgia crawled into the harbor.

In that moment Sue Peters and Bruce Lawrie forgot their future was bound up in what they had accomplished, that they had made their dreams come true. Again they were wholly children of the sea, knew only that they had achieved a triumph such as the sea alone permits.

Entranced, they stood together at the wheel.

A ferryboat began to toot shrilly. Then every vessel in the harbor let loose. A great Pacific liner bellowed. People thronged streets leading to the water front.

"I never dreamed of anything like this!" Sue gasped.

"Your father brought the word," Bruce said harshly. "And it's all for you. Go take your bow."

They were close to the pier now and bedlam was loosened when Sue walked out. She waved, and the crowd went mad as she scampered back to the wheel.

"But they don't know, Bruce," she whispered, "all that this means to us and to dad! They'll even forget about today. And we never will."

THE END

Guns, Gold, and the 'Good Old Days'

Hollywood turns again to the turbulent past in two tales of our troubled forefathers—Melody decorates a Dixie romance

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

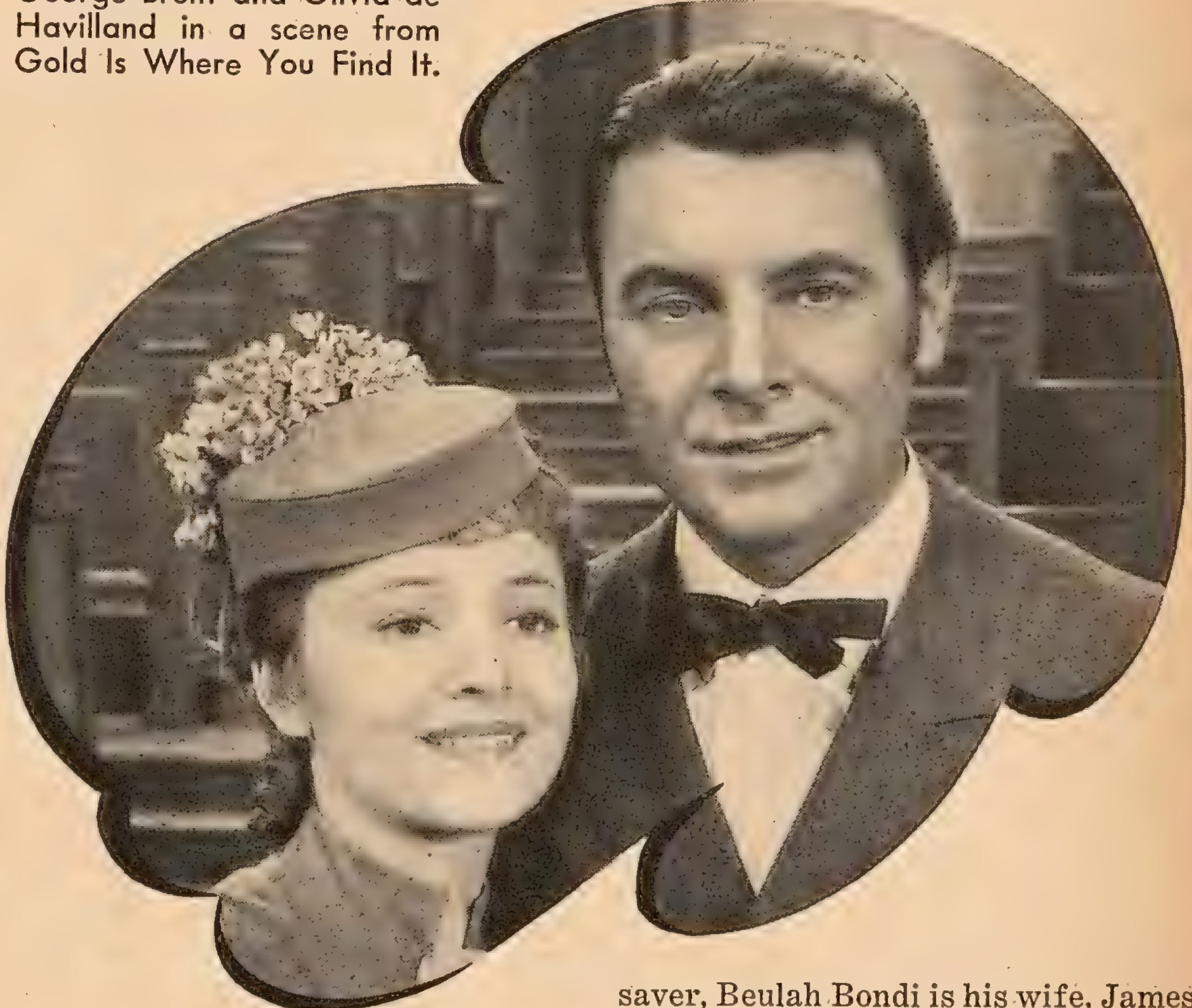
THE PLAYERS: George Brent, Olivia de Havilland, Claude Rains, Margaret Lindsay, John Litel, Marcia Ralston, Barton MacLane, Tim Holt, Sidney Toler, Henry O'Neill, Willie Best, Robert McWade, George Hayes, Russell Simpson, Harry Davenport, Clarence Kolb, Moroni Olsen, Granville Bates, Robert Homans, Eddie Chandler. Screen play by Warren Duff and Robert Buckner from a story by Clement Ripley. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by the Warner Brothers. Running time, 100 minutes.

THIS is a romantic melodrama—photographed in technicolor and built around the struggle between wheat ranchers and gold miners in the Sacramento Valley of California some sixty-five years ago. The hydraulic pumps used by the miners in their frantic, high-pressure search for gold swept water, mud, and debris down into the river valley, laying waste the farmers' fields. The ranchers in turn resorted to the courts—and then to their guns.

The romance centers upon a handsome mining superintendent and the pretty daughter of a wheat farmer. Most interesting historic character is Senator Hearst, father of the publisher, who is a part of the story—and who refers to his son Willie's longings to be a newspaper mogul. Papa Hearst expressed his doubts about Willie's practical side.

George Brent is the hero, Olivia de Havilland is the heroine—a little too delicate a heroine to expertly handle a harrow as she is pictured in a shot or two. The best performance is that of Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, as the harum-scarum son of the wheat farmer's family.

VITAL STATISTICS: In 1852 E. E. Mattison. a miner at Yankee Jim's, Placer County, California, succeeded in running water through a small ditch to a pressure box, carrying it through a tin-nozzled canvas hose, and discharging it under pressure on a gravel bank. Idea: to replace the old-fashioned tedious sluice-box gold-washing technique and mine gold wholesale. Soon giant pipes and nozzles tossing niagaras of water replaced this simple device, washed down tons of gravel, left the gold behind but deposited tons and tons of debris in the rivers, filled the beds with boulders and slickens (sticky yellow mud), inundated farm lands, ruined thousands of farmers. From this springs the story of this movie, the fight between the hydraulics and the farmer—dug from California history by Clement Ripley, Tacoma, Washington, Yale 1916 grad, Mexican and World warrior, magazine writer prolific. . . . They couldn't find a real old-fashioned Placerville in California that didn't boast a service station, a movie with bingo, a chop-suey palace, so the studio built one over at Calabasas, outside Hollywood. All exterior hydraulic-mining scenes were made at Weaverville, California, up around the High Sierras; lots of the fighting took place at Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino Mts. Sixty per cent of the scenes were photogged outdoors. . . . That hurtling debris caused by hydraulic mining is the McCoy, no miniature, folks. That dam goes up in miniature—'twould be a dash too expensive to build a real Hollywood dam, even for Hollywood. . . . George Brent loves his guns, dogs, ranch, horses, and solitude, like Gable. He reads a great deal, likes intelligent women, a meal of steak, hash-browned potatoes and strawberry shortcake, chess, fresh air. . . . Claude Rains is a Londoner, played hooky from school to become a theater page boy, climbed every step till he became thespic tops. Was gassed and wounded in the Great War, after became a Theatre Guilder of depth till Hollywood "discovered" him. . . . Megger Curtiz used to be a professional strong man with the Hungarian circus, did a bit of warring with the Austrians, Budapest Universitied, Reinhardted as an actor, has been a Norwegian director, megged Captain Blood, Charge of the Light Brigade for Hollywood, is supposed to record the best film fighting. . . . Olivia de Havilland's of Tokyo, Japan, she's English, came here at 3, wanted to be a teacher, an author, an actress. . . . Barton MacLane works the land on his five-acre San Fernando ranch, to get some umph behind his screen hero-baiting.



George Brent and Olivia de Havilland in a scene from Gold Is Where You Find It.

★ ★ ½ OF HUMAN HEARTS

THE PLAYERS: Walter Huston, James Stewart, Gene Reynolds, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, Charles Coburn, John Carradine, Ann Rutherford, Leatrice Joy Gilbert, Charley Grapewin, Leona Roberts, Gene Lockhart, Clem Bevans, Arthur Aylesworth, Sterling Holloway, Charles Peck, Robert McWade, Minor Watson. Screen play by Bradbury Foote from the story, Benefits Forgot, by Honoré Morrow. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 103 minutes.

A LONG, rambling story of pioneer days, starting almost ninety years ago with the arrival—in Pine Hill, on the banks of the Ohio across from Virginia—of the new pastor, his wife, and his son. The stern, almost fanatical minister never quite understands his sensitive boy, who dreams of being a surgeon, and the two drift apart with the years. The circuit rider dies, son goes off to study medicine, the widow is left, lonely in her shack beside the Ohio. Comes the Civil War to further separate them.

Walter Huston is the pioneer soul saver, Beulah Bondi is his wife, James Stewart is the son. Best of the cast is Charles Coburn as the hard-drinking doctor of Pine Hill who inspires the boy to go on with his hopes for a medical career. John Carradine probably is the worst Abraham Lincoln we have encountered in some time. Curiously, the producers had an able Lincoln in the cast. None other than Huston himself.

Leatrice Joy Gilbert, daughter of the late Jack Gilbert and of Leatrice Joy, makes her screen debut as a little girl of the pioneer village and shows real possibilities.

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VITAL STATISTICS: One 16-year-old Roy (Lucky) Harris of Greenville, S. C., titled this one, got $5,000 prize money for doing so. Roy heard the plot over the radio, thought it resembled problems of his personal life, wrote titles for three straight nights running, including some honeys like Deep Struggle, Mother Love, Father Against Son, Ashamed of Parents. Roy wrote his titles from his heart, wasn't home when the winning radio announcement was made, being off job hunting. Rounded up somehow. Roy was rushed into a new suit and hat, put on the radio himself, sent to meet the Governor, then tripped to Hollywood to hobnob with his dream favorites Gable, Loy, and Crawford. Lucky American Youth. Roy's never been graduated from high school. . . . Leatrice Joy Gilbert is 13; debuts at the studio where her father gained his top fame. . . . Charley Grapewin announces his retirement from active miming after 50 years of stage and screening. Is committed to write three novels, has written several in the past. . . . Biggest character upset in a long while is John Carradine, playing Abe Lincoln. Carradine's never yet played a sympathetic part, has been a flock of meanest men in the world, studio got the hosslaugh when he was announced for the role, wags called him Dishonest Abe. Clarence Brown chose Carradine because he didn't want a professional Lincoln. Says they're too self-conscious. . . . They built the small Ohio town of Hilltop, church, stores, chickens, cornfields, cabbage patches, hogpens, punkin acreage, Ohio River, paddle wheeler, and all at a 6,000-foot elevation along Lake Arrowhead. The Hollywood Civil War was fit over to Baldwin Oaks, near Santa Anita, succeeding the N'Orleans Battles of De Mille's Buccaneers. . . . That white hoss of Huston's is Sheik, a full-blooded Arabian. . . . Walt Huston's been inactive ascreen since Dodsworth, out of which he cleaned up a mere $200,000, cut and salary. Walt rarely uses make-up, has played bums, drunkards, preachers, plutocrats, has yet to be typed. . . . Charles Peck was the little rich boy in Dead End.

★ ★ MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

THE PLAYERS: Evelyn Venable, Margaret Marquis, Grant Richards, Cornelius Keefe, Clara Blandick, Kitty McHugh, Bernadene Hayes, Raquel Davido, J. Farrell MacDonald, Paul White, Mildred Gover, Mary Maguire, the Hall Johnson Choir. Story by John T. Neville. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 72 minutes.

THERE is a pleasant Dixie background, but the story does not ring true because of its many obviously manufactured complications. The son and daughter of two old Kentucky families are to be wed—indeed their marriage has been planned from childhood. But young Blair gets involved in New York with a girl studying music. Feeling she is losing her benefactor, she tries to poison him and herself.

Nearly the whole film is required to straighten out the involved machinations of the scenarist.

Film veteran Clara Blandick contributes the most interesting work of the cast as a Kentucky matriarch, while the Hall Johnson Choir of Negro singers help a lot with good old Dixie melodies. Actually, the best performance is by Stephen Foster.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is one of those Grade A Quickies @ about $200,000; will make about a million. . . . Ev Venable makes return to screen after absence of four years, during which time she had children. When she signed her contract she stipulated that she must be free to leave set at 3.30 each afternoon in order to be with her two small daughters. Is the wife of cameraman Hal Mohr. . . . Grant Richards is graduate of the Federal Theater. . . . Margaret Marquis was married during the filming of this; cast gave her a party, the producer a bonus. . . . Only half of Hall Johnson Choir was seen during filming of pic, for, although entire choir was heard, it was impossible to get them all within the camera range without losing close-ups of their interesting faces. . . . Paul White, who made a bit of a hit in Jackie Cooper's Boy of the Streets, has a pet superstition for every occasion in real life just as he does in this pic. Refused to work one day because some one had whistled in his dressing room on lot and feared a camera boom would fall on him if he appeared on set that day. . . . Clara Blandick is famous character actress. She was born on an American ship in the harbor of Hong Kong, China. . . . Mary Maguire is daughter of Michael Joseph Maguire, boxing champion. She was born in Melbourne, Australia. . . . Bernadene Hayes is a graduate of Washington University. . . . J. Farrell MacDonald had eighteen years' experience on the stage before going into film work. Has been a director as well as an actor. . . . Hall Johnson, founder of the choir and Negro who had original idea, is personal supervisor and has two units, one of which he keeps in New York, and one in Hollywood. Each unit has its own director. Organized thirteen years ago in Harlem, New York City, the choir made its first screen appearance in Green Pastures and has been in constant demand ever since.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—In Old Chicago, Tovarich, Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas.

★★★—A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress, True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models.

LISTEN, YOUTH!

WHO'S TO BLAME FOR FLAMING YOUTH?

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY ELSIE ROBINSON

Editor's Note: Only real letters will appear in these Round-ups. All sent in for publication must bear the writer's name, address, and, preferably, age as well. If you do not wish your name and address to appear, say so, and they will be omitted when your letter is quoted. Miss Robinson will personally answer all letters. Address her:
Elsie Robinson, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 540, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y.

LISTEN! Here's another chance to take it—if you can! When we first started this new department, we thought it was going to be devoted to young people. And it still is. But it hadn't been on the street an hour before Everybody 'n' his Pup was writing in, contributing his say-so. *So we've decided to have an occasional Round-up, and give the whole outfit, including the kids themselves, a chance to say what they think of young America and its antics.*

Most of the letters this week will be on the recent article which raised such a riot—SO THEY GET YOUR GOAT!

We'll let a representative of Young America lead off—Norine Thompson of Hawthorne, California:

An Open Letter to Parents
C/o Elsie Robinson.
Dear Parents:

You say, "Follow our trail." How can we? You began to wreck it in 1919, and when we came along it was so confused we had to begin a highway of our own.

Who first broke the "good old standards of decency"? We didn't. We hadn't appeared on the scene then. Who started the Jazz Age with its necking, gin, and startling innovations in styles that you so deplore? Who made divorce so popular after the war, thereby taking away the certainty and solidity of our home life? We didn't.

. . . The old order changed and left us holding the bag. We had to start out for ourselves. . . . We want a more sane, established life. Sure, we're making mistakes, but those mistakes don't keep us from bouncing up and trying again. Instead of condemning us, why don't you help us with understanding and encouragement? . . .

NORINE THOMPSON.

Quite a charge! But here's a gentleman of 36 who admits that Norine is right. He is Jude Gregory of Reno, Nevada, and here is what he says:

Who started Jazz Age with its necking, gin, and startling innovations in styles?

Elsie Robinson:

You told the Older Generation a mouthful when you said they were responsible for America's wave of wildness—and here's one who will admit it.

Who invented and commercialized all this speedy transportation and questionable amusement and made it accessible to Youth? . . . *Certainly not these children.* Who brought perversion to this country after the war? Who made it necessary for us to have a nation-wide drive against disease? Again I say—not the children!

Children under 18 and 21 are not allowed to be sold liquor in public places but they are allowed to lead staggering fathers and mothers to bed. . . . I'll wager that if you crashed the doors of many American homes tonight in search of "our lost children," you'd find a youngster, lying across the bed, sobbing out a broken and disillusioned heart for a "lost parent."

Naturally, that doesn't apply to all—there are many parents who have stayed sane—but they are not the ones who complain of Youth. So don't let's blame the youngsters. Instead, let's say an earnest prayer for their and our own salvation.

JUDE GREGORY.

And here's George W. Watt, LL. B., of Clearwater, Florida, who takes both the older and the younger generation—and also Elsie herself—for a very rough ride:

My dear Miss Robinson:

Having practiced law for 25 years, I take exception to certain parts of your recent article. You say the present crop of Youth is the "most healthy." But facts prove that social disease among the young has increased manifold, and not from inheritance. [Why not from inheritance, Friend? E. R.]

Crime has increased manifold among youth in the last 20 years. The latest U. S. figures show that of 51,209 serious crimes committed, 62½ per cent were done by those under thirty years of age. Up to 1920 we lawyers hardly saw any but hardened, illiterate older men—but today pink-cheeked youths fill our courts, and they are far more brutal, far slicker because they have been educated in crime. [But who caused the war, who made the death-dealing tools which "educated" them, Neighbor? E. R.]

Still, I do not blame Youth—I blame the parents who defied Prohibition and committed every crime to get rum. I blame the smug criminals in high places, the greedy and gluttonous who have enslaved the masses. I blame filthy fiction and nasty movies. I blame the courts which make it impossible to punish rich offenders. GEORGE W. WATT, LL. B.

Well, taking it going or coming, I think it's a pretty grand letter, G. W. W. And you can arraign me till the cows come home, as long as you give a hand to my bewildered youngsters.

Here's one who certainly needs that hand. For obvious reasons I am not giving her name and by the time you read this she will be in the hands of friends.

Dear Miss Robinson:

I guess no girl was ever gladder to see your article than I . . . because it seemed so good to hear some one talking who understands us kids and stands up for us. Oh, Miss Robinson, I am in terrible trouble—the very worst a girl can be in. I know it is all my own fault. . . . But I didn't honestly mean to do wrong when I started to go with Al. . . . I was so terribly lonely at home. You want a little fun terribly when you are only 17. Mother doesn't understand. She is too good. She couldn't see why going to church wasn't enough. But I just felt I would die if I didn't have some fun sometimes. And so I went with Al. . . .

And now it isn't just the baby, but there is another sickness too. . . . *Oh, Miss Robinson, isn't there any help in all the world for a girl like me? I can't tell mother. She is so good it would break her heart. I have never been able to tell her things. But couldn't you maybe write me? If you would just write me and say you believe—* R. W.

"I CAN'T TELL MOTHER. SHE IS SO GOOD IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART—" I am a mother myself. And for 20 years, since first I started this work, no day has passed without at least one such appeal, sometimes a dozen from all over this country. *The mothers who are so good that they can't be told.* Do YOU belong in that category? You vow you don't. They all vow. But are you SURE? How intimately have you ever discussed life with YOUR girl . . . how tolerantly and tenderly have you received her young confidences? Better think it over.

And now comes an even Madder Moan from 18-year-old Salvatore J. Adamo, of New York City, who believes that—WE WRITERS SHOULD "SHUT OUR BIG MOUFS—'CAUSE WHY, ALL THIS FRANK TALK ABOUT SEX IS CAUSING DEGENERACY AND CRIME!"

. . . Sex information isn't healthy [says Salvatore]—it's as horrible as leprosy. Do you know of the awful vice conditions among young people? . . . And look at these fiend crimes against little children! There's only one cure—suppress sex information . . . teach the holiness of marriage . . . be pure!

I subscribe to your last two admonitions 100 per cent, son—but I certainly don't agree with the others. "Suppressing sex information" will not stop horrors. Do you know why so many little babies are born blind and idiotic . . . why so many young people are ruined for life? It is because young people are not informed concerning their own bodies and the perils of sin. Perverts, degenerates, and fiends are not caused by reading newspapers . . . they are caused, primarily, by defective glands. And their nightmare crimes occur because decent citizens and policemen do not understand the menace of such defects. "Teach the holiness of marriage," sez you. But how can any marriage be kept holy which is based on criminal ignorance?

No, the cure is NOT silence. Let the Church and the Law and the Medical Association unite in a movement which would give every American child and parent adequate physical and psychological information from the proper source and which would force every citizen to undergo proper mental and physical checks for the protection of society.

That's my platform—but perhaps, like Salvatore, YOU don't agree. Let's hear YOUR side to the story.

That ends our space this week for actual letters. But how about making plans right now to be in on the next Round-up? There's no rule against picking a subject of your own. Here are some problems Young America is chewing over as we go to press:

1. Is a modern bride's job as interesting as an office girl's?
2. Should the government give subsidies in the case of early marriages—i. e., to unemployed and penniless young people who are not yet of age?
3. Should prospective parents be compelled to take night-school child-training courses—the husband as well as the wife?
4. What can young America do to prevent war?
5. Should married men be paid higher salaries than single men of the same age and efficiency?
6. Are women or men better at keeping their word?
7. Should a girl's past influence a man when choosing a wife or should she be judged by her present record?
8. Should the physical facts of life be taught in school?
9. Is the average young American, under 20, interested in politics?

THE END

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THE OLD-TIMER LOOKS AT SOME FAMOUS CASES

BEAUTY AND JUBILEE JIM—

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MURDER IN GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

I THINK the missus is getting bilious. This morning at breakfast, for no reason at all, she threw down her tabloid and grunted:

"Gee, I'm sick of these cheap murders! You—you're so smart—why don't you tell us a real murder story, like that one about Josie Mansfield and that fat feller we saw in the movies—what's his name?"

"Edward Arnold."

"You know who I mean—the feller that made himself admiral of the Fall River Line."

"Oh, Jim Fisk—Jubilee Jim. He was before my time."

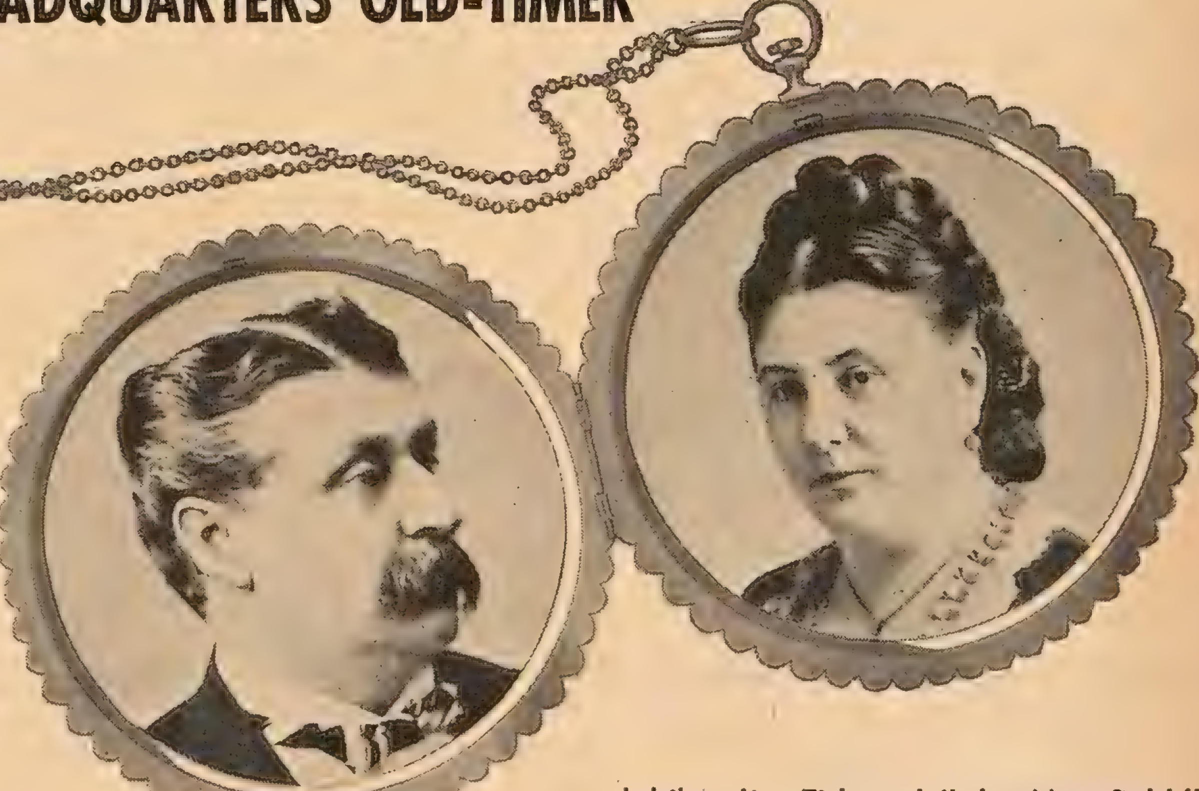
"I didn't think anybody was before your time!"

I let that pass. As a matter of fact, I did know a good bit about the Jim Fisk murder from my old and long departed friend, Sergeant John McGoority, as fine a cop as ever pounded paves.

The biggest mystery was why somebody hadn't bumped Jim off a long time before. Plenty people hated his guts—and his guts were a tempting target. "He was almost as broad as he was high," McGoority used to say, "and so round that he rolled rather than walked." His stomach stood out; so did his waxed mustachios, his headlight diamond, and his crimes. There were those who, because he was fat, thought he was a good fellow. They do say a good many whom he had swindled cried when he died. On the whole, though, his was the kind of conspicuousness that was just asking for a shower of lead.

Although he dodged the Civil War, so far as fighting went, he dearly loved to wear a uniform. With the proceeds of some of his first stock-market killings he started the Fall River Line—and, as the missus said, appointed himself admiral.

"If Vanderbilt's a commodore, I guess I ought to rank as an admiral," he said.



Jubilee Jim Fisk and "the Mansfield," as the buxom Josie used to be called.

Every sailing day, about half an hour before casting off, Admiral Fisk would appear on Pier 30 in the full uniform of his rank, take up his position by the gangplank where everybody could see him, wave his fat ring-littered hands, and issue orders to all and sundry. He didn't know anything about a boat. He couldn't even row one. But he had all the epaulets and gold braid, and he stayed on the bridge of the steamer until it had gotten around the tip of Manhattan Island, where a tug was waiting to take him ashore.

Josie Mansfield—they cleaned Josie up for the movies—was the conspicuous type too: dazzling white skin, startling black hair, huge gray eyes, and buxom no end. Jim had installed her in a luxurious home in the then fashionable West Twenty-third Street.

Josie had a navy blue uniform too, with brass buttons and epaulets like Jim's, and frequently helped to make his "departure for Fall River" notable.

In his later years Jim became a colonel as well as an admiral, by virtue of coming to the aid of the Ninth Regiment with financial reinforcements. For no reason at all except his own aggrandizement, he'd call out his men of a fine summer evening, and march at their head down Fifth Avenue with flags flying and bands playing.

Time came, though, when the Governor called out the militia to put down some Orangemen riots, and Jim's ardor for things military visibly cooled. The fighting Irish chased the fat Colonel with clubs and cries of "Kill him!" and sent him scuttling in his gold braid down side streets and through cellars and areaways. He didn't stop running until he reached the river, where he jumped on to one of his tugs and sailed down to Sandy Hook until the war was over. "I guess I must have climbed over a dozen back-yard fences," he said.

When Jim wasn't exhibiting himself in uniform, he spent his leisure moments driving his gaudy coach and six-in-hand—one white horse and one black horse in each pair—through Central Park to Harlem Lane, where he bet and lost thousands of dollars on trotting races with Robert Bonner, Willie Vanderbilt, Frank Work, Boss Tweed, and other bloods. On most of these occasions buxom Josie in gaudy frills would sit proudly beside her big blond buccaneer on the driver's seat. Sometimes, though, to add a fillip to his exhibition, Jim would pick a couple of beauties from the French opéra bouffe.

Jim had a perfectly good wife parked somewhere up Boston way, so these public flauntings brought down on his well greased head the anger not only of moralists but also of Mrs. Fisk's relatives.

All of which didn't bother Jim at all. What should have bothered him, though, was that the stockholders in his various enterprises showed a tendency to object to their money being thrown into "the laps of wantons." I'm telling you all this not to defend him, because he's guaranteed indefensible, but just to show you that there were a lot of different kinds of people out to get him if they could.

His rise had been spectacular. At an early age he ran away from his home in Vermont because his father made him clean out the stables. He ran away with a menagerie, and began by cleaning up after a couple of elephants and an orangutan. Pretty soon he took over his father's tin-peddler's business, and streamlined it—four white horses, shining brasses, a long whip that cracked like a pistol, a Yankee peddler in a stovepipe hat. Every day was circus day when this peddler came to town.

JIM bought his supplies from Jordan & Marsh in Boston; and old Eben Jordan took a shine to him. When the Civil War broke out, Jim wasn't too proud to fight; he was just too busy. He was down in Washington selling army blankets to the government. Jordan furnished the blankets. Jim learned a lot in Washington that was useful to him later on.

"You can sell the government anything!" he gloated.

I don't suppose it occurred to Jim Fisk that he was doing anything wrong. Cheating Uncle Sam was routine stuff in those days with better men than he was.

But he wasn't satisfied with trifling commissions, so he persuaded his Boston friends to set him up in the business of running contraband cotton through the army lines to supply the mills of New England.

Then, when Jim saw that the war was about over, he cast about for a way to make money out of the peace. He chartered the fastest boat he could get, and had it waiting off Halifax. When Lee surrendered, he telegraphed the one word "Go." There were no cables in those days. The English wouldn't know the war was over until the mails got in. Jim's boat, off to a head start, beat the mail boat by five days, and his agents sold $5,000,000 of worthless Confederate bonds on the London change before the Britishers found out that the Confederacy was no longer in existence. Some of those wrathy English financiers came over later and made trouble for Jim just before he was killed.

Meanwhile he moved to New York, where the Wall Street wrecking crew recognized him at once as one of their own. "He's smart, that Jim Fisk," they said.

One of those who spoke thus of the young man—Jim was still in his twenties—was Uncle Dan'l Drew, variously known as the Great Bear and the Sphinx of Wall Street, of whom it was said: "He holds the honest people of the world to be a pack of fools." Uncle Dan'l became Jim Fisk's mentor. Young Jay Gould was another apt pupil.

Daniel Drew probably didn't deserve much gratitude from anybody, but he did set the youthful Fisk up in Wall Street and did put him in the way of rolling up his very substantial fortune. A few years later Jim turned the old man down cold when he came to him asking for the loan of some of Jim's stock to save him from bankruptcy.

The prize at stake, in the war between Jim Fisk and Jay Gould on one side and Daniel Drew on the other, had been the control of the Erie Railroad. Uncle Dan'l had milked the Erie for years. Jim's first act as Prince of Erie—this was the title which he himself loved—was to buy Pike's Opera House, which he rechristened the Grand Opera House, at Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue. He bought it with Erie money, but had the deed recorded in the names of Gould and himself. Then he leased it back to the Erie for $70,000. Downstairs Jim ran the opera. Upstairs he ran the railroad.

Stockholders of the Erie didn't seem to care for the Grand Opera House or any of its ways—especially when those ways were said to include unspeakable orgies with French hussies from the opera below! Frequently the broad-girthed Prince of Erie had to make his escape from the attacks of importunate investors through the underground passage to his own house on Twenty-third Street and thence to Josie's, just beyond. Once he got out only by grace of "a wig of long gray hair, a full gray beard, a heavy coat, a muffler and large spectacles."

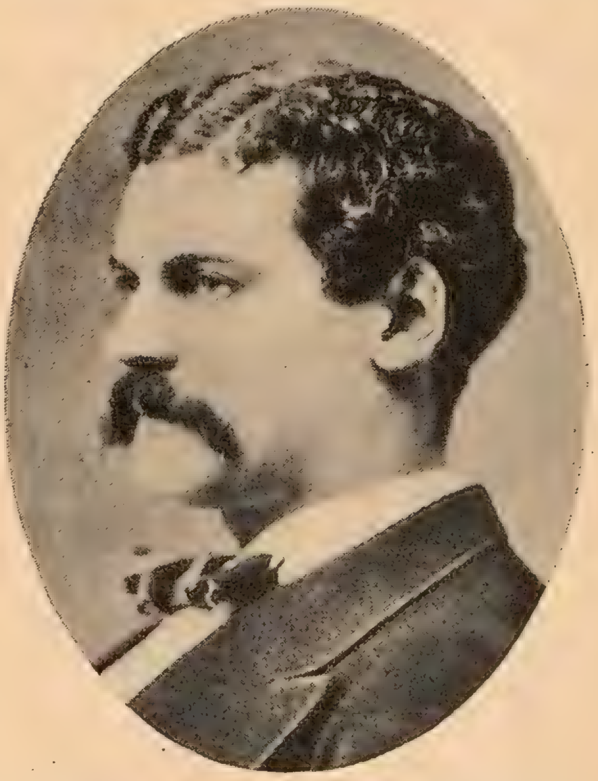
THE most powerful enemy Jim and Jay had was Commodore Vanderbilt, who was always trying to get hold of "the Scarlet Woman of Railroads" to unite her in more or less holy wedlock with his own New York Central. One time the wily old Commodore thought he had cornered all the Erie stock there was on the market. Jim and Jay let him think so. Privately, however, they had voted themselves, "for improvements," $10,000,000 in Erie bonds convertible into stock. When Fisk converted his half and dumped all the bright new certificates into Wall Street, the Commodore took an awful beating. He always claimed Jim robbed him of over $6,000,000.

"That," he roared, "is what comes of kicking a skunk!"

It cost Jim and Jay $500,000—of Erie money, of course!—to buy enough Albany legislators to legalize that little bond transaction.

In all, the two pirates ran the Erie's bonded indebtedness up around $64,000,000. Meanwhile the company's rolling stock ran steadily down. Wrecks, with terrible loss of life, were distressingly frequent. The newspapers called them "Erie massacres." The relatives of the dead didn't like them, either. Sometimes the mobs swarmed around the Erie offices—and Jim had to do a lot more back-fence climbing.

Then, to top all, came Black Friday. To do Jim justice, the corner in gold wasn't his idea. It was Jay's. Jim was against it, not because he thought it was wrong but because he thought it wouldn't work. When it came to the showdown, though, Jim as usual was the front man. He it was who sat in his favorite broker's office giving orders and dropping hints which sent the price of gold to almost 170 and sent individuals and firms into hopeless bankruptcy.


Young Ed Stokes, who first put Josie up to blackmailing Jim, and then . . .

Jim and Jay had all the gold there was—except, of course, what the government had—and could get for it whatever they asked. Then suddenly the government began selling gold on its own account. The bottom dropped out of the market. More fortunes were swept away. The conspirators themselves were lucky to get away with a few millions. Their followers lost everything.

Jim and Jay fled from the angry Wall Street mob through a back door, and barricaded themselves in the Grand Opera House. For days angry mobs milled around the Twenty-third Street fortress. Men and women who had lost everything cried out for vengeance on Jubilee Jim. Gloomy Jay was forgotten.

When, at the subsequent Congressional investigation, it was shown that Jim not only had led friend and foe into the black hole of disaster but had repudiated all of his own contracts on a flimsy pretense, the anger at him became nation-wide. In January, 1870, he was probably the worst insurance risk in the United States. Two years later, January 6, 1872, he lay, a fatally riddled lump of flesh, on the grand staircase of the Grand Central Hotel at Broadway and Fourth Street.

Helen Josephine Mansfield was never the sweet young thing that Jim Fisk thought her. She had been married once, and before that she had been involved with her beloved parents in a blackmailing "badger-game" scheme against a rich old sexagenarian named Perley. Nevertheless, after Jim rescued her from her somewhat precarious way of life she seemed truly grateful. Her house, loudly decorated in accordance with Jim's taste, became the social center of the Erie ring. Even pious Uncle Dan'l came there in the beginning, and, somewhat reluctantly, the dour Jay Gould. Jim's Tammany pals made it their after-dark headquarters. It was no unusual thing for a Tammany judge to be lolling in Josie's parlor, regaling himself with Jim's champagne, and waiting for word from the Opera House to issue whatever court orders were necessary to further his host's nefarious schemes.

The true and sensational story of another famous crime will be told in Liberty in the near future by the Headquarters Old-Timer.

Among others who came was a handsome young blackguard named Edward S. Stokes. Ed Stokes was of good family, and that appealed to the much-snubbed Jim. Besides, he liked the Adonis-like young dude.

Jim did a lot of favors for Ed Stokes. For one thing, he took the family oil refinery over in Brooklyn, which had lost everything but its smell, put it on its financial feet, gave it preferential shipping rates on the poor old Erie, and started it making money as fast as it did oil. Of course, Jim took his cut; but the chief beneficiary was Stokes.

Now, Ed Stokes knew a lot of games besides oil refining, and he taught some of them to Josie—love games. Blackmail Ed knew about, too; and Josie, because of her earlier experience, was not an inept pupil. Jim had written her letters—he was nuts about her, really—and, well, you know the rest.

Jim plead and plead, and paid and paid. Finally he got up his courage to tell his wife the whole disgraceful business, and obtained her forgiveness. But he couldn't muster enough courage to give the letters to the press. They were harmless, really, except that they showed Jim as a fool. So Josie, Svengalied by Stokes, took to the courts and sued Jim for $50,000 which she said he had promised her.

The trial created a sensation. So did the participants, especially Josie in her finery.

Poor old Jim just couldn't stay in court to hear Josie testify against him. He went back to the Opera House, cleaned up his business affairs, and started for the Grand Central Hotel.

He should have stayed, for he missed the big courtroom scene in which Josie broke down in tears and Stokes was shown to be little more than a "fancy man." The judge not only decided for Jim, but the Grand Jury promptly indicted Josie and Ed for blackmail.

When Jim started up the broad stairs of the hotel, Ed was waiting for him with a loaded revolver. Two shots took effect. Jim's punctured carcass hurtled down the stairs into the lobby—though life lingered in it till next day. A bellboy saw the shooting. Stokes was caught in the street outside. After three trials, he was convicted of manslaughter and got six years.

Stokes came back to be a figure in the town. At one time he ran the famous Hoffman House. But he cheated everybody who tried to be good to him, and finally drifted off into the obscure poverty in which he died.

Jim left his wife well off, and Josie too. The latter sold out her properties in New York and went to Europe, where she married the wealthy brother-in-law of a British viscount. But she couldn't go straight, and drifted back to her age-old trade. She lived on for another thirty years, had a stroke in 1899, applied for admission to a charity home in 1901—and hasn't been heard from since.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: Perhaps you would like to know what happened, after Jim died, to Mephistopheles Gould and *his* Scarlet Woman, the Erie.

The public that had cheered Jim as he drove his swanky six-in-hand up Fifth Avenue with his swanky Josie by his side soon turned against the gloomy Gould, who was a better man in most things but didn't know how to put on so good a show.

Taking advantage of this turn in public sentiment, the Morgans, the Dixes, the Belmonts, and the Astors—old families by now—stirred up the complaining stockholders until the latter descended in armed force on Jim's beloved Opera House and frightened the nimble Jay into promising restitution of some $12,000,000 which they figured he and Jim had swiped.

But the Morgans, the Dixes, the Belmonts, and the Astors were practical men. There was nothing left in poor old Erie for them to grab, so they joined with their old enemy Gould in one last gigantic pool, which sent the worthless Erie stock up from 30 to 70 and 75—at which point they all sold out and bequeathed to their fellow stockholders and the long-suffering public a virtually bankrupt concern.

As Jim Fisk had said on a previous similar occasion, "Nothing was lost save honor!"

THE END

. . . LABOR AND CAPITAL AGREE

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Doctors DON'T Tell

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

It is self-evident that this true story does not arraign the entire medical profession. In every installment you meet with honest, able doctors, as the author has in every phase of his career. His conviction is simply that within his profession some things are wrong, that they are screened from the public because of "medical ethics," and that the consequences nearly everywhere are a certain number of dishonest or incompetent or careless doctors and of objectionable institutions. He has concluded—and Liberty agrees with him—that a frank account of his own experiences and observations should help toward bringing about a house cleaning. The facts he states are genuine; all names and places are changed beyond the possibility of identification.

Last week he told of the fatal illness of his own Uncle Charlie, who was attended by a medical "fourflusher." Knowing this Dr. Esser, the city bacteriologist made more than one test of the dying man's blood. Thus it was proved that Esser's first two diagnoses were mistakes, and that his third, a last resort in self-defense, was an injurious lie. Dr. "Raymond" told also of a sincere but unavailing medical effort to save the life of a young man who had got an infection from shaving.

PART FOUR—THE PRICE OF POLITICS

ILLUSTRATED BY
HY RUBIN

STUDENTS in medicine certainly take chances. One week in junior year spring term we had four members of the class down on their backs, very sick. Willy Wagner was at the General Hospital. He hadn't exposed himself to a disease at school, but he had been working for his tuition by taking a dishwashing job in a restaurant evenings, after which he would go to the General Hospital as a relief night interne. In this way he got food, a roof over his head, and some money; but he burned the candle at both ends, which usually spells t. b.

One Sunday afternoon, while working in Ward B, he took a coughing spell and hemorrhaged all night. Monday morning the doctors called for blood donors. Practically our whole class rushed to volunteer.

After a year in a sanatorium—a lost year so far as his work was concerned—he might be strong enough to come back to school. But there wasn't much hope of his finishing the course, since he couldn't expect to work as he had been doing, and he had no other way of getting along.

Another lad, Charlie Leon, was also in the General. I heard Drs. Rogers and Ellis discussing his case. Dr. Rogers agreed that it looked like typhoid, but felt it was not, as they could not get a positive Widal test.

I wondered if Charlie got something from those rabbits we had in the physiology zoo. He was taking care of them—and every one of them died in two days' time. Dr. Manhart had Dr. Thorpe open them up. They were full of abscesses. Thorpe said it was tularemia, but he had never heard of any cases in man. Anyhow, Charlie died.

Jim Larsen was over at Trinity with real typhoid. In the bacteriology laboratory he dropped a test tube containing a pure culture of typhoid bacilli. Presently they got pure typhoid culture from his blood. His chances were only two to one, since typhoid kills one out of every three who get it. He turned out to be the odd one.

Dean Witherspoon gave out that Jim had himself brought on his death, and he may have been partly right. Jim was a nervous chap who had a habit of biting his fingernails. In the excitement of having so much lethal material spilled all over, he may have put his finger in his mouth and infected himself.

Jim admitted that this was possible, although he didn't

From one man's experience . . A revealing picture of secret hazards, handicaps, and tragedies in a noble profession

BY DR. "GEORGE B. RAYMOND"

"They call Dr. Bloor, who takes a look at the chart record. He nearly passed out!"

remember it. What he did remember, and what the dean said nothing about, was that he was working with worn-out and faulty equipment. The test tube had a sharp, jagged edge, and when he picked it up to remove the cotton stopper, he cut himself. This caused him to drop the deadly culture, break the tube, and spill the germs. In all probability it also caused an immediate, direct infection in the open cut.

Joe Cannon, another junior, had a streptococci infection in his arm. In the physiology laboratory, a tomcat clawed him as he was placing it in a safety box prior to giving it an anesthetic. Infection set in at once. Joe's arm was twice the normal size. He was out of his head, and finally buckled under.

I saw this accident. The safety box was old and worn out. The cat forced the lid off and was about to scamper away when Joe made a grab for it and got his fatal scratch.

Weeks before, I had personally seen requisitions by Dr. Manhart—which, of course, required the dean's O. K.—for several dozen new boxes to replace the old ones, and had heard the usually uncomplaining Manhart remark that he couldn't seem to get the dean to O. K. equipment for his, Manhart's, students.

The dean's laboratory (he taught therapeutics) was the acme of fine equipment, as was that of his crony Dr. Mountain. But in Dr. Manhart's laboratory, and in Dr. Thorpe's, where the other accident occurred, the equipment was pretty jumpy. The result was two unnecessary deaths.

The two boys died on the same day—aged twenty-four and twenty-five respectively—after having spent years preparing for their lifework.

The afternoon following the funerals, the dean called a meeting of all freshmen, sophomore, and junior medical students to lecture them on how to be careful. It was obvious that he feared the public might feel that the medical school was guilty of negligence.

This junior year was much harder for me than the other two had been—harder to "take," I mean—because I had finally realized what was at the bottom of all the stupidity and inefficiency which permeated Duggan—and still permeates, I regret to say, dozens of other medical schools throughout the country. The secret was, and is, politics—dirty, rotten city politics. This is the way it worked in the case of Duggan:

Trinity Hospital existed by virtue of funds made available each year by the board of aldermen of the city of Duggan. Dr. Rustman, who was the elective head of the hospital, was a marvelous mixer, glad-hander, and politician. He succeeded in getting Duggan Medical to use his hospital institution as a teaching hospital. Then he placed Dean Witherspoon and Professors Mountain, McConnell, Schlapkopf, and Steingold on the hospital pay roll.

The purpose of the last three appointments was obvious. By placing on the pay roll an Irishman, a German, and a Jew, all prominent, he not only brought business to the hospital but protected his own job and the jobs of the aldermen who elected him.

Politics being what they are, I don't blame Dr. Rustman so much—especially as he was far too wise to permit the boozer McConnell to operate, or the lazy Schlapkopf to lecture, or Steingold to disturb the patients with his hand-waving and his "unnerstants" and "sees." But in paying the taxpayers' money to Witherspoon and Mountain—both full-time and fully paid Duggan professors as distinguished from part-time volunteers like McConnell, Schlapkopf, and Steingold—he was committing an illegal act.

So were they—and that was where he had them.

Rustman, not being an official of the university, could say that he didn't know that Witherspoon and Mountain were being paid for all their time. But *they* knew. They couldn't explain to any investigating committee why they were on the public pay roll—the dean as a "lecturer to nurses," the professor as a "chemist," at $3,000 and $2,000 respectively—for work they didn't do and had no right to do.

All of which got down to this: Although Dean Witherspoon was the titular dean of the medical school, the real dean was Rustman. He it was who decided whether new equipment should be bought, who dictated promotions and demotions and—most important of all, politically—the choice of the physician teachers for the coveted "on the faculty" posts.

There were plenty of good doctors in our community, and some famous ones. Leaving Uncle Billy Mann out of consideration—some would say I was prejudiced—there was his excellent competitor in skill and usefulness, Dr. Joseph, who had done more surgical operations than McConnell had ever dreamed about.

There were Dr. McDowl Irvin, admittedly one of the world's most dexterous and skillful obstetrical operators, and Dr. Ellsworth Wallis, a man of acknowledged national reputation as an ophthalmologist.

By not having on the faculty these men with large practices, the opportunity for the students to get the best possible firsthand knowledge and to see the greatest possible number of cases was reduced.

There is also the probability that the man who is able to build up a tremendous practice has something outstanding and inspiring in his personality. On this point, students, who paid their money for the best and got only shopworn political hangers-on, were cheated.

Knowing all this, I determined to take my senior year elsewhere. To accomplish that determination was not easy. The comparatively few really good medical schools are hard to get into. But, as usual, I had a stanch friend in Uncle Billy.

At his suggestion, I applied for entrance at King's. At first they were unwilling to accept me, due, as they expressed it, "to a slight weakness in the faculty of Duggan." I learned afterward that I was finally admitted not on my Duggan credentials but on the special appeal of Uncle Billy, whose name really meant something wherever real medicine was practiced.

Some of the conditions at Duggan also existed at the new school, but standards of teaching were undoubtedly very much higher, and equipment was A 1. The hospital work, however, was far inferior to that which I had observed, through Uncle Billy's courtesy, at Trinity.

ONE of the surgeon-teachers at King's was a Dr. Bloor, a personable chap who knew his surgery. He did a lot of work, perhaps too much for any one man; and I suspected that he thought more of his fees than he did of his patients.

I was on hospital duty with six other students one Thursday afternoon when Dr. Bloor admitted a male patient with a provisional diagnosis of right nephrolithiasis (kidney stones in the right kidney). The patient, who was assigned to my section, told me that he had had trouble both with kidney stones and kidney colic previously. At the time of admission he was more or less under morphia to ease the colic pains.

The patient also stated that he had had a left nephrectomy fifteen years before; that is, he had already had his left kidney removed. This important fact I naturally noted in the history. In fact, I underlined it as part of the patient's chart record.

How were they going to get the stone out? They couldn't surgically remove the remaining kidney, or the patient would die. I had not seen the X-ray, which would show how large the stone actually was; but if they removed the stone without removing the kidney, it would be an operation heroic in nature—an achievement.

Friday afternoon the X-ray pictures were ready. They were good pictures, taken of the *right side only.* The stone could plainly be seen, outlining most of the pelvis and calyxes of the kidney. We all agreed that it was hopeless surgically, and that diet would be the only hope.

On Saturday the bulletin board gave notice that Dr. Bloor would hold a clinic on this case Monday morning. But when we returned for clinic duty on Monday, we were informed that the patient had died.

Monday afternoon, when I was completing the histories of various patients, the supervisor of the floor brought in the chart of Dr. Bloor's kidney case. Deep in the chart, I found this surgical record:

Sunday:

8 P. M.—Patient in extreme pain. Dr. Bloor called. Ordered ¼ gr. M. S. for pain. Patient ordered to surgery at 8.45 P. M. Orders: Abdominal and right lumbar preparation.

8.45 P. M.—Patient admitted to surgery. Given ¼ M. S. and 1/150 atropine. Condition favorable. Sleeping.

9 P. M.—Drs. Bloor and Frazier perform a right nephrectomy. Anesthetic by Dr. Stevens: Ether, nitrous oxide, and oxygen. Condition: good. Temp.: 100. Pulse: 80. Resp.: 24.

12 Midnight—Patient's condition not so good. Copiously perspiring—a bit irrational. Temp.: 100. Pulse: 90. Resp.: 28, etc., etc.

Monday:

6.45 A. M.—Patient expired, 6.43 A. M. Signed: Dr. Hand, Resident Physician.

WHEW! I sat down to think it over. Could it be possible that a surgeon of Dr. Bloor's reputation had intentionally removed the patient's one remaining kidney? Was Dr. Bloor a quiet drinker or a dope fiend? No, he was a busy, ambitious individual.

I looked carefully at the chart again. There it was—the fact that the man had only one kidney—in my own handwriting, underlined.

Didn't a teacher-surgeon look at a patient's chart?

I knew one of the "kids," the title given student nurses on surgical service. I had done a few favors for her, so I quietly hunted her up. After I had explained that I was interested because the case was on my service, and promised to forget when I heard what she knew, she said: "Well, here it is. The patient kicked up a fuss last night. Dr. Bloor came in. The day staff that knew all about the case was off duty. The night gang didn't know much about it. So up to surgery goes the patient. Zip! Out comes the kidney! The patient started acting up funny about midnight. They call Dr. Bloor, who takes a look at the chart, and sees where some one had underlined in the history that the poor guy had only one kidney. Bloor nearly passed out!"

"How about the X-ray picture—hadn't he seen that?"

"Picture, my eye! Bloor had two cases just alike—at least, *almost* alike!—one here with only one kidney, another at St. Joseph's with two kidneys, but both with trouble in the right kidney. See?"

I saw all too clearly. Bloor, overworked in his grim effort to make a lot of money, and probably without sufficient sleep, had been too "busy" to look at his patient's chart or his X-ray plates. The result, murder, translated by hospital etiquette into "an act of God."

But King's, as I have said, was, pedagogically speaking, a great improvement on Duggan.

June 22 of that year was Graduation Day. In all the turmoil of handshaking, shoulder-slapping, and well-wishing, I alone of my class had not a solitary soul to congratulate me or wish me well.

My family had made preparations to be present—bless their hearts!—but my wife developed a severe cold, and Uncle Billy said she mustn't leave her bed. Uncle Billy himself, busy as usual, sent me a wire, as did many others, but no one came out personally to the exercises. It was a long trip and expensive.

But the reunion at home with Cleo and the youngsters, after four years of pinching, scraping, studying, hoping, slaving, was—well, let it go at that!

My first caller was Dr. Ike Boldan. Ike had one grand piece of news. Willy Wagner was well again. He returned to school during examination week to register for next year. By another dispensation of Providence he was going to be able to go on with his study of medicine. A wealthy middle-aged woman, visiting the sanatorium where he was confined, had met Willy, liked him, heard his story, and offered to finance him until he could get his shingle up. I often wonder more wealthy people don't do that for decent, sincere medical students. The way medical colleges are raising tuitions, it won't be long before a poor boy, even though brilliant, will be unable to study medicine without some such help.

Everybody in the old class, Ike said, had come through O. K. except poor Joe Catalano. Joe was as smart as anybody when it came to laboratory work, and he had the deft hands of the born surgeon. His character was good too, and his record for industry and application. But he just couldn't learn to speak or write the English language. He had what Dr. Mayer, the college medical psychologist, called a "bilingual complex."

You can imagine what old Mountain, with his passion for spelling, did to Joe!

Professor Manhart spoke up for the boy. He cited several physicians he knew as students who had bilingual difficulty but who in practice were very successful. Dr. Mayer tried to help too. But when the vote was taken, it stood seven to two for dropping Joe.

He had been at Duggan eight years. Because of his difficulty with the language, he had failed each of his four years and had repeated each.

The university certainly had a great responsibility in this case. Obviously, if Joe failed his freshman year and had to repeat, and then failed his sophomore year for reasons which made him unfit to be a doctor, he should have been stopped at this point. He should not have been permitted to go on through the other two years and repeat each and then be told he was unfit.

But Joe *wasn't* unfit. He was just a bad linguist. The faculty knew that when they took him. They knew it all those eight years they were taking his money. If they allowed him to continue up to 99½ per cent of completion, they should have seen him through.

All of which wouldn't be so terrible if Joe could have continued elsewhere. But it stood to reason that any other medical school would refuse him on his record.

A LIFE blighted and seared because political postholders refused to cut pedantic red tape.

"And that isn't the worst of it," Ike continued. "Late in the evening of the day before graduation, several of us were standing at the rear window of the physiology clinic. It was raining; a mean, dark, miserable day. Down in the yard we saw some one come out of the back door of the medical school. He shuffled slowly along in the rain, hands in his pockets, books under the right arm, head down. He was thinking so hard that he walked right into a parked automobile.

"He must have hurt himself, for he stopped and rubbed his knee. Finally he sat down on the bumper of the car and covered his face with his hands. We could see his body shaking and hear him sobbing.

"After maybe five minutes he got up slowly and stretched his arms upward. His books fell into the mud. We heard him moan, 'O God, I can't go on!'

"Then he picked up his books, shook his fist at the medical school, and shambled down to the sidewalk. By the light of the street lamp we made him out. It was Joe Catalano!"

I could not trust myself to speak. Ike, too, was greatly moved. Finally he said:

"He was buried this morning. He went home, took a bath, put on clean clothes from top to bottom, wrote two letters—one to his mother and one to his sweetheart—and turned on the gas.

"Last night," Ike continued acidly, "Dean Witherspoon called at the undertaker's and placed his diploma in the coffin with Joe. It was probably just as good a place to put it as anywhere else. Both are dead."

"Jim Larsen, Joe Cannon—and now Joe Catalano."

"Yeah," said Ike. "Three unnecessary deaths—all chargeable to dear old Duggan!"

An emergency operation performed in the street upon a child mangled by an automobile; an amazing recovery by a youth at death's door; a careless diagnosis that nearly cost a boy's life—of these Dr. "Raymond" will tell you frankly in next week's installment.

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Stupidity and Abuse of Power of a Tax Agent

CHICAGO, ILL.—Maybe one of your readers can top this one. I still boil when I think of it.

I happen to be an executive of a large organization. One day my secretary interrupted me:

"There's some strange man outside. He's behaving very badly. He's showing everybody out there a statement of your income for last year and telling them how much money you made and that you didn't file an income tax."

I was furious. It was such a gross and grotesque violation of every canon of decency that I was half convinced it was a practical joke. I asked that the man be brought into my office at once.

He actually *was* an agent of the Internal Revenue Bureau. He actually *had* been showing clerks and stenographers a statement of my income. And he insisted that I had not paid any tax on that income.

There was an unpleasant scene before I took up the matter of my "failure" to pay any income tax upon that salary. It happened to fall due around the spring of President Roosevelt's bank moratorium. In order to enclose a check when filing my return, I had found it necessary to have my bank issue me a check of its own for the amount.

"You go to the bank," I told this agent. "They'll confirm it."

He refused to go. He said it was *my* responsibility to establish proof that I had paid my income tax. I told him that would be all right. And I ordered him out of my office.

I don't know how much time I wasted, in the next few weeks, obtaining "necessary proof." I had to take the matter up personally with the bank. They furnished me a letter of confirmation, including the serial number of the check that had been issued by them and which I had enclosed when filing my return.

That wasn't enough. The letter was rejected by Washington. I was ordered to furnish a photostatic copy of the check itself. I spent more time and money arranging for this.

It wasn't enough, either. They not only wanted a photostatic copy of the face of the check, which I had furnished, but they wanted a photostatic copy of the back of the check as well. More time and more expense!

That closed the matter—except for the personal bitterness created within me against the needless stupidity and gross abuse of power of a tax agent who, swollen with his own authority, forgot that it was a democratic government that had invested him with that authority.

The harm he did to me was slight. But the antagonism he bred in me—and God knows who else—against himself, an agent of the government, may not have been slight.

If publication of this and other letters that I have seen in Liberty will correct tactlessness, high-handedness, and unfairness in public servants, if it will help put down what is generally recognized as an alarming—and growing—abuse of power in America today, then I shall be proud to have contributed this account of my own experience.—*Business Man.*

"PERIPHRASIS" IS CORRECT

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In February 5 Vox Pop you publish a letter from Mrs. Adeline Leonard under the heading, What Word Is It? The word is undoubtedly, "filibuster." I would suggest that Mrs. Leonard inform the professor in question that he is slightly hyperpolysyllabicsesquipedalianistic. — *George H. Rader.*

NILES CENTER, ILL.—Mrs. Adeline Leonard is clearly a victim of that widespread disease, palabraphobia, or fear of words. The word she is worrying about, described as meaning a "circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonority, circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity," is manifestly "rigmarole," and it has three syllables, not four.—*N. B.*

WOONSOCKET, R. I.—This is to clear Mrs. Adeline Leonard's mind of any doubt it may harbor concerning the "guessing" powers of Liberty readers. I feel sure that many other readers will also find that "periphrasis" is the four-syllable word which her professor defined in a decidedly periphrastic manner. —*Gerard J. Lessard.*

BOMBING PLANES DROP LOVE NOTES?

IOWA FALLS, IA.—Have read War on Your Doorstep, by Frazier Hunt (January 29 Liberty).

One thing I cannot understand, and that is that if it is now possible for bombing planes to destroy a city such as New York, or even a large part of it, in "exactly twenty seconds," how come that the cities of Spain are still in existence after more than a year of warfare and the planes do not have to fly over three thousand miles of water to reach them?

Are the boys who are doing the bombing merely dropping love notes, or is there some exaggeration about all this possibility of destroying our large cities in less than a minute by the watch?—*C. M. Wray, M. D.*

"DEAR FATHER GOD, TAKE SPECIAL CARE OF HIM"

SYRACUSE, N.Y.—As a tribute to a promising young Liberty salesman and as a touch of balm to a mother's agonized pain, I am writing this letter.

Last June, my young son came to me and asked if his dad or I would object to his selling Liberty. I looked into his eager face, which still bore the stamp of babyhood, and realized I had a young man; so I asked him, "Why?" He said some of the boys in school were going to get "bikes" for passing and he'd like to earn one. He had always been an honor student and had never received any such rewards. We had always feared that the busy city streets were too dangerous for so young a lad to have a bicycle.

Promptly your Liberty agent came, and after school our little lad threw his magazine bag over his boyish shoulders, squared with pride, and departed down the street, smiling. In no time he had established a route.

On his birthday in July we surprised him with the bicycle he so longed for. Words cannot express how much he enjoyed this greatest of boys' desires and used it weekly to deliver his increasing number of magazines up to December 13.

He had received enough "greenies" to obtain a new bell, which he sent for in December; and enough money to purchase a carefully chosen Christmas gift for each of us.

But, three days before Christmas, we buried this wholesome, life-loving little lad.

After a nightmarish rush of twelve hours from the time we hopefully took our scarlet-fever-sick little lad to the hospital for the aid of an oxygen tent, through two hours of agonized waiting, Death stole our Bob; and after returning from the cold, wind-blown cemetery, we found his bike with the Liberty bag thrown over the handle bars just where he stood it in the garage the week before.

As one great mother said, "We mothers who have experienced the miracle of birth should be the last ones to acknowledge the reality of death." So, dear Father God, take special care of him—he was so trusting and so young—and give me the strength and courage he had, and maybe my battle will be won.—*Louise Youngs.*

NEW FASHION IN FISHING?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Yeah, that was a beautiful picture of a girl on front of January 29 Liberty. Yet I doubt if any one could fish with reel on *end of rod.*—*W. S. Bowers.*

WHAT IS AMERICANISM?

BANDON, ORE.—After reading the Vox Pop pages in several issues of Liberty, I discovered a profusion of patriotic phrases. To quote: " One hundred per cent American "; " American organization "; and, finally, the much abused and overworked term " Americanism." Curiosity and a sense of humor prompted me to conduct a poll of opinion among my list of friends and enemies. To date I have received exactly twenty-one different and unsatisfactory definitions of Americanism.

Now, I'm still curious. What is Americanism? How do *you* define it? Will some real, honest-to-goodness, hundred-per-cent American come to the rescue and answer this last question?—*Jack C. Woodruff.*

MELVIN H. PURVIS NOMINATED FOR GOLD MEDAL OF VALOR

CHESTER, S. C.—I nominate Melvin H. Purvis, former F. B. I. agent, late of the Chicago office, for your Gold Medal of Valor in Citizenship.

In my opinion, Mr. Purvis has never received the proper recognition he deserved from the government for his untiring zeal, valor, and courage in getting rid of archcriminals of the country.

I received a Distinguished Service Cross, Purple Heart Medal, and two others in the World War. Yet Mr. Purvis deserves more credit than I —which he has never gotten!—*Dr. W. L. Davidson, Formerly Major D. C., 114th Infantry, A. E. F.*

[Among a host of others that nominated Melvin H. Purvis were: From Columbia, S. C.: W. L. Perry, Mrs. Henri Rochelle Going, Dora P. Brown, David S. Liles, Carl W. Flemister, Jr., Leonora H. Elliott, Ione Wheeler, L. D. Strom, William E. Boozer, Fannie B. Powell, R. A. Harkey, Harold Mullen, Katharine P. Griffin, Dorothy R. Clyde, Mrs. W. P. Crown, Joe P. Jackson, and John G. Hills. From Fayetteville, Ark.: C. B. Beasley, Donald E. Getchel, Garnett Morehead, A. S. Catching, William Chase, R. L. Myers, Robert L. Berg, and L. C. Lindsay. From Los Angeles, Calif.: Bruce McNeil, John Cobb, William E. Englebert, Wayne Travis, Glen Shival, Norman Martin, Lawrence Nelson, Bill Galloway, and Fred L. Beeman. From Clinton, S. C.: Malcolm Hemphill, George S. Beatty, Jr., Max Jones, R. L. Boswell, L. W. McLeod, M. C. Patterson, and J. A. Witherspoon. From University, Ala.: James White, Edward F. Carter, Jr., Jack Reed, Mildred Smart, R. L. Holycross, and Haynes G. Jackson. From Macon, Ga.: George W. Brown and Leon Heavin. From Chapel Hill, N. C.: James Van Kirk and Edwin Reich. Also from William Johnson, Chestertown, Md., W. E. Cushwa, Hampden Sydney, Va., T. Townsend, Newark, Del., Walter Lobdell, Baton Rouge, La., Shuler Jamieson, Knoxville, Tenn., and Ray Hawkins, Walter W. Nelson and Walter Hoadley, Berkeley, Calif. And the members of the staff and employees of the Rhode Island State Hospital, R. I., sent in their votes for Mr. Purvis.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

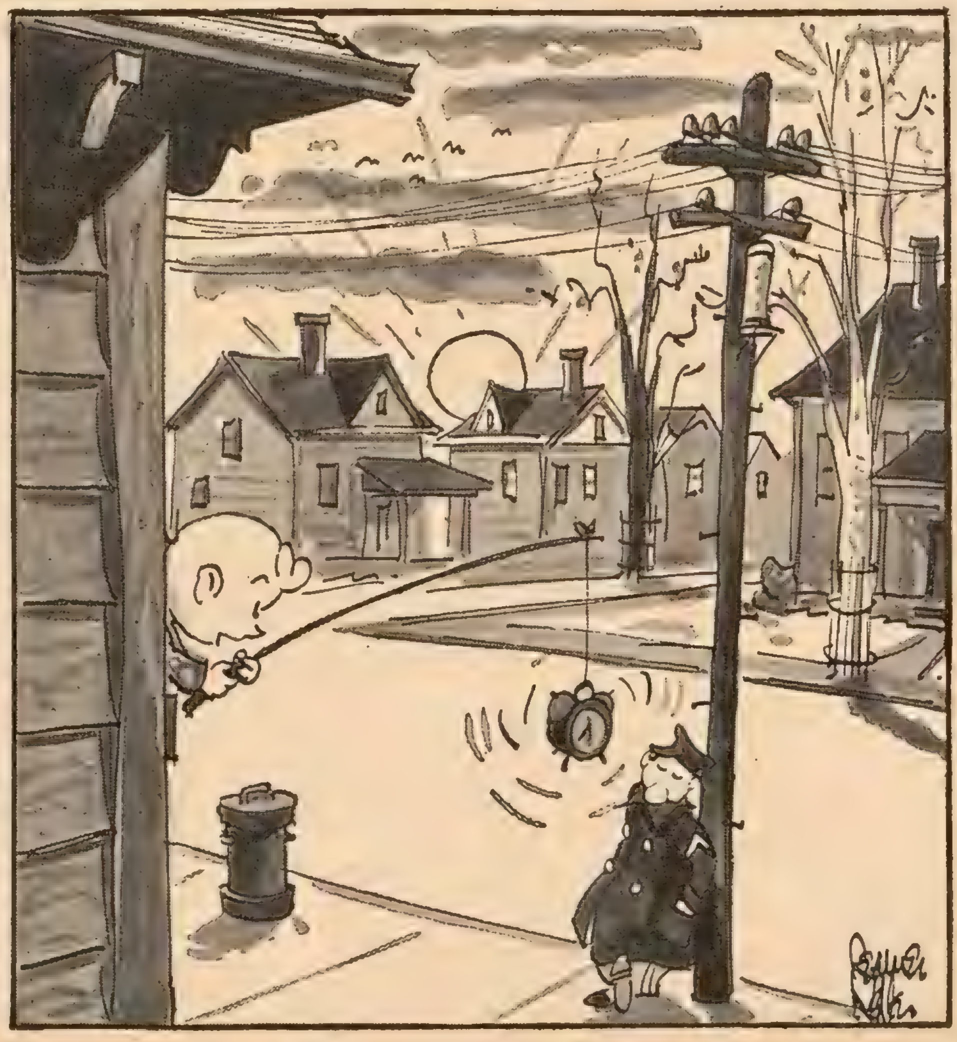
"I KNOW MY BUSINESS AND EVERYBODY ELSE'S"

GUTHRIE OKLA—AFTER LISTENING TO AND READING THE SPEECHES OF JACKSON HENDERS OF WALLACE ICKES ETAL AND THE APPARENT APPROVAL OF THE WHOLE ADMINISTRATION I AM REMINDED OF A FAMOUS OKLAHOMA OIL COUNTRY CHARACTER NAMED JAY DEE. GIVE JAY DEE ABOUT FOUR DRINKS OF STRONG FORTY ROD MOONSHINE WHISKY AND WHEN ITS POWER GOT TO WORKING GOOD HE WOULD SAY IM SMART AS THE DEVIL I KNOW MY BUSINESS AND EVERYBODY ELSES AM SURE IF JAY DEE WAS ALIVE TODAY HE WOULD BE ON THE BRAIN TRUST OF THE NEW DEAL.—LASH LIFTON.

NORTH CAROLINA LIKES LIBERTY EDITORIALS

RALEIGH, N. C.—Everybody in North Carolina reads Liberty. Ask any one you meet, whether it be in Clayton or Concord, this question: " What do you like best in Liberty? " If he or she does not tell you that it is the editorials by Bernarr Macfadden, then hop the next boat or train or bus and come to Tarheelia and the writer will set you up to some of the best twenty-four-hour corn likker that ever oozed out of a galvanized still.—*Leon Hewitt.*

"HARDTACK"



"Seven thirty, Officer Casey—time to get up."

WHO IS GREATEST ACTOR?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In her estimation of John Barrymore as " unquestionably the greatest actor of our time, perhaps the greatest of all times " (February 5 To the Ladies), the Princess Kropotkin, I fear, stands in a class by herself.

Had she said: " The classic beauty of Jimmy Durante far outshines anything America has yet produced "; or, " The art of Walt Disney should take its place in the same category as that of Murillo and Raphael," the statement would have been no more open to dispute.

When one recalls the outstanding performances of such artists as Irving, Arliss, Coquelin, Lunt, Mansfield, Joseph Jefferson, Otis Skinner, Lionel Barrymore, Emil Jannings, and a score of others, one wonders if the Princess knows an orchid from an onion!—*E. H. Drake.*

NORTHWESTERN BOYS ARE PROUD OF THE CHALLENGER

CASPER, WYO.—Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth state that the Challenger is operated by the Union Pacific Railway in their answer to Question No. 12 in January 29 Liberty.

This train is operated by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway between Chicago and Omaha and by the U. P., Omaha to the West Coast. Wonder if you wouldn't give the Northwestern credit? We Northwestern boys are rather proud of this train. —*Roy L. Gosnell.*

DEFINITION OF LOVE

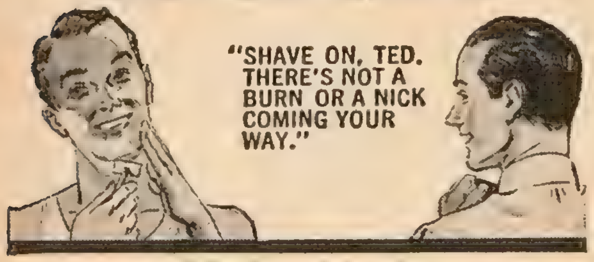
HANCOCK, VT. — Some time ago a Vox Popper asked for the definition of love. Seems funny; I thought every one knew, for I learned the truth at a very young age. I will give it to you as it was given to me:

Love is a funny little thing,
It is something like a lizard;
It twirls itself around your heart
And nibbles at your gizzard.

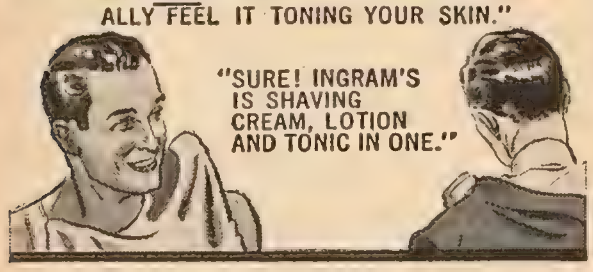
I hope that I have thrown light upon the subject for our friend of Vox Pop.—*Priscilla Drake.*

Enjoy the KICK of an Ingram's Shave

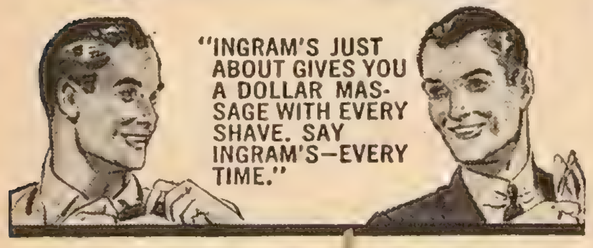
"MAN—DOES THIS FACE TAKE TO INGRAM'S! I'M SOLD—AND FOR LIFE!"


"SHAVE ON, TED. THERE'S NOT A BURN OR A NICK COMING YOUR WAY."

"THE KICK IS GRAND. YOU CAN ACTUALLY FEEL IT TONING YOUR SKIN."


"SURE! INGRAM'S IS SHAVING CREAM, LOTION AND TONIC IN ONE."

"I SWEAR MY FACE LOOKS YOUNGER—AND IT'S CERTAINLY SMOOTHER."


"INGRAM'S JUST ABOUT GIVES YOU A DOLLAR MASSAGE WITH EVERY SHAVE. SAY INGRAM'S—EVERY TIME."

FIRST OF ALL, you get economy! For Ingram's is concentrated—the smallest morsel whips up into a snowbank of cooling, active lather that softens up the toughest whiskers and lets your blade mow them down without burn or sting. It's the KICK of Ingram's that makes it unique, the bracing, astringent, tonic KICK that you get with the first brushful and stays with you for hours. Try Ingram's —*the triple treat formula*—shaving cream, tonic and lotion in one.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

FINAL WEEK!

Get Your Entry In On Time!

LIBERTY'S $750 CASH PRIZE WORDS WITHIN WORDS CONTEST

●

THESE SIMPLE RULES TELL YOU HOW TO WIN!

1. This contest will run for five weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 19, 1938.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal blank squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters, the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Any English word found in Funk & Wagnalls' New Unabridged Standard Dictionary, the official reference of this game, may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the dotted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of five is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them, together with a fifty-word statement on "'The Contest I Like Best, and Why," to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total accompanied by the clearest, most logical statement will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the First Prize of $300. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; ten prizes, each $10; and forty prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Wednesday, March 30, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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DIAGRAM 5 *Total*............

GRAND TOTAL..............

HERE'S your last chance to get into this great game and win some easy money! You can enter direct from this page and then get the first four diagrams, if you need them, by writing as instructed in the paragraph at the foot of this column! Be sure that your entry complies with the rules and that you get it into the mail on time.

In the first weeks of the contest several questions have been received and they are answered here for the information and guidance of every contestant.

A word may be used but once in any one diagram. For the purposes of this contest the singular and plural of a word are counted as the same word and cannot both be used in the same diagram. This also applies to comparative and superlative forms. For instance, if you use the word "fast," the words "faster" and "fastest" are not allowable in the same solution. Do not use proper names.

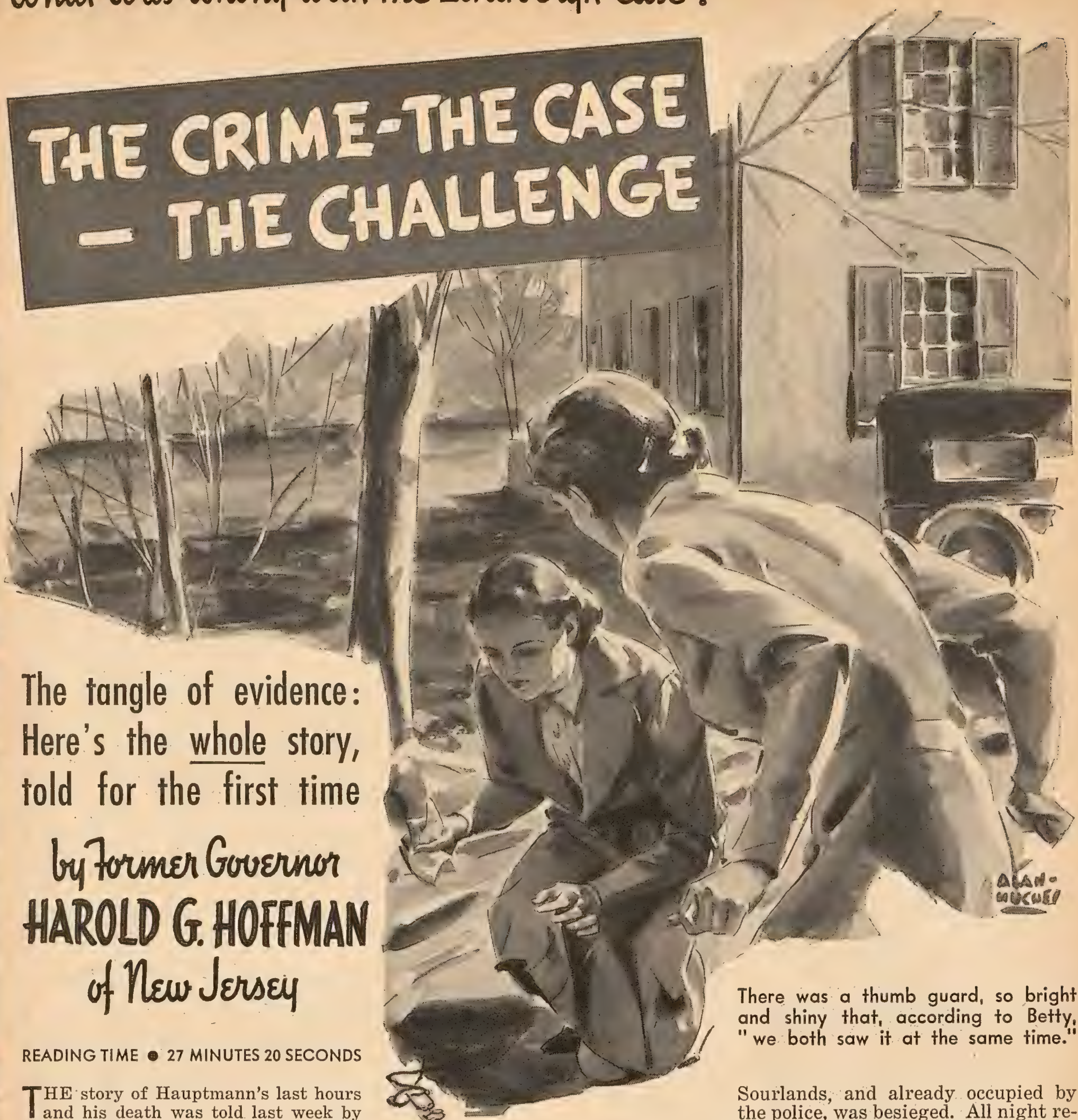
And now the inevitable but always necessary caution against elaboration. Don't spend time and money in decorating your entry! This is not a fancywork contest. Ornamentation will not count. Concentrate on the highest possible score instead. Simplicity is best.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first four diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. Upon each late-entry blank will be reproduced a completely worked out Words Within Words diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score. All orders must be received on or before March 21, 1938.

What Was Wrong with the Lindbergh Case?

THE CRIME-THE CASE — THE CHALLENGE



There was a thumb guard, so bright and shiny that, according to Betty, " we both saw it at the same time."

The tangle of evidence: Here's the whole story, told for the first time

by Former Governor **HAROLD G. HOFFMAN** of New Jersey

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE story of Hauptmann's last hours and his death was told last week by Mr. Hoffman as he had it from Lloyd Fisher and the Rev. John Matthiesen. According to both, Hauptmann in no way collapsed, and he maintained that he was absolutely innocent. Fisher left him about an hour before his walk to the chair; Pastor Matthiesen stood beside it, reading from the Bible in German, when the current was turned on.

This told, Mr. Hoffman harked back and began a searching review of the entire record of the case. He pointed out, in contradiction to published accounts, that " little care had been exercised " in selecting the servants at Hopewell. He told of the Lindberghs' arrival on Saturday, February 27, 1932; of the baby's cold, because of which they stayed there—for the first time—through Monday; of Colonel Lindbergh's return from New York Tuesday evening; and of Whateley's phone call to the Hopewell police, reporting that the baby had been kidnaped.

PART EIGHT—THE WORLD'S MADDEST MANHUNT

"LINDBERGH BABY STOLEN!!"

Aghast, a nation awaited further details of the crime. Prayers went up everywhere for the safe return of the little Eaglet. Millions of people eagerly read the newspapers and listened for every bit of news that might come to them from Hopewell. The big white Lindbergh home, standing now in ghostly relief against the bleak Sourlands, and already occupied by the police, was besieged. All night reporters, flanked by cameras, had been hurrying to the scene, trampling down clues and adding to the general confusion and the apparent bewilderment of the police. Dawn brought more police, more investigators, more reporters, picking up snatches of rumor—or inventing their own—and magnifying them into columns that bore the dignity of news.

Was the crime committed for vengeance? Was it an inside job? Was there a ransom note left in the nursery? (The police denied it.) Who made the ladder? Did the police get fingerprints? Were there footprints? Was the crime committed by a gang? Why didn't the dog bark? How did the kidnaper know that the nursery window was unfastened?

Out of the chaos in and about the Lindbergh home in those early days in March it was impossible to get a coherent and understandable story of the events leading up to, and following, the discovery of the kidnap.

In many respects, with a mass of evidence before us, with statements taken by the police from the members of the household—there was but little questioning—and with millions of words having been written about the crime, the story is still without coherence and lucidity.

It seems that after Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh went downstairs for supper—but perhaps we should have before us the story of the Lindberghs themselves, as they told it, shortly after the crime, to Lieutenant John J. Sweeney of the Newark Police Department.

"After supper," said Mrs. Lindbergh to the police lieutenant and a stenographer, "we went in the living room by the fire for a very short time, not more than five minutes. Then we both went upstairs into our bedroom. We were in the bedroom perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, talking. The Colonel went into the bathroom, drew a bath, took a bath, dressed again, and said he was going downstairs to read.

Mrs. Elsie Whateley and her husband, Ollie.

"After he left I drew a bath for myself; got ready for bed. I found that I had left the tooth powder in the baby's bathroom. I went down the hall, into the baby's bathroom, and took the tooth powder without lighting any lights. I returned to my bath and, after brushing my teeth, rang the bell for Elsie and asked her to fix me some hot lemonade. This was around 10 o'clock. Elsie went to fix it, and shortly after Betty came into my room and asked me if Colonel Lindbergh had taken the baby. I said I didn't know where he was but that it was quite likely. She ran to find him and I went into the baby's room. Coming back into my room, I met Colonel Lindbergh and asked him if he had the baby. He did not answer me. Some one had already told him. He went into his closet and got out his rifle. I ran into the baby's room again, looking through the bedclothes and closets. I then rushed back into my room. Elsie followed me.

"Without realizing what I was doing, I threw open the window and leaned far out. I heard what sounded like a cry over to the right and in front of me in the general direction of the woodpile. Before I could speak to Elsie she said quickly, 'That was a cat, Mrs. Lindbergh.' It might possibly have been the wind."

Colonel Lindbergh said: "Mrs. Lindbergh and I finished dinner at approximately 9 o'clock. We went from the dining room to the living room, where I heard a noise which I attributed to the dropping of something in the kitchen, such as a wooden box. At approximately 9.15 Mrs. Lindbergh and I went upstairs to our bedroom. I took a bath and after dressing went downstairs to the library, where I read for a few minutes at the desk next the window directly below the nursery window from which our son was taken.

"Miss Gow said to me, 'Colonel Lindbergh, have you got the baby? Please don't fool me.' I said, 'No.' She said, 'You must have the baby; he is gone!' I went into the nursery, and from the appearance of the bedclothes I felt sure that something was wrong. I immediately went into our bedroom and loaded a rifle which I keep there, then told Miss Gow to ask Mr. Whateley to come upstairs. I told him to call the sheriff immediately, and I waited upstairs while he made the call. After finding that the lines were not cut, I called Colonel Breckinridge in New York, then the State Police at Trenton. I left orders for no one to enter the nursery or to walk around the house until the police arrived."

Betty Gow told the police that, after the baby was put in his cot at 7.30, "Mrs. Lindbergh and I went to the windows and closed and locked the shutters, as they were half shut anyway. We couldn't lock one of the windows, as the shutters were warped and she spoke of having it fixed." At 8 o'clock, Betty said, she had re-entered the nursery, found the baby sleeping soundly, and fastened his covers to the bed with large safety pins. Then she went to the kitchen and had supper with the cook. After supper she turned on the radio, and after about five minutes had a telephone call from Henry "Red" Johnson, her boy friend, a sailor on the Lamont yacht.

"Red" and Betty, it seems, had arranged a "date" for that evening, but the unexpected journey to Hopewell had interfered, and the young man had called to say he was sorry that he had missed her. Before leaving Englewood she had tried to reach Henry, she said, but he was not at home, and she left a message for him to call the Morrow home. When Chief McRell of the Newark Police asked, "Why did you do that when you knew you wouldn't be home?" Betty replied that she was thinking how much it would cost "Red" to call Hopewell, so she told one of the girls at the Morrow house to tell him that she was not at home. "That was making him pay five cents," said McRell. "Well," retorted Betty, "I'm Scotch, but I'm not that Scotch, to save him five cents."

AFTER the phone call, Betty said, she went back to the sitting room, and Elsie came in and asked her to go upstairs and look at some new clothes. That was about 8.45. "I stayed with her," said Betty, "until about three minutes of ten, when I usually go in to see the baby. I opened the door into the baby's room, walked over to the window and closed it, put on the heater, and then went over to pick up the baby. I waited a few seconds, not hearing him breathe, and discovered that he was gone when I felt for him." Betty said she did not put on the lights. Seven days later she said, "I felt all over the bed for him." Yet Colonel Lindbergh subsequently said, "The bedclothing was standing stiffly enough so that the opening where the baby had been was still there; the clothing had not collapsed."

The Colonel was not sure whether he had seen the note on the window sill upon his first or second visit to the nursery. There had been but five or ten minutes between these visits. In the meantime he had impulsively seized his rifle, rushed outside into the darkness of the night, prompted by emotion, to find the baby—to do something, anything—to locate the kidnapers—to pursue them—to shoot and kill, if necessary. He had cried, "Anne, *they* have stolen our baby!"

There on that window sill was the note, undoubtedly left by these kidnapers. But Colonel Lindbergh coolly refrained from touching it, and ordered that no one else touch it, fearing obliteration of fingerprints that were never found. I wonder how many fathers, in such a situation, could have refrained from tearing open that note immediately? It might have contained information that it was all a joke; it might have contained a warning against notifying the police; it might have said that the child had been killed—that its body might be found in some near-by place. It might have contained a hundred different forms of horrifying news. But Colonel Lindbergh *for two hours* insisted that the note be undisturbed. He might have drawn on a pair of gloves himself and opened it without destroying fingerprints, but he even steeled himself against that temptation.

The butler, Whateley, who said that from 9 to 10.10 he had been reading, alone in the living room (Betty said she found "the butler and the cook" washing dishes in the kitchen), jumped in a car and started for the village to get flashlights; but he met Chief Wolf and Assistant Chief Williamson, who told him they had lights, and he turned back to the scene of the excitement.

State Trooper Joe Wolf arrived with Trooper Kane at about 10.55, then Troopers Lewis Bornmann and Nuncio De Gaetano at 11. Major Charles Schoeffel of the State Police came, as did Captain Lamb and Lieutenant Keaton. It was not until after midnight that Corporal Sam Leon and Trooper Frank Kelly arrived.

Before Kelly's arrival, at Lindbergh's direction Trooper Wolf removed the envelope from the window sill to the mantel with a knife. It was after 12.05 when Kelly opened the envelope with a nail file and dusted the ransom note with powder in a vain attempt to secure fingerprints. Kelly examined and tested for fingerprints the crib, the window sill, the window (which Mrs. Lindbergh and Betty Gow had together closed) inside and out, the sunlight lamp, the screen, the chest near the window through which the baby is supposed to have been taken, the suitcase atop that chest, the ladder, the dowel pin, the chisel. He found no fingerprints.

(Typical of the misinformation given to the public about this crime are statements contained in the book of Sidney Whipple, who writes: "With hands trembling from emotion, Major Schoeffel opened the envelope and extracted its contents.")

There is agreement on a number of things in the reports of the various police officers who were upon the scene in the two hours following the crime; but there are wide discrepancies as to other things. Not a single police officer (until Flemington) reported the "smudge" of mud upon the clothing in the child's crib. Not a single officer reported finding mud on the rungs of the ladder, although the muddy footprints of the man who climbed it were found, in varying numbers, within the nursery and outside the house.

TO Corporal Wolf of the State Police fell the writing of the detailed major initial report of the crime. Wolf wrote: "The *kidnapers* consisted apparently of a party of at least *two or more* persons. . . . Apparently two members of the party proceeded on foot to the east side of the Lindbergh residence and assembled a three-piece homemade extension ladder . . . *two sets of fresh footprints* leading off in a southeast direction . . . the three sections of the ladder were lying about seventy-five feet from the house, parallel with the footprints. . . . At time crime was committed . . . a strong wind was blowing . . . obvious crime has been carefully planned and the layout also routine of the Lindbergh home carefully studied . . . *kidnapers* arrived in a car which was left parked some distance from house either in Lindbergh's private lane or a rough road known as Featherbed Lane . . . I

"..that Velvet aroma makes me like to have a pipe around the house"
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Draws right in both
Better smoking tobacco

Copyright 1938,
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

detailed several troopers so that footprints would not be destroyed."

(The report of Corporal Wolf, the first State Police officer to reach the scene, was, of course, never brought to public light. At Flemington, Wolf, when asked, "How many footprints did you see?" answered, "*I saw one.*" Hauptmann was then on trial as a "lone wolf." Wolf later, under questioning, admitted that there was *one* woman's footprint, which, of course, was explained to have been made by Mrs. Lindbergh when she stepped off the catwalk during her afternoon walk. Wolf's report that at the time of the crime "a strong wind was blowing" is at variance with the opinion of Major Schoeffel, who, when asked by reporters why the envelope containing the ransom demand did not blow off the window sill, replied, "Oh, it was not very windy at that time.")

There were many confusing, conflicting reports. Williamson, writing his report upon the ladder, said he saw "two sections lying together and one section eight to ten feet away, the dowel pin and chisel near the further section." De Gaetano saw the ladder in three lengths, one section ten or fifteen feet from the other two, "but all three separate and lying parallel." Bornmann said he picked up the ladder, dowel pin, and chisel and took them into the Lindbergh home. Kelly says that at daybreak Lieutenant Lang pointed out a wooden dowel pin and a chisel in the yard on the east side of the house, and that he "picked up the chisel, wearing gloves, and brought it in the house."

De Gaetano in his official report says: "We traced rubber boots or overshoes impressions from the ladders down an old road toward the chicken coop. The footprints went across the road and appeared to stop alongside impressions from an auto."

WOLF found a "mark left by muddy feet" on the suitcase and floor beneath the window, "small and indistinct." Bornmann saw "sock marks" from the foot of the ladder to where the ladder lay. De Gaetano saw "yellow-clay footprints on sill, radiator, and floor, apparently made by stockinged feet." Kelly found a "gravel-colored dirt mark on the leather bag."

The nursery was directly over the library. The library shutters were open, with light streaming from the uncurtained, unshaded windows out into the yard. The ladder, it was claimed, was put up directly in the beams of light from this window of the library, occupied at the time by Colonel Lindbergh. It developed that the kidnaper had made his perilous ascent and descent upon this ladder without being noticed.

The shadowy stranger from the outside, bent on hurried criminal intrusion, and without any inside information, did not disturb the stein on the window sill, and skillfully moved, without making a noise, over the leather suitcase with the top of a toy ark upon it. He did not trip over any of the furniture in the darkened room; skillfully removed the child and performed the unusual athletic feat of balancing upon the top rung of the ladder, thirty inches below the window, with only one arm free; closed the window and, although the ladder was broken, made his descent without leaving a mark in the soft earth. Then he obligingly carried the three sections of the broken ladder seventy-five feet with his spare hand, and deposited the chisel beside it.

Although the records show that upon the three previous nights there had been almost continuous visits to the room of the sick child, the statements and reports indicate that upon this fatal night the Lindbergh boy had been left alone for two hours without even a peep into his room for assurance that he was comfortable.

Hundreds of questions were raised, and will continue to be raised, as to the improbability of the commission of the crime without the aid of some one who knew the details of the home and the habits of its occupants. There will be ever-recurring questions as to the manner in which the kidnaper escaped through the cordon of police back to New York without being detected. There will be both praise and criticism of Colonel Lindbergh for the scientific patience he displayed in waiting two hours for the opening of the note. It will always be asked why a cool, cunning criminal who would stop to wash off fingerprints from all places in the nursery, or who would wear gloves and disguise footprints, would not take the simple precaution of cutting the telephone wires, thus shutting off the isolated home from communication with the outside world.

But there is a question that keeps burning in my mind—a question to which I have never been given a satisfactory answer: *Why would a kidnaper choose that time of the evening—between eight and ten o'clock—when the house was full of light and moving people?* During that period there was every reason to expect detection from either the outside or the inside. A kidnaper waiting an hour or two, until the members of the household were asleep and the house was in darkness, could have entered through the same unlocked window and would have had until morning to make his getaway.

Dawn found Colonel Lindbergh and a party of State Police officers tramping the neighborhood. Corporal Wolf in his official report says: "I was later detailed by Lieutenant Keaton to accompany himself, Sergeant Haussling, Detective Horn, and Colonel Lindbergh in an attempt to secure information from near-by neighbors. No definite information was secured and we returned to the residence about 4.30 A. M." Shortly after daylight Wolf and three other troopers were again sent out, and after a search that lasted until 1.30 P. M. returned "without success in finding any clue or securing any information from persons interviewed regarding suspicious cars or persons having been noticed in this section at any time previous to the time crime was committed."

(I emphasize this report of Corporal Wolf because one of the neighbors interviewed was Millard Whited, who two years later was to say that he *did* see a suspicious man, and whose identification brought that man from New York to New Jersey and subsequently to his death. Detective Horn, one of the members of the party, told me, just recently, that he distinctly recalls visiting Whited's home, and that Whited at no time, in his presence, mentioned seeing a suspicious person in the vicinity of the Lindbergh home before the night of the crime.)

On March 2 the nation started to organize itself into the greatest man hunt in history. More police moved into the Lindbergh estate, cables and miles of telephones were strung as Hopewell became the news center of the world. Messages of sympathy and hope poured in from everywhere. Hundreds of people were questioned; "tips" coming in from all corners of the nation hampered the police investigation. The New Jersey Legislature prepared to enact a bill to make the crime of kidnaping punishable by death; but Colonel Lindbergh, fearing that this would interfere with the safe return of the child, requested that this action be delayed.

DR. HIBBEN of Princeton offered to have university students form a chain to search through the woods for miles around the estate; the Boy Scouts made a similar offer. Both were rejected. Colonel Schwarzkopf, Superintendent of the New Jersey State Police, when questioned by reporters as to the reason for not using bloodhounds, replied that none were available. The press advised that dog owners claimed that one hundred hounds could have been assembled at Hopewell within two hours. Colonel Schwarzkopf later stated in a letter to C. A. Norton, of the Boston City Council, that bloodhounds were not used "on account of the rain and the great number of newspaper men making it impossible."

Henry "Red" Johnson, who had been to the Lindbergh Hopewell home several times with Betty Gow, was picked up in Hartford. Some of his actions, the police felt, were "suspicious"; he was held for several days, taken to Newark, grilled, and released. One by one, other suspects were "cleared." The "best police brains" in the nation were assembled in Trenton at the request of Governor Moore, listened to a description of the clues, discussed theories, and departed, still baffled.

Colonel Henry Breckinridge, the Lindbergh friend and adviser, had been almost continuously at the scene of the crime. Mrs. Dwight Morrow, grandmother of the child, had gone there to console her daughter on the morning after the kidnap. Rumors started to fly that the Lindberghs, frantic, were ready to "deal" with the underworld. Morris "Mickey" Rosner had been brought into the case by Robert H. Thayer of New York, an associate of "Wild Bill" Donovan. He had gone to see Rosner on the morning of March 2, in the Central Jury Court, where Rosner was the plaintiff in an action. He urged Rosner to enter the case and give the Lindbergh family the benefit of his experience. Rosner, according to a statement given Inspector Harry Walsh of the Jersey City Police by Thayer, "had professed to know a great deal about the underworld and on various occasions had taken me to underworld hangouts and pointed out various members of different gangs."

ROSNER went to Hopewell with Thayer. He was given $2,500 for expenses and an understanding that he would not be followed as he attempted to make contacts with the underworld. He asked to see the original note. "Mrs. Breckinridge," said Thayer, "went and got it from some one and brought it to us. Rosner gave it to me and told me to make an exact copy of it, imitating the handwriting as near as possible and also the signature." This Thayer did, and he handed it to Rosner, adding, "I have not seen it since the day I gave it to him." Rosner at noon of March 3 went to the office of his attorney, Edward Aranow, 1 Christopher Street. He then went to see an underworld character. On the morning of Saturday, March 5, the second ransom note was opened by Trooper Kelly.

"I read the note over his shoulder," said Thayer, "and later Captain Lamb came into the room and read it with a magnifying glass. Colonel Lindbergh brought the note into the living room and showed it to Rosner, who the minute he read it said: 'Get me two troopers; I must take this note to town at once.' He left with the note in his pocket. I did not see this note until about ten days later."

Rosner, with the copy of the nursery note and the original second ransom note, had been again in New York. He had called on Dudley Field Malone. He had met and shown the notes to Salvatore Spitale and Irving Bitz, later to appear publicly as the underworld "emissaries," in the Cadillac Restaurant, Broadway and Forty-third Street.

These things must be pointed out to the skeptics who scout the possibility that copies of the ransom notes could have gotten out of the Lindbergh home and that they might have been used as the basis of extortion negotiations entirely separate from the crime of kidnaping. Not alone were these notes in circulation in New York through the manner described, but photographic copies of the original note were being offered for sale, through sources close to the State Police, to newspapers. And I am not writing anything that I cannot prove. Just as photographs of the nursery,

Look out for March . . .

KEEP A CLEAR HEAD* WITH KOOLS

Try a pack between gusts! They're an excellent blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos with just enough mild menthol added to give you extra protection during cold weather. *Smoke 'em more often!* And save those coupons, good in the United States for premiums like silverware, table lamps, cigarette lighters, and dozens more. *Smoke 'em all the time!* They're soothing. And they're refreshing.

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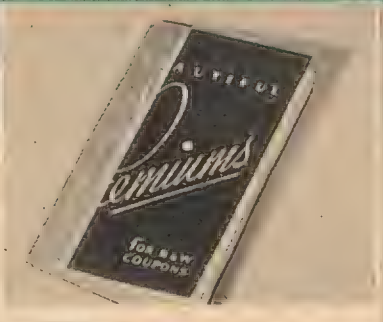

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RALEIGH AND VICEROY CIGARETTES ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

supposedly only in the possession of the State Police, had found their way into the newspaper offices, the nursery note had made its way into circulation.

As early as March 9, Amster Spiro, city editor of the New York Journal, complaining of police treatment of the press, had wired: "Disposition of newspapers is to print accurate information and only such things as are helpful. Journal has proven this by not making public contents of ransom note which is in our possession."

Some of the information contained in Thayer's statements is interesting: "There was a clear footprint of a stockinged foot on the black suitcase. Footprints on the floor were later proved to be those of Mrs. Lindbergh, identified by three indentations caused by knobs on her golf shoes." Thayer's comments upon police activities are interesting: "There were about fifteen to twenty State Troopers in uniform standing outside the house, doing nothing but talking and smoking in automobiles or else arranged along the fence that forms part of the courtyard. The head of State Troopers was in plain clothes, accompanied by five or six assistants, and seemed to be active in examining the ground and making and receiving telephone communications. The Jersey City Police Force was there in great numbers, consisting also of ten to fifteen plainclothes men who seemed to be working together on many of the same matters that were occupying the attention of the State Troopers; Bergen County detectives, a fairly large group of detectives, were working independently of the other organizations. It was very obvious that these three separate police organizations, working independently of each other, were exceedingly jealous of each other . . . rather indifferent ignorance of what was going on . . . great confusion . . . working at cross purposes."

MORE WORK OF THE HOME-TOWN G-MEN

Anthony Abbot, Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

J. Edgar Hoover, in proving the value of the National Police Academy, tells this interesting story:

"Detective Sergeant Fred Philby of the Louisville, Kentucky, Police Department demonstrated the effectiveness of latent fingerprint knowledge acquired at the Academy in a case involving a veteran of the Spanish-American War who, in September, 1936, was trapped by two women in a robbery plot. One of the women, on meeting the elderly soldier in downtown Louisville, invited him to take an automobile ride to the outskirts of Louisville. After they had arrived and spent some time at a secluded spot, another woman and a male companion appeared and robbed the veteran. Sergeant Philby located the automobile and, upon processing it, discovered a latent fingerprint, which he was successful in identifying. As a result of this identification these persons were arrested."

Philby has attained recognition not only for his effectiveness in conducting investigations, but also for his ability to teach other officers, as demonstrated by his appointment to the rank of Director of Police Training in the Louisville Police Department. He recently completed a school for recruits and conducted a school for the officers of the Paducah, Kentucky, Police Department. He was also selected by the University of Florida Short Course for Peace Officers to furnish instruction on Criminal Investigation before the Peace Officers of the State of Florida assembled at Camp Roosevelt in May, 1937.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Tune in at Home or on Your Car Radio.

It was on March 6 that the Lindberghs, having offered to pay the ransom and promising *kidnapers* not to prosecute if they would return the child, issued a joint statement naming Spitale and Bitz as go-betweens in negotiations with the underworld. These negotiations were later reported as being unsuccessful.

All over the country children were being "found" who resembled the Lindbergh baby. Suspects were being eagerly seized, searched, and arrested. Toward the end of the month Major Charles Schoeffel sailed for Europe upon a mysterious mission. It was explained that the State Police officer was studying the methods of European criminal kidnapers.

Picked investigators, detectives, State Troopers, officials, including some of the "best minds" of the nation, who had gathered at the invitation of Governor Moore, had been at the home and had examined, it was believed, every inch of the ground. The police, as reported by Thayer, had swarmed all over the place, continuing an extensive and exhaustive search of the Lindbergh estate and surrounding territory.

This army of man hunters and clue hunters, combing every inch of the ground, traveling daily between the gate and the home, constantly searching, had "missed out" on something important, the public was to find. On April 1—a month after the crime—Betty Gow and Elsie Whateley, taking a stroll from the house to the gate, found, upon their return, one of the thumb guards that had been securely tied around the baby's wrist. There it was, bright and shiny, so much so that, according to Betty, "we both saw it at the same time." It was still fastened to the knotted tape, no mud, no rust, and on a cinder path fifteen feet wide, only fifty feet (so Betty said in a signed statement given to Captain Lamb on May 12, 1932) from the entrance to the Lindbergh home, passed over by hundreds of sharp-eyed detectives and police officers for over a month.

The public was asked to believe, by the police, that this shiny thumb guard had remained there for a month without being seen until the two Lindbergh employees, returning from the gate, had together spied it. There were new and embarrassing questions. The reports of the police officers first on the scene were that the "two sets of fresh footprints" had led off in an entirely different direction—the direction presumed to have been taken by the kidnapers to the waiting car. "How come" that the important thumb guard had been missed by the ferreting police? "How come" that the kidnapers went in one direction and the thumb guard, dropped from the child they were carrying, was found in another? Or had a certain Bronx carpenter, then unknown to the investigators, been prompted by a grim sense of humor to slip down to Hopewell some dark night to drop the thumb guard, in order to confuse and mystify the police?

Al Capone offered to lead the search for the missing baby if he were released from jail to conduct negotiations; Gaston Means had swindled Mrs. McLean out of $100,000; Warden Lawes and other prominent people had offered to act as intermediaries; there were rumors of police discord; an open break between Colonel Schwarzkopf and the press. Radio stations were flooded with offers to help; pitiful pleas to the kidnapers were made by radio, giving the child's diet; suspected homes were searched; the hunt continued in Mexico, in Europe, in Canada; airplanes and ships were pressed into service in following false "tips." The ladder, seemingly the best clue, had been pulled apart, nailed together again, sent to various parts of the country, handled by dozens of people. It had been a hectic, seemingly hopeless month—that month of March. But some things had happened that did not come to public light. A mysterious, erratic figure had blundered his way into the case.

We will let Robert H. Thayer, never a witness in the case, tell about the entrance of the elderly Bronx educator, Dr. John "Jafsie" Condon, into the Lindbergh investigation. There have been many conflicting stories about the initial telephone conversation with the Lindbergh home. Condon thought—and so testified—that he talked directly with Colonel Lindbergh. The Colonel "did not think" he talked directly with Doctor Condon, but either did not recollect or was evasive as to who took the call. The man who took it was Thayer, son-in-law of Congresswoman Ruth Pratt. Thayer, in a statement given on May 16, 1932, to Lieutenant Keaton, says:

"At about 12 o'clock on the night of March 10 I was answering the telephone, and a voice on the telephone stated that he was Doctor John Condon of the Bronx and that he had received a letter addressed to him containing a letter addressed to Colonel Lindbergh. He said that he did not know if there was anything to it, that it might be just a crank; but that he had put an advertisement in the Bronx Home News offering a $1,000 reward to any one who returned the baby safely, and possibly this was in answer to the advertisement.

"We had just been discussing the question of the difficulty of the kidnapers communicating with Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge, due to the great publicity in the case and the activity of the press, and we had been discussing the possibility of the kidnapers sending letters to Colonel Lindbergh through a third party.

For that reason my curiosity was particularly aroused, and I asked Doctor Condon how the letter to him was signed. *He stated that it was signed with the sign of the Mafia. I then asked him to open and read the letter addressed to Colonel Lindbergh.*

"I took this letter down on pencil and paper as he read it to me, and it was apparent to me from the first few words that this letter was from the same people that had left the ransom note. This was confirmed when I asked him to give me a vague idea of the signature. I also took down on pencil and paper the letter addressed to him from the same people. I then told him to get into a car as quickly as he could and come down to Hopewell, bringing the letter with him. I gave the copies of the letters that I had made to Colonel Lindbergh and I have not seen them since.

"About two and a half hours later Doctor Condon arrived in company with two men, one an Italian and the other a Jew, whom I was introduced to. Colonel Breckinridge and Colonel Lindbergh took Doctor Condon upstairs and I remained in the kitchen talking to these two men."

The letter to Condon, as a matter of fact, *bore no symbol or signature;* so how he could have told Thayer or any one else that the letter bore the sign of the Mafia or any other sign, prior to getting instructions to open up the sealed letter addressed to Lindbergh, will always remain a mystery. (At Flemington, Condon, on the stand, was skating on thin ice under cross-examination about the symbols, but was saved through an interruption by Attorney General Wilentz.)

Reaching the Lindbergh home at Hopewell, Condon was introduced to Morris Rosner as "Dr. Steiss."

Is former Governor Hoffman right when he insists that "Jafsie's" testimony should not have been relied upon in this important case? Next week he will lay before the public facts long hidden about Jafsie. "They will be presented," he says, "from the records."

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—Walter Camp (1859-1925).
2—Thirty-five hundred dollars to $6,000, according to length of service.
3—Ely and Mrs. Culbertson.
4—The Sixteenth, which paved the way for the existing income-tax law.
5—Alexandria (the founder: Alexander the Great).
6—Tame, take, bake, bare, bars, burs, burn.
7—France.
8—Sixty-seven.
9—The President's Palace.
10—Oahu.
11—Sir.
12—About twenty-five.
13—Twenty-four thousand dollars.
14—Chicago.
15—Because dynamite is less highly explosive, usually being made up of a nonexplosive base added to nitroglycerin, which in its unadulterated form is more dangerous to handle.
16—The Amazon.
17—Two: the Metropolitan Police Force, which patrols about 700 square miles, and the City of London Police, which protects the business center, one square mile in size.
18—John Adams.
19—Originally they were used to cut quill pens.
20—

Bob Burns

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"HE'S EXPECTING YOU"

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Bright Sayings of the Dionn

BY MARGUERITE MOOE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

EVERYBODY wanted to know two things when the five little girl wonders of the Western World were two-pound packages of humanity. First—would they live? But second—were they quite bright?

Their successful physical survival seemed assured—thanks to Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and his nurses—long before they reached their present age of almost four years, but time alone could tell whether, arriving at childhood's age of reason, their mentality would be normal.

Today this second question is being answered with a triumphant affirmative. The quins are as smart as they make 'em. Dr. Dafoe, lay observers, and eminent American and Canadian scientists agree on that.

Here are just a few of the quins' more recent achievements: They have a chattering vocabulary of between 400 and 500 words of clearly spoken, easily understood French. They are well on the way toward picking up their second language, for the rapid progress with French convinced the guardians that the sooner a first-class English teacher was obtained, the better. (Genial Pathé Frères photographers, by the way, have taught the quins some good American. With gusto they now ejaculate "Oh, boy!" and "Whoopee!")

The damsels Dionne can count up to twenty-five. They know their own initials and some other letters. They already "read," in their own fashion, from beloved picture books. They sing delightfully and repeat French nursery rhymes. They dress and undress without assistance, serve one another at table, put away their toys, and are adept in many kindergarten skills. They not only say their prayers but display the beginnings of tender human sympathy. They are natural sportswomen.

In other words, the quins are "darned smart kids." They have in highly developed form the four i's—intelligence, imagination, individuality—and impishness.

To see those five baby faces, as I have just done after an absence of two years, is to realize that during that time a lantern has been lit behind the dark eyes. Today Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie look all the time as if they knew what it was all about.

If you think they haven't bright eyes, try to point a camera in the vicinity of their playground. When one tourist recently risked the forbidden act, Cécile was the detective who caught him.

"*Voyez!*" (See!) said she to her nurse, pointing peremptorily—and the tourist's plates were confiscated.

When, only a few weeks ago, Pathé Frères showed them their first movie, the eyes of the quintuplets grew bigger than ever. The film was one that has enchanted millions of youngsters.

Instantly Annette was out of her chair, dancing with excitement, waving one arm wildly in the direction of the film, as she exclaimed, "*Regardez! Regardez! La souris Mickey!*" (Look! Look! Mickey Mouse!)

The others were pointing and laughing; two years ago their favorite toy was a Mickey Mouse rattle.

That they no longer toddle but walk or run is true mentally as well as physically. Their minds have learned to focus, just as their bodies have learned to balance.

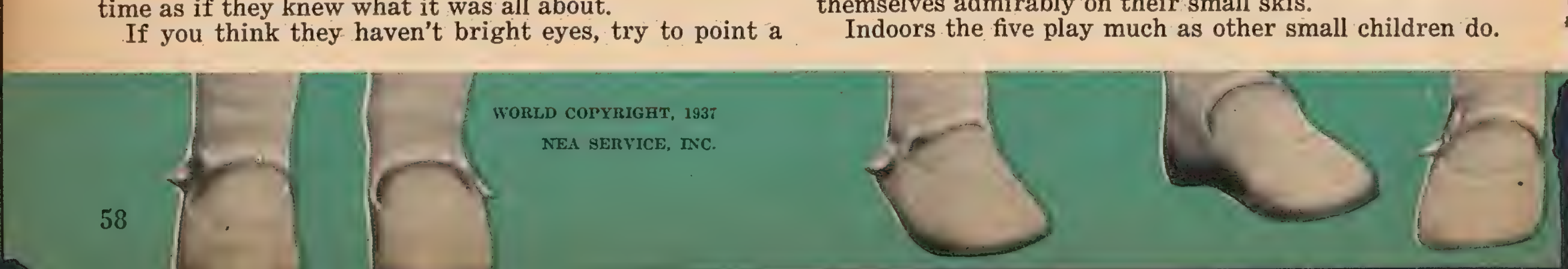
The superb physical agility they display is in itself one indication of the co-ordination between brain and muscle. At what is considered one of the most important of nursery-school skills—carpentry—they do exceedingly well. And hundreds of thousands of tourists who watched them last year at their summer sports know how adept they are at climbing the jungle gym, sand-pile digging, and riding a tricycle. But you should have shared my view of the winter princesses at ten below zero!

True daughters of the frozen North, they adore snow. They make snowballs and snowcakes; they build quin-size snowmen. Diving deliberately into drifts, they come up crimson-cheeked and laughing. Yvonne, when she stuck out her tongue to catch falling snowflakes, was eagerly imitated.

Although the children have never tasted regular ice cream, they have been allowed a simple mousse. Tasting the snowflakes, Cécile commented, "*Mousse du ciel!*" (Mousse from the sky!) But wise little Marie shook her head. "*Pas de sucre!*" (No sugar!) she said.

In the center of their snowdrifted playground rises their toboggan slide, a twenty-five-foot slope, and each little girl is an expert tobogganist. They also handle themselves admirably on their small skis.

Indoors the five play much as other small children do.



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NEA SERVICE, INC.

Quintuplets

ARSHALL

Listen in! Here's a captivating close-up of the world's five most famous girls faring forth on a new adventure—talk!

They all show evidence of being distinctly musical, and they love to sing to a piano accompaniment. They march about the nursery in perfect rhythm when the nurse plays an appropriate tune, while her softer music quiets their most exhilarated moments.

Many of the children's games are spontaneous inventions. They have never set eyes on a train, yet with nursery chairs arranged in a line, to represent railroad cars as seen in pictures, they play travelers and in turn take the role of the "chuff-chuff" engine.

Another imaginary journey which they enjoy is "going to Corbeil"—the tiny village next to Callander—"to see *le bon père.*" He is the gentle young priest who comes to visit them every week, a loved and loving friend.

The great fun of going to Corbeil is getting dressed. For this occasion the nurses' outdoor wraps are borrowed, and Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie struggle hilariously into grown-up coats, hats, gloves before they depart for their destination—usually the steam radiator at the other end of the nursery.

They present at this age a fascinating combination of feminine daintiness and turbulent tomboyishness. Despite their passion for physically vigorous outdoor activities, they have an equally unashamed interest in clothes and personal appearance. Each quin has her own dressing table with a mirror, before which she does her small-girl prinking. She dresses herself, and she never makes a mistake in picking out her own clothes marked with her own initial.

This skill is one of the straws showing the growth in the Dionne quintuplets of a strong sense of individuality. Six months ago you might call Annette "Cécile," and she would only laugh and point to her sister. Now she stamps a small indignant foot and issues the stern correction: "*Moi*—Annette! *C'est Cécile là-bas!*" (I am Annette! That's Cécile over there!)

Apropos of the quickly acquired knowledge of their own initials, those who watch the quins believe that they will soon be reading. In accordance with modern methods of nursery-school education, no formal effort is being made to teach the alphabet. Instead, short simple stories are read aloud, those printed in big letters under or beside identifying action pictures.

The children are then given the books, which familiarize them with the look of the words they have just heard—words further elucidated by illustration. Eyes on the page, each little girl "reads" aloud a story. That is to say, she retells it in her own words, but often the words are so nearly like those in the book that one of two things must be true—the quins have marvelous memories, or print, half consciously, means something to them.

The quins' education includes the social graces. "*S'il vous plaît*" (If you please) was one of the first French phrases taught them. They have been taught to greet their occasional guests with a handshake and a "*bon jour.*"

The Dionne family spends much time with the quins nowadays. The five little girls adore their baby brother, Oliva, Jr., who is the only person they have ever seen smaller than themselves.

Mrs. Dionne has expressed her gratitude to the Canadian government for its activities in behalf of the quintuplets. She wants her older children also to receive educational advantages, and the guardians of the juniors are now at work on a plan to make this possible.

From the much enlarged nursery, with its beautifully landscaped grounds, prosperity visibly has traveled across the road to the farmhouse where the quintuplets were born. It is all dressed up now. The name of Oliva Dionne, *père,* adorns two business establishments opposite the nursery gates: a big souvenir-and-refreshment stand and another shop for selling British woolens.

The fact is that a whole countryside shares the Dionnes' fortune. New hotels, shops, service stations, souvenir booths have sprung up for the tourist trade. With the aid of its high gasoline tax collected from upward of a million quin fans, the Canadian government has built many miles of new roads throughout the province.

H. C. Copley, local manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, says that in the past three years the babies have brought several million dollars into their section of Ontario. The personal fortune they have earned now totals half a million. Who can grudge it to them—not only because of their bonny selves, but because of all that they do for a lovely land and its people, rehabilitated by the best paying infant industry on earth!

THE END

JEAN ROGERS GIVES STAR PERFORMANCE!

Lovely Jean Rogers stars in "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars", a Universal Picture with Larry "Buster" Crabbe. Enjoy another Star Performance daily—shave with Star Single-edge Blades! Their triple-keen edges take the smart out of shaving and the starch out of whiskers. Made since 1880 by the makers of the original safety razor. 4 for 10¢ everywhere.

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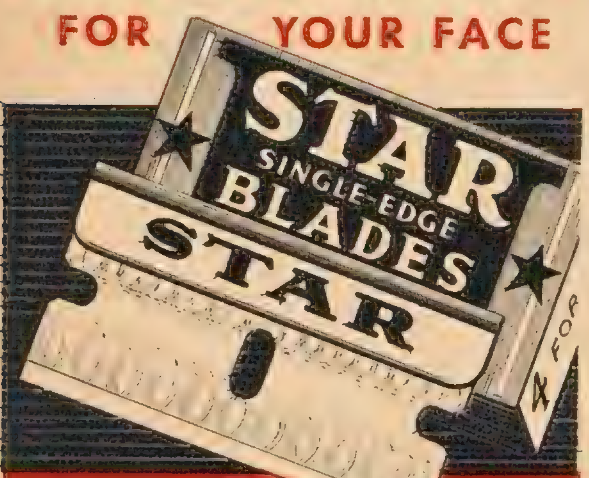
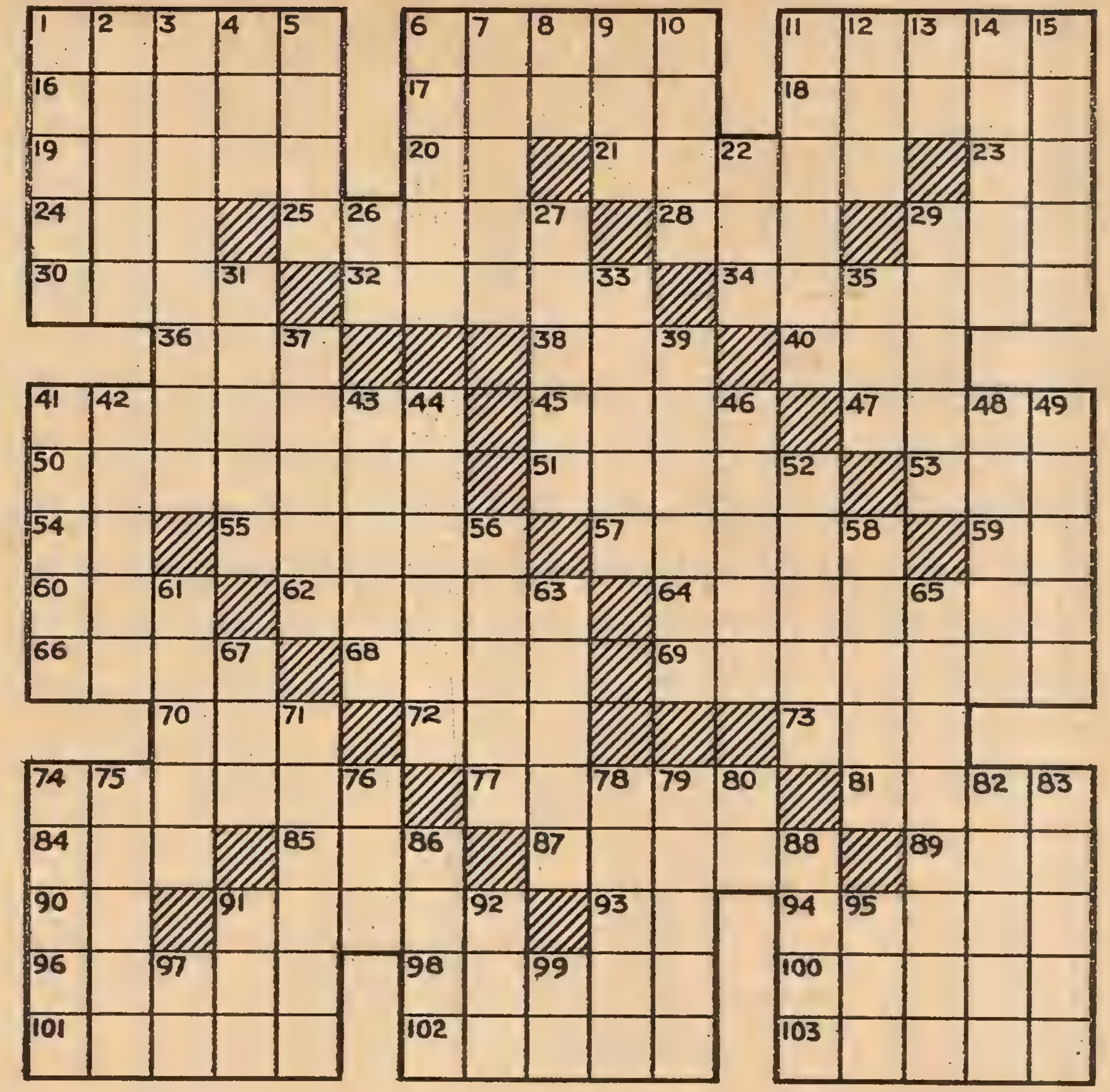


STAR Blades 4 FOR 10¢

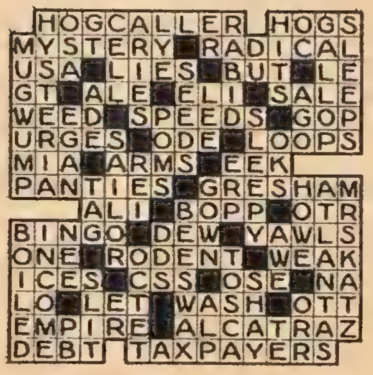
FOR ALL GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Men
6 To be worthy of
11 A channel
16 In common
17 Declaim
18 Silly
19 One who gathers
20 French article
21 Factions
23 Note of the scale
24 Corroded
25 Sanctions
28 Witty saying
29 Transgression
30 Canvas shelter
32 Jogs
34 To make docile
36 Consume
38 Priestly vestment
40 Female ruff (var.)
41 Communication
45 Deep loud cry
47 High
50 Oriental
51 Of the sun
53 Lay, as of land
54 By
55 Select part
57 Performs diligently
59 An element (symbol)
60 Tennis term
62 European country
64 Aids
66 Clip off suddenly
68 Region of the body
69 Most expensive
70 Bar used for loosening ore
72 A support
73 Male sheep
74 Divisions of a drama
77 Characters in old Teutonic alphabets


HOGCALLER HOGS
MYSTERY■RADICAL
USA■LIES■BUT■LE
GT■ALE■ELI■SALE
WEED■SPEEDS■GOP
URGES■ODE■LOOPS
MIA■ARMS■EEK
PANTIES■GRESHAM
ALI■BOPP■OTR
BINGO■DEW■YAWLS
ONE■RODENT■WEAK
ICES■CSS■OSE■NA
LO■LET■WASH■OTT
EMPIRE■ALCATRAZ
DEBT TAXPAYERS

Answer to last week's puzzle

81 Go by
84 Viscous liquid
85 Bird's crop
87 Stitched
89 Knock
90 Exist
91 Bishop's headdress
93 Pronoun
94 Angry
96 Forgive
98 More mature
100 Of morning
101 Labors
102 Turkish title (pl.)
103 Rectify

VERTICAL

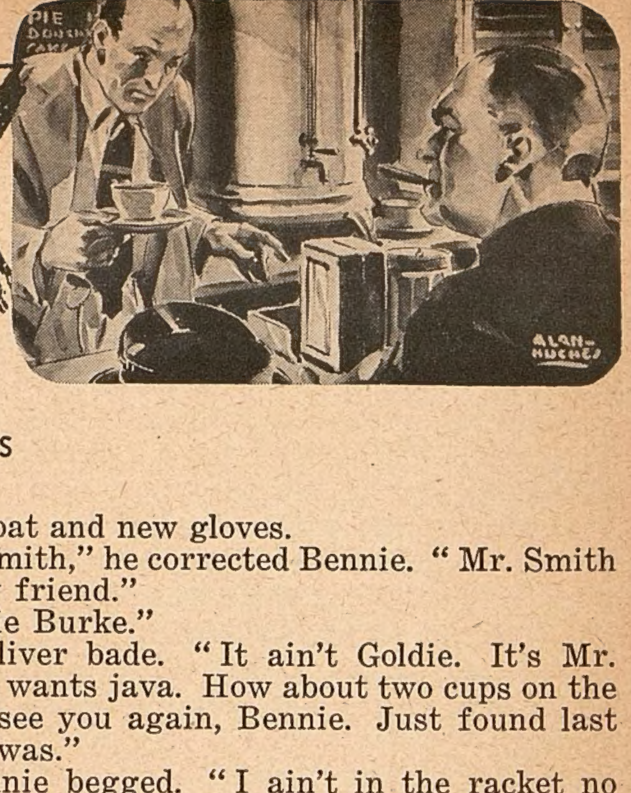
1 French revolutionary
2 Winged
3 Image
4 Piece out
5 Vassal
6 Of a tooth
7 One of the Muses
8 Egyptian deity
9 Pronoun
10 Abound
11 Artist's subject
12 Those in power
13 Symbol for sodium
14 Up to
15 Net
22 Tooth in a wheel
26 Pronoun
27 Asterisks
29 Go stealthily
31 Savor
33 Sailing vessel
35 Free from deductions
37 Chinese coin (pl.)
39 A song
41 Repasts
42 Consumed
43 Grasps
44 A settling of an estate tail
46 Elevate
48 Rosters
49 Smallest
52 Rested again
56 A duck
58 Sweet substance
61 Beast of prey
63 A hot wine punch
65 Apart
67 Cooking utensil
71 Resigns
74 Initiate
75 Gem carved in relief
76 Perched
78 Fresher
79 Pitchers
80 An element (symbol)
82 Silk fabric
83 Exhaust
86 Form of to be
88 A coin
91 Unit used in measuring wire diameters
92 Margin
95 Thrust
97 Note of the scale
99 Greek letter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Interference

BY KARL DETZER

Liberty's SHORT SHORT



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BENNIE was afraid of Sergeant O'Reilly. O'Reilly always hollered if the sinkers weren't fresh, or the coffee not boiling hot. And he could look clear through you, almost to what you remembered.

O'Reilly didn't know about the thing Bennie remembered, and Bennie hoped he never would.

If the old gang would leave him alone another month, Bennie would have money enough to clear out for good. He'd studied the road maps. There were plenty places you could go and live straight, and nobody'd ever find you, the gang or O'Reilly, either one.

He'd pick a better spot for a stand next time, too. Right across from the branch bank was O. K., but imagine him with an alley door opening on the station house and the cops running in easy, and him so scared of cops. Of course cops were good eaters.

He glanced through the window at the bank clock. Two forty-five. O'Reilly would be in just before three for afternoon sinkers and java. At ten after three, Mr. Ulster, cashier of the bank, would cross the street for warm milk and whole-wheat bread. Mr. Ulster was a nice man. He never hollered.

Bennie felt the doughnuts and arranged the softest two on top, so the sergeant wouldn't holler. He turned on the radio. The sergeant liked music.

Bennie thought: Just another month.

The sergeant arrived at five minutes of three.

"Coffee, and quick, too, you Polack."

Bennie wasn't a Polack, but he didn't argue. He was reaching for doughnuts when the sergeant growled, "Toast today. Stomach's acting up. White bread, and don't burn it."

"No, Mr. Sergeant, sir." Bennie snapped off the radio and turned on the electric toaster.

"Leave the radio on!" O'Reilly hollered.

"Sorry, Mr. Sergeant, sir." Bennie wiped his hands nervously on the dish towel. "Toaster's got loose connection, sir. Make interfere. Tonight I fix."

"Interference?" O'Reilly wrinkled his red face. "So that's what cut in on the ball game yesterday! You and your toaster! If we'd had you over to the station . . ."

"Tonight, sure, I fix."

"Keep it off till it *is* fixed!" O'Reilly yelled. He ate the toast, wiped his mouth, and helped himself to toothpicks. "Game begins in three minutes," he growled. "You mind, bohunk, don't you turn it on!"

"Oh, no, Mr. Sergeant, sir."

The alley door slammed, and Bennie cleaned the counter. He wasn't smart enough to fix the toaster. He'd tried. He'd forgotten the police radio across the alley. Must make the cops plenty sore to have a racket in their radio whenever anybody at Bennie's ate toast. O'Reilly'd take that out on him sometime, was he ever trying to make him talk.

He glanced through the window again. A big car had stopped by the bank. It held five men. Two got out and started toward Bennie's.

Bennie wanted to run, but he couldn't. He could only stand where he was.

They walked in quietly. One sat down at the counter while the other explored the kitchen, then came back.

"'Lo, Bennie," he said.

"'Lo, Sliver," Bennie answered.

Sliver wasn't much bigger than Bennie, but he acted as big and hard as O'Reilly. He wore a new derby hat and a new overcoat and new gloves.

"My name's Smith," he corrected Bennie. "Mr. Smith to you. Meet my friend."

"I know Goldie Burke."

"Shut up," Sliver bade. "It ain't Goldie. It's Mr. John Brown. He wants java. How about two cups on the house? Nice to see you again, Bennie. Just found last week where you was."

"Listen," Bennie begged. "I ain't in the racket no more." His hands shook. He spilled both cups of coffee. "Listen. What you want here?"

Sliver laughed. "Droppin' in for old times' sake. Got a date with a guy here. Ten after three."

Bennie slopped the cream. So they'd been spotting Mr. Ulster come over every day. They'd pick him up here and go back with him. Make him let them into the bank. Use him for a shield. Just like they did that job in Omaha. Bennie looked sidewise at the bank clock.

Ten after three. And here was Mr. Ulster.

"Wish you hadn't come in, Sliver," Bennie said.

"Shut up," Sliver answered. "Turn on the radio."

Bennie said, "Radio? Oh! Radio's broke. How do, Mr. Ulster?" He saw Sliver reach under his coat.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen." Mr. Ulster was always pleasant. "Nice day."

Sliver said, "Yeh," and got off the stool.

Bennie thought, If only Mr. Sergeant . . . And then he said, "Some whole-wheat toast, Mr. Ulster? Sure. Some nice hot toast?"

He switched the electric toaster on and off . . . it'd make the cops plenty sore, breaking in on the game . . . on, off, on.

When he turned again, it had happened. Sliver was behind Mr. Ulster, saying, "Got you covered."

Mr. Ulster asked, surprised, "What's that?" and Sliver let him have it on the face with the automatic. Not hard. Just enough for him to understand.

"Excuse me," Bennie said. Why was he saying that? He wiped his hands on his apron.

The kitchen door slammed and O'Reilly was hollering, "I told you, you spik . . ."

Bennie dropped behind the counter and hollered too. Just hollered. He heard Sliver's gun shoot once, and the mirror breaking. Then O'Reilly's gun. Three times. And Mr. Ulster saying, "Oh, my! Oh, my!"

Sergeant O'Reilly had run out the front, shooting again. The car got away, but in it somebody was screaming. Bennie peeked over the counter. Sliver lay on the floor. So did Goldie. Both were very still. Mr. Ulster was saying, "Oh, my!" and the sergeant was coming back.

O'Reilly yelled, "Thanks, Bennie. You can turn the toaster off now."

He ran into the alley and immediately a siren screamed. Bennie was thinking, I won't need to go away, after all. It was nice of the sergeant to say "Thanks."

THE END

ON THE AIR Liberty Short Shorts are on the air as a feature, Short Short Stories, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 6.15 to 6.30 P. M., WLW, Cincinnati; WHN, New York; WFIL, Philadelphia. Also every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 11 to 11.15 A. M., over WLS, Chicago. Three complete dramatizations weekly. **TUNE IN!**

The President and the Press

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS who cover the White House, the President believes, are more friendly to the administration than are the owners of many of the newspapers these correspondents represent. To quote the President directly, he says, "I know that a number of the newspaper correspondents who write so-called 'unfriendly' articles are not personally opposed to the things they write about." His comment on press conferences will be published in Liberty next week. It is an advance publication from the forthcoming five volumes of the President's state papers. The President's comment in Liberty will be accompanied by revealing excerpts—hitherto "off the record and confidential"—from some of the most momentous of the conferences. . . . These show clearly a new side of Franklin D. Roosevelt in time of duress. Clearly, too, they show some of the major objectives of the New Deal. Read in Liberty next week what the President says. . . . AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE in an exceptionally exciting issue in which, for instance, that favorite among champions, Jack Dempsey, breaks a long silence to put on the robes of a prognosticator. . . . What is going to happen to the pugilistic champions of the various boxing weights in this year of 1938? . . . Jack surveys the field, points out what these fighters will confront in the coming months, and hazards a few predictions. . . . A first-rate article for every sport fan. . . . RUPERT HUGHES is back again to tell us Why Our Girls Won't Behave; and Edward Doherty, in a fine and uplifting article, tells us what is being done in Chicago through the Catholic Youth Organization to change incipient gangsters into worth-while, upstanding citizens. It will touch your heart and help restore your fundamental faith in human nature, which, whether we wish it or not, does occasionally become a little tarnished. . . . THERE WILL BE a genuinely old-fashioned love story, Once Upon a Time, by Talbert Josselyn, and another short story of far places and exotic emotions by Beatrice Grimshaw; and More About the Income Tax by Robert Neal Leath. . . . Also, there will be more from Governor Hoffman, and the anonymous author of Doctors Don't Tell, not to overlook the enticing serial, She Woke Up Smiling, by Elmer Davis. . . . MOST LIBERTY READERS will recall the interesting articles written for this magazine at various times by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon. . . . This Topeka clergyman has the unique honor of having written the greatest selling novel in the history of books. . . . Gone With the Wind has sold almost a million and a half copies, but Dr. Sheldon's book, In His Steps, Or What Would Jesus Do? has sold over twenty-three million copies. . . . In a letter just received from Dr. Sheldon, the good dominie confesses a slight mistake that he has made, for which he is properly repentant. . . . Last summer he sent us a little remembrance for our desk. . . . It was a coral specimen, one of several which he had found on the shores of Lake Michigan. . . . In the letter that came with the specimen, the doctor told us with great positiveness that the specimen belonged to the Cambrian Age geologically and that he reckoned its age as twenty-three million years. . . . Please note that this was the exact figure of the reported sales of In His Steps, Dr. Sheldon's masterpiece. . . . But now Dr. Sheldon writes to confess that his figures were all wrong. . . . Says he, "I showed my specimen to the geologist of the Field Museum in Chicago. . . . He showed me the tabulation of the different ages, and our specimens of coral belonged to the Devonian Age, which goes back three hundred and twenty-seven million years. Please correct it and make yourself more comfortable whenever you think you are growing old by looking at your marine coral." . . . It's all right; Dr. Sheldon's letter came just as we were making out our income tax and we know how easy it is to get figures mixed. . . .

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

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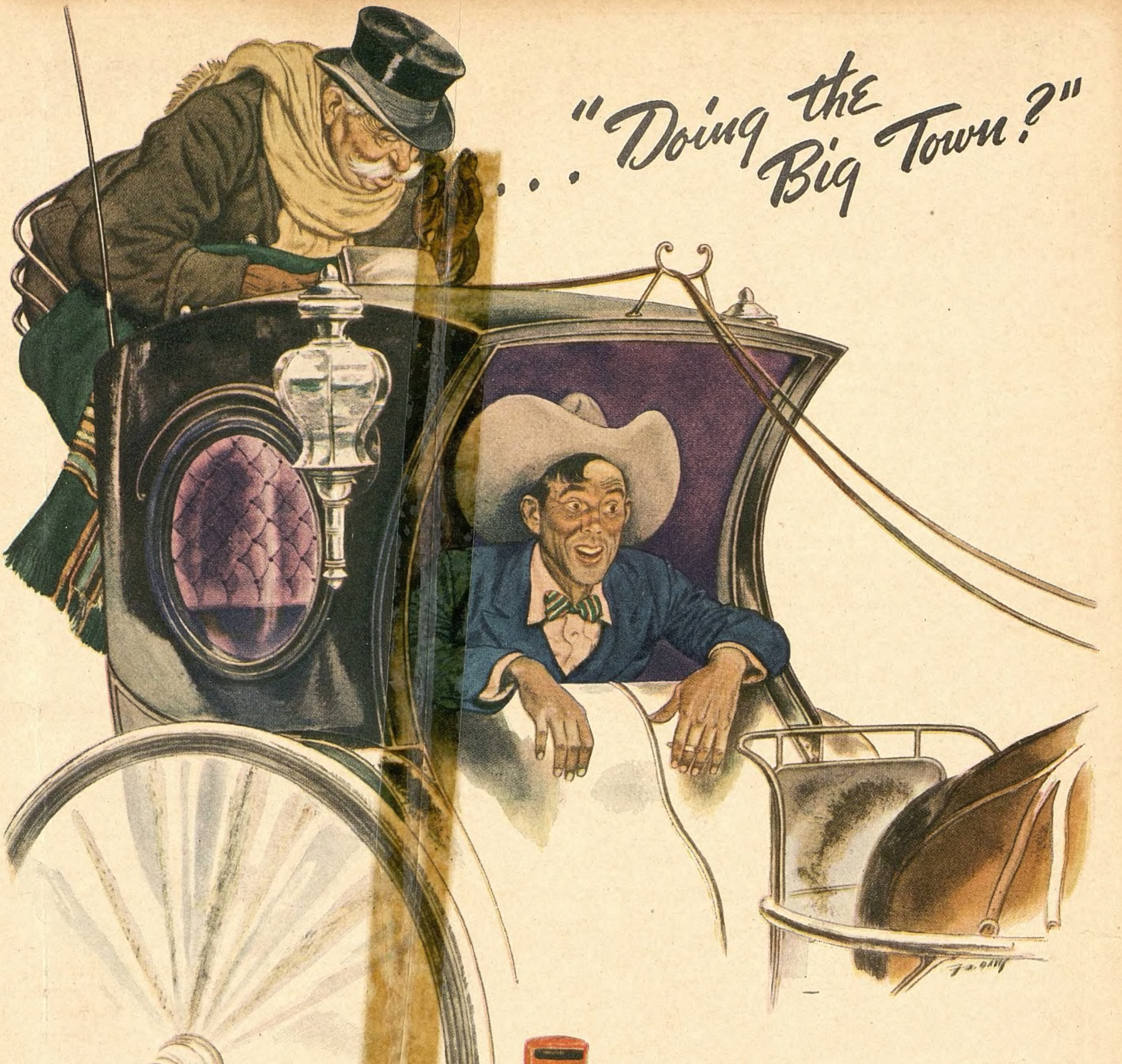
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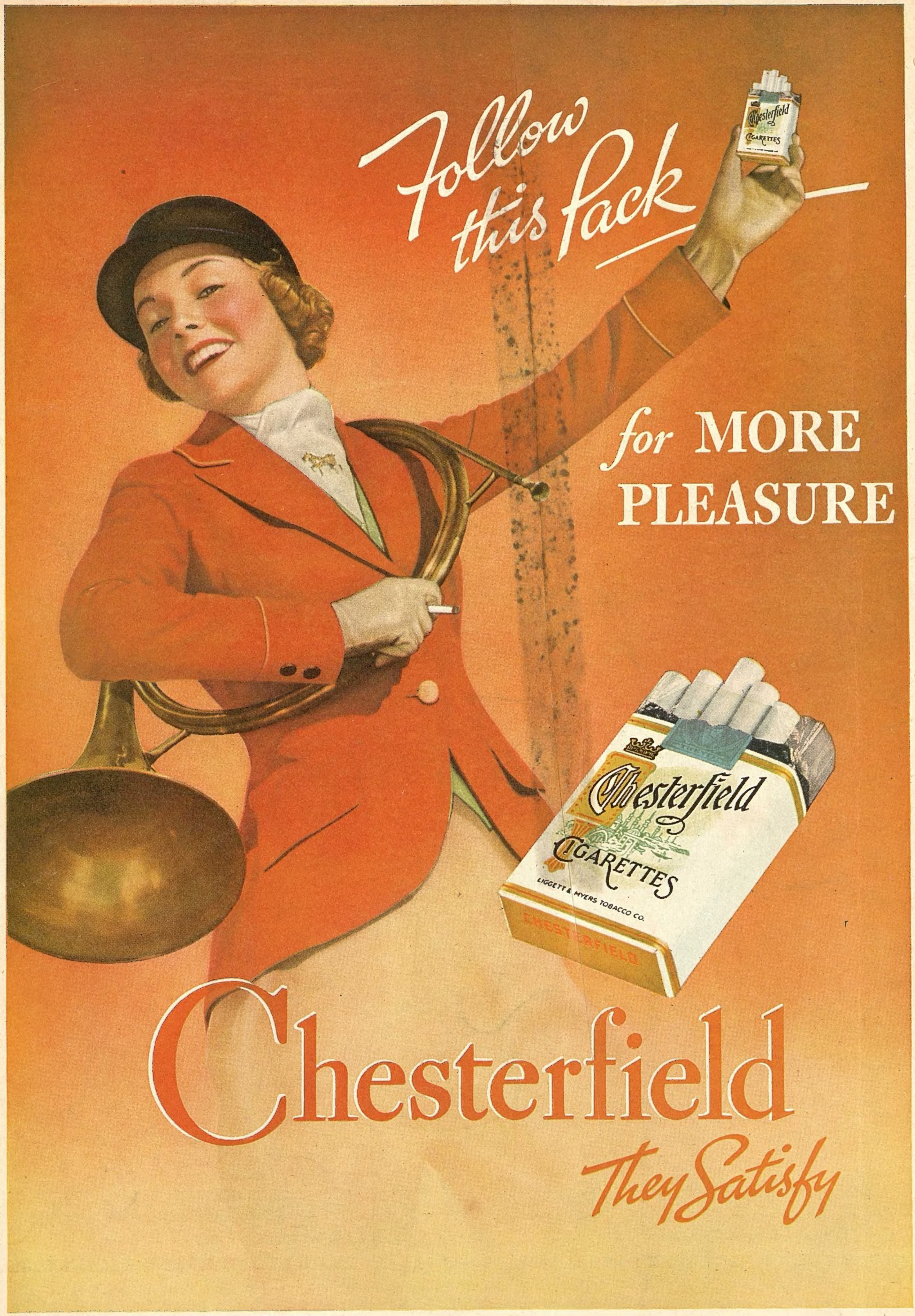
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